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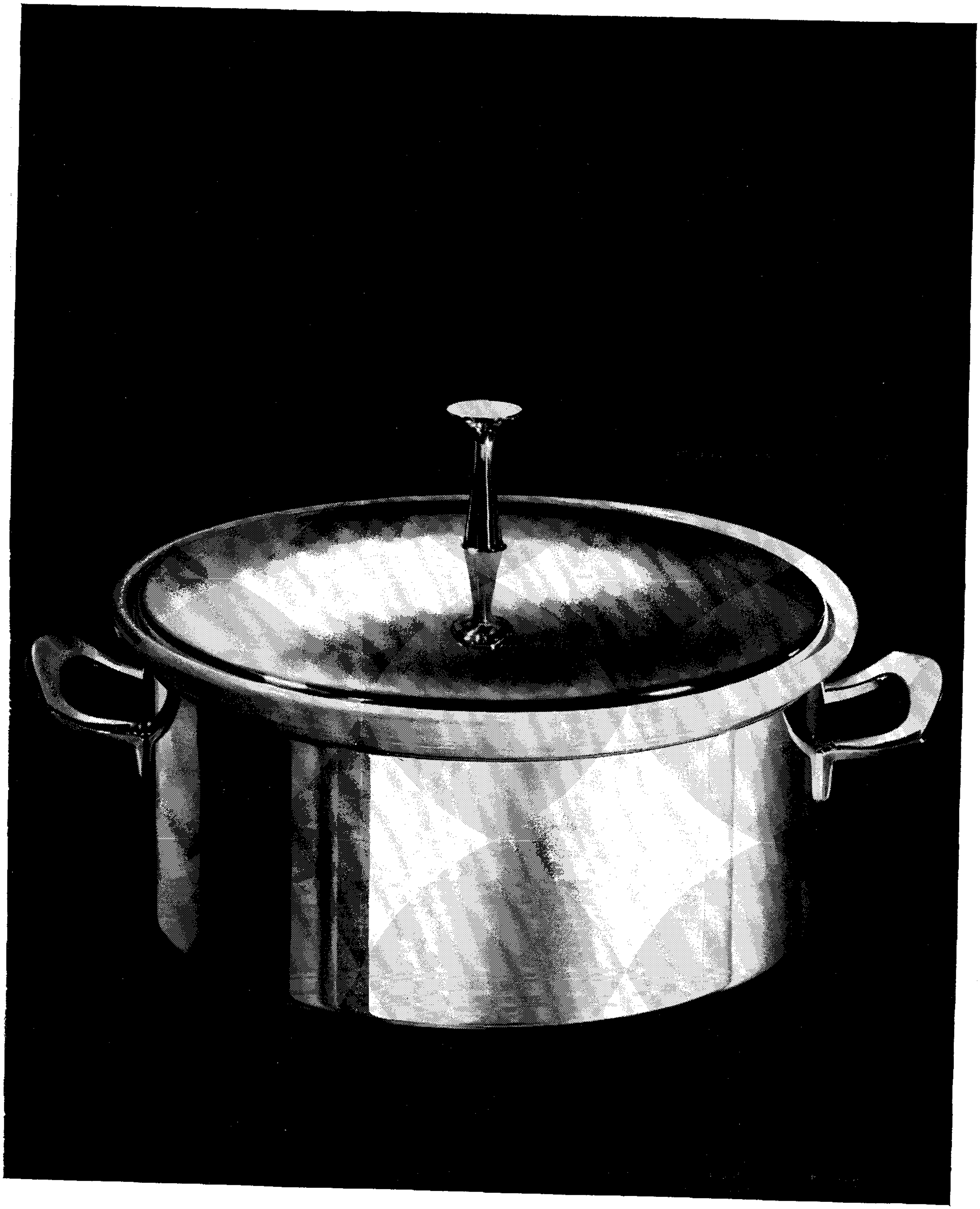

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Changing Room—The Long Wharf Theatre production of David Storey's London play, directed by Michael Rudman. Previews Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, and Monday, March 5. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 6. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A one-man show of selections from the altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

Finishing Touches—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing are a pleasant husband and wife, who have pleasant children, and they all live in a pleasant town, among pleasant friends. So what can go wrong? Not much, but enough to provide another successful comedy by Jean Kerr. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Green Julia—A rather silly comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jockey Club Stakes—A fine, old-fashioned English comedy about a lot of ruddy rascals, some on the Tory side, some on the other. Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner are the three irresistible stars. The author is William Douglas Home, pronounced Hume, and why not? (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kaspar—A multimedia production of a play by the remarkable young German dramatist Peter Handke, who this time is writing about writing—about words and logic and meaning. The going is hard, most of the time—remote, impersonal, pedantic, and distracting—but a beautiful soliloquy near the end almost redeems the evening. The soliloquy is well spoken by Christopher Lloyd, as the actual historical figure Kaspar Hauser. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, March 4.)

A Little Night Music—As charming a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea—A woman who will kill her children in order to spite her errant husband is plainly strong-willed character, and Irene Papas c pably embodies her, in an adaptation of t Euripides original by Minos Volanakis, w also directed. (Joseph E. Levine Theat Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesda through Saturdays at 7:30. Matine Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second h of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot pa dy of the Woodstock Rock Festival, w satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, B Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. T first half of this revue is terrible. The r score is by Paul Jacobs and Christop Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and T Hendra; and the rest of the words are various members of the staff of the *Natio Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Play head a bright, nimble young cast. (Vill Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesd through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10: Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Sex, Please, We're British—A farce that L don has long liked, and maybe New Y will, too. One star of the show is Tony T ner, who is more frantic acrobat than ac

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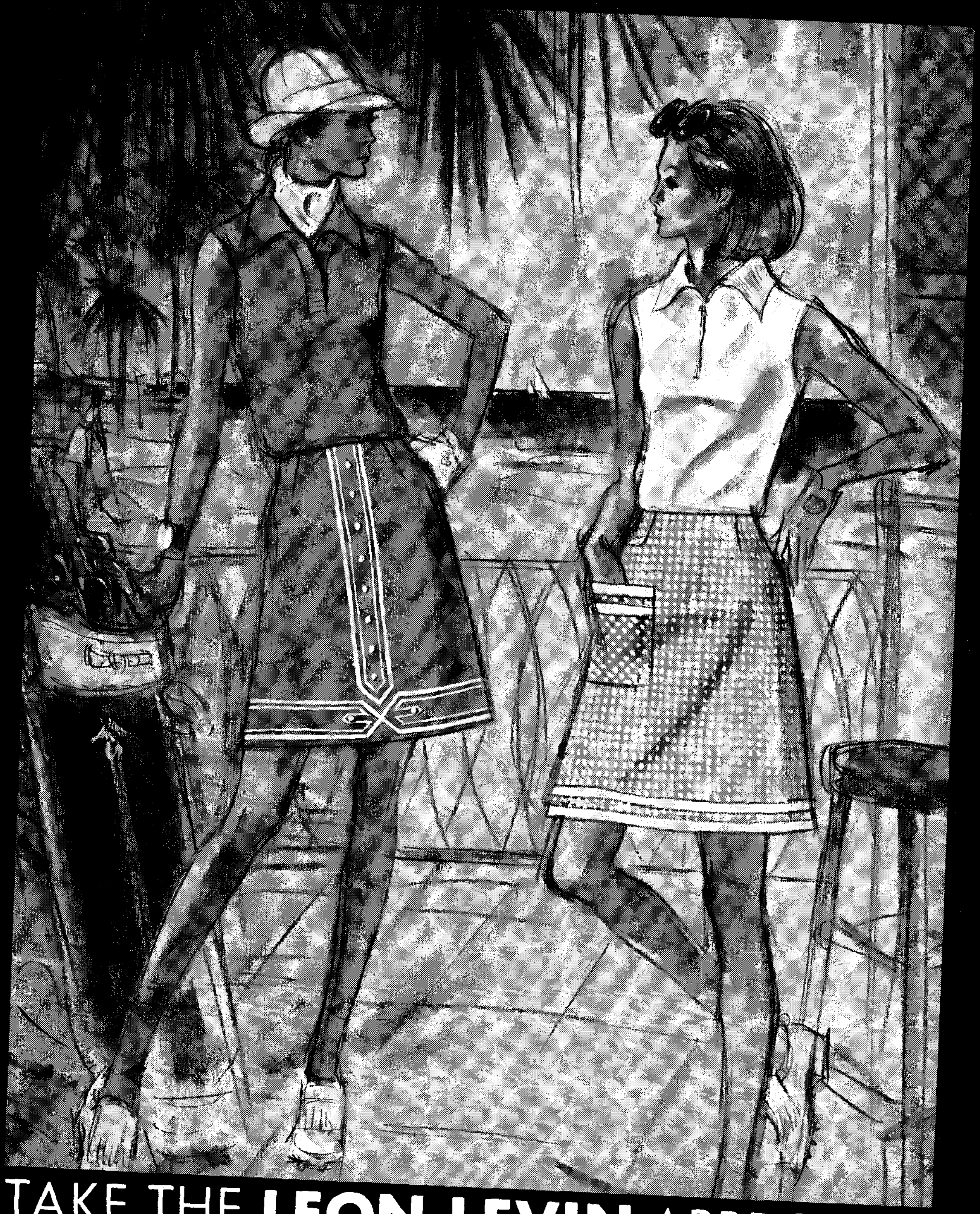

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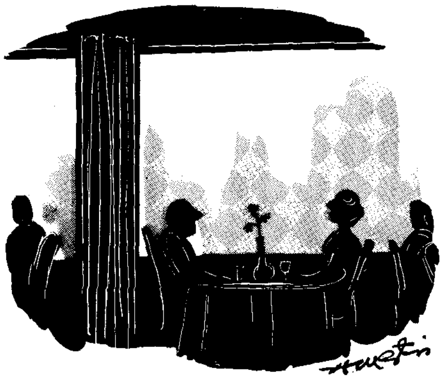
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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and the other is Maureen O'Sullivan, who mostly stands and watches. (Ritz, 48th St., W. 489-6046. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Out Cry—A two-character play by Tennessee Williams, with Michael York and Cara Duff-MacCormick. Directed by Peter Glenville. Preview Wednesday evening, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 1. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Penthouse Legend—A revival of Ayn Rand's 1935 play, "Night of January 16," with jurors drawn from the audience. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 4.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy, first done here in P. G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation in 1926, seems as fresh and funny as ever. The performance is O.K., too, though certainly no better than that. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 2:30 and 8; Thursday, March 1, at 2:30; Saturday, March 3, at 2:30 and 8; and final performances Sunday, March 4, at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**, directed by Ellis Rabb, with Rosemary Harris. The third in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 1, and will run through Saturday, April 7. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Seesaw—Michele Lee and Ken Howard in a musical taken from William Gibson's play "Two for the Seesaw." Book by Michael Stewart, music by Cy Coleman, and lyrics by Dorothy Fields. Michael Bennett directed. Previews through Wednesday, March 7. Opens officially on Thursday, March 8. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shelter—A pretty girl who makes hateful TV commercials falls in with the scamp who writes them. This leads to some very pleasant songs, if not to much happiness. With Marcia Rodd, Terry Kiser, Susan Browning, and Joanna Merlin. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Siamese Connections—A gloomy, murky bore, set on a ghost-ridden farm. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Step Lively, Boy—A musical adapted by Vinnette Carroll from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead," with a score and lyrics by Micki Grant. Directed by Miss Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

The Sunshine Boys—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Welcome to Andromeda and **Variety Obit**—A pair of sad one-acters by Ron Whyte. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,342 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR:** A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "Jive." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Moves," "Deuce Coupe" (New York première), and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Moves," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Jive." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Deuce Coupe," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 2: "Trinity," "Secret Places," and "Deuce Coupe." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4 at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Moves," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, a 8: "Trinity," "Feast of Ashes," and "Jive." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Jackpot," and "The Gree Table." . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Deuce Coupe," and "Th Clowns." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2 "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Deuc Coupe." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8 "Petrouchka," "After Eden," and "Le Bea Danube." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places aroun town where you might pass a pleasant hour o two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.— (242-9066)—A seagoing squire, to judge b the nautical oddments about. John Foster, pianist with funk and forward-looking idea directs a trio Thursdays through Saturday from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Thursda through Saturday, March 1-3, guitarist Ro land Prince will be added to the group, an Thursday through Saturday, March 8-1 tenor-saxophonist Harold Ousley will join i No music Mondays through Wednesday Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)— Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for th

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Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Brewer and Shipley, a couple of good-natured songwriter types, will remain through Monday, March 5, as will singer-guitarist Hoyt Axton. Steve Goodman, who sings, will arrive Wednesday, March 7. So will Chip Taylor, who also sings. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Lots of talent, too, with pianist Duke Pearson, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer Mickey Roker here Thursday through Sunday, March 1-4, and a trio led by a prestidigitatorial pianist named Danny Mixon present Thursday through Sunday, March 8-11. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—New York is a pianistic festival. There simply is no other city in the world where so many first-rate pianists live and—let us be grateful for it—work. Some of the performers who are mentioned in other listings in this column—Pearson, Mixon, Larkins, Flanagan, Wilson, Taylor, Silver, McKenna, Bryant, Mance, Monk, Weston, and the Mss. Williams and Brackeen among them—are in or near the very front rank. With a wide variety of styles and philosophies and historical reference points, they are exemplars of just about everything that is right with jazz piano. And consider the men who are scheduled at this club: Don Friedman, who will perform with a bassist through Saturday, March 3, is a versatile, swinging technician who has gigged with all sorts of musicians in this city and can keep up with the best of them. Mike Longo, who comes in with a bassist on Monday, March 5, is Dizzy Gillespie's regular pianist. A highly respected player, he reflects the spirit of the master while retaining his own strong musicality. These people are present six nights a week from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, still another dazzler, Bill Rubenstein, is at the keyboard between nine and one. All this and dining, too.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is back, and so are his customary sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and it is just one of those things, the way the crowd loves Bobby and Bobby loves the crowd, and everything is wry—but not acerbly so—in this little piece of the world which hardly ever changes. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson—venerable, swinging, and technically faultless—will continue to play, with the assistance of bassist Al Bruno, through Thursday, March 1. Friday through Thursday, March 2-8, guitarist Tiny Grimes will lead a trio. Then on Friday, March 9, Mary Lou Williams will return to the keyboard—in triumph, one supposes. Sundays, from eight until one, Dick Hyman brings his profusion-of-notes approach to the keyboard. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Charlie Chin will sing through Saturday, March 3. A bunch known as Mount Aerie will turn up on Tuesday, March 6, as will vocalist Bob McCarthy. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Now it is a first-class listening room in which Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 4, they will play an all-Harold Arlen program from five to eight, before their regular session. Mondays, another excellent pianist, Tommy Flanagan, performs with a bassist. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place on Hudson Street may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. Billy Taylor, whose piano sounds much as it did twenty years ago—and that's pretty darned good—will conduct his trio through Saturday, March 3, playing opposite vocalist Sylvia Syms and a trio led by pianist Howard Danziger. On Monday, March 5, pianist Horace Silver will bring in his quintet to share the stage with singer Johnny Hartman and a trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between nine and two, Duke Pearson leads a seventeen-piece band.

Horn & Hardart, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Not since the 1932 Irving Berlin-Moss Hart "Face the Music" has there been so much singing and dancing in an Automat—and that one was only a stage set. This is the real thing, and it comes to life Fridays and Saturdays between nine and one, when the lights are dimmed and space is cleared for dancing. Vertical Burn, a group that uses a Moog synthesizer, provides the sound. Snacks and alcoholic beverages are served. The patrons are sometimes as interesting as the performers.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

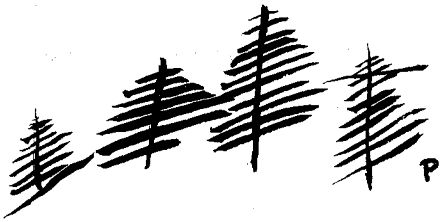
Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A new, long, narrow bar-and-back-room with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine. Through Sunday, March 4, tenor-saxophonist Sonny Stitt will pilot a quartet. Another saxophonist, Charles McPherson, arrives with a quintet on Tuesday, March 6. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Big and square and mighty like a barn, with some solidly grounded jazz emanating from the bar (which is as round as a quoit). Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker will depart after Sunday, March 4. David Amram, a pianist and a sparkler from academe, will open Tuesday, March 6, sharing the bill with singer-guitarist Ellen McIlwaine. Amram will be absent on Saturday, March 10. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Five or six years ago, when it started, NRBQ meant New Rhythm and Blues Quintet. Now it just means NRBQ. The group will perform through Monday, March 5. Gram Parsons, a country-and-city boy who has strong credits (at one time he was a Byrd, at another time a Burrito), will move in with a backup band on Wednesday, March 7. All this stuff is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. Show
at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Monday:
Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, an
at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirt
Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays (froı
nine) are devoted to acts by new folkies an
rockers. Drinks and snacks.



Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3ı
St. (673-3937)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET,** (
the second floor of this theatre complex,
variety of eager young performers do son
urgent playing and singing. Shows at ten aı
midnight each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)-
Lions and unicorns may be observed her
and so may a certain number of cats, esp
cially on Mondays, from nine to midnigl
when actor-author-clarinettist Woody All
leads a septet in some traditional New O
leans jazz. Wednesday through Saturda
Feb. 28-March 3, Dave McKenna—whc
cornettist Bobby Hackett has called "t
world's best pianist"—will be at the ke
board. On Tuesday, March 6, pianist R
Bryant will move in with a bass player. M
sic Tuesdays through Saturdays from ni
until one. Dinner and supper. Closed Su
days.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (86
8832)—A corner restaurant with a glasse
in sidewalk gallery and space enough f
lounging and listening. Milt Jackson, w
(along with Lionel Hampton) practically
vented the vibraharp, is conducting a quar
Thursdays through Saturdays between t
and three. No music Sundays throu
Wednesdays. Dining.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (8
7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang fr
the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere p
dominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young j
pianist, plays with bassist Perry Lind Tu
days through Thursdays from seven to m
night and Fridays and Saturdays from n
to two. Mondays, Don Heitler is at the pia
accompanied by Lind, from seven to twel
No music Sundays. Dining.

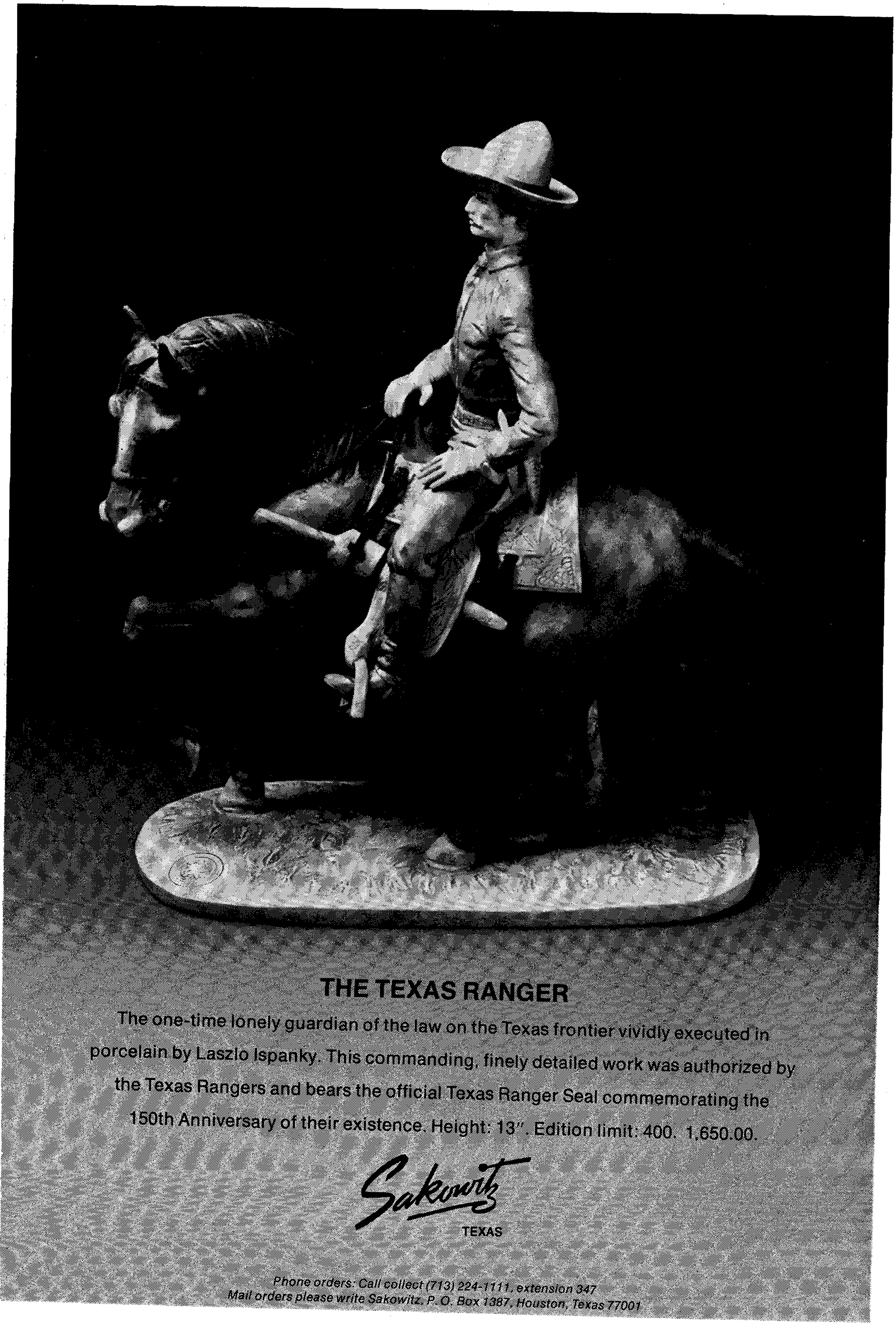
Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring
(AL 5-9752)—This is the room that used
house the Half Note—which recently mo
to midtown—and, under its new manageme
it looks and sounds about as it always
(It's congenial, but be prepared for deser
streets and minimal illumination.) Pia
Randy Weston, who usually can be found
Tangier, Morocco, where he performs in
own club, will lead a trio (Azzedin-N
Weston on congas, Larry Ridley on ba
through Sunday, March 4. Tenor-sax n
Clifford Jordan will bring in a quartet
Tuesday, March 6. Music from nine. Clo
Mondays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366
Jackie Washington, who has done Menott
well as blues and pop, will be heading the
in the Paradise Room, which is a roo
brick-walled courtyard in the rear of this
restaurant, through Saturday, March 3. S
stylist Joey Cord and blues singer Baby J
Dexter (whom Tiny Tim, among others,
praised) open Tuesday, March 6. Permar
members of the crew here are pianist Sam
Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Dan
Benskin is present from seven to one. Dan
and the other entertainers appear at nine
eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays and
nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thurs
through Saturdays. Mondays, there are sh
cases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sund

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, F
Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Me
speaks of—and to—all the sad young r
the folks who live on the hill, and innur
able little girls blue as she performs her c
fully styled recitatives to the accompanin
of Jimmy Lyon's piano. Shows Tues
through Saturdays at nine-thirty and ele
thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A
ple of rooms, one of them with an illustr
ceiling, above a Greek-French restaur
Bassist Richard Davis and guitarist Al
are playing their own sets and accompan
vocalist Jane Harvey. Singer-pianist Will
Roy, who—like Miss Harvey—has a f
ness for Stephen Sondheim material, is
in evidence, and smilingly so. Nine-thirty
til two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus
874-8754)—Small and attractive. Fri



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

and Saturdays, March 2-3 and 9-10, vibist Peter La Barbera will direct a trio. Music Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie, an urban sprite who may have sprung full-blown from the brow of Zeus, is singing at the piano between six and eight Thursdays through Saturdays and from five tc eight Sundays in this little bar-and-restaurant. Herbert Bushler is her bassist, and the whole thing is done as a brief, one-intermission concert.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Once in the history of jazz, this club was known as the Five Spot—and it was known far and wide. Now, with the same owners and about the same appearance, the room has become a neighborhood bar-and-restaurant. The food is Italian. The jazz is all electric, and it is provided by keyboard man Dave Matthews and guitarist-and-bassist Midge Pike. Ten to two every night but Sunday.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Through Sunday, March 4, Junior Mance, a strong and experienced pianist, is leading a trio in this old rough-beamed hunting lodge. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman alternates with the regulars. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pharoah Sanders, a modern reed man who mixes East and West in his own cosmic vision, will head a quintet through Sunday, March 4. Thelonious Monk, the less-is-more pianist, brings in his quartet on Tuesday, March 6. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Intelligent jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speech-making starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature revue, is on tap at ten-fifteen Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Preceding the show, Mondays through Thursdays, comedian Jimmy Walker appears at nine-thirty, and following the show Hattie Winston does a song recital at eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, Miss Winston goes on at eleven. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—On Thursday, March 1, the **royal box** comes to life again to accommodate the Jonah Jones band, which will play for dancing from seven-thirty to two. Sundays, another dance band will fill in for the Joneses.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and songs. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Feb. 28, is the final night for singers Billy Eckstine and Jackie Forrest. Next evening, in comes vocalist Melba Moore and comic Rick Topper. Closed Mondays.... ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **la forêt** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio during dinner and to some English, French, and American discs during supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... ¶ In the **café,** Phil Wayne's dance threesome, whose tunes are gentle on the mind and ear, is around Tuesdays through Saturdays seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's trio prevails Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kelly Garrett, an oriole new to these premises, has the floor of the **persian room** at dinner and supper. On Monday, March 5, Sig and Gary, a pair of strolling singers and musicians, will take over. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting songsters Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday; dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **maisonette,** the showpiece at dinner and supper is comedienne-singer Kay Ballard. Her closing night is Saturday, March 3, and Monday, March 5, brings on soprano Dana Valery. Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays.... **la boite russe** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Janì Sarkozi. Closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Joel Grey will end his song-and-dance routines on Saturday, March 3, in the **empire room,** so that Frankie Laine can commence the dinner and supper shows on Tuesday, March 6. Dancing to the Charles Turecamo band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

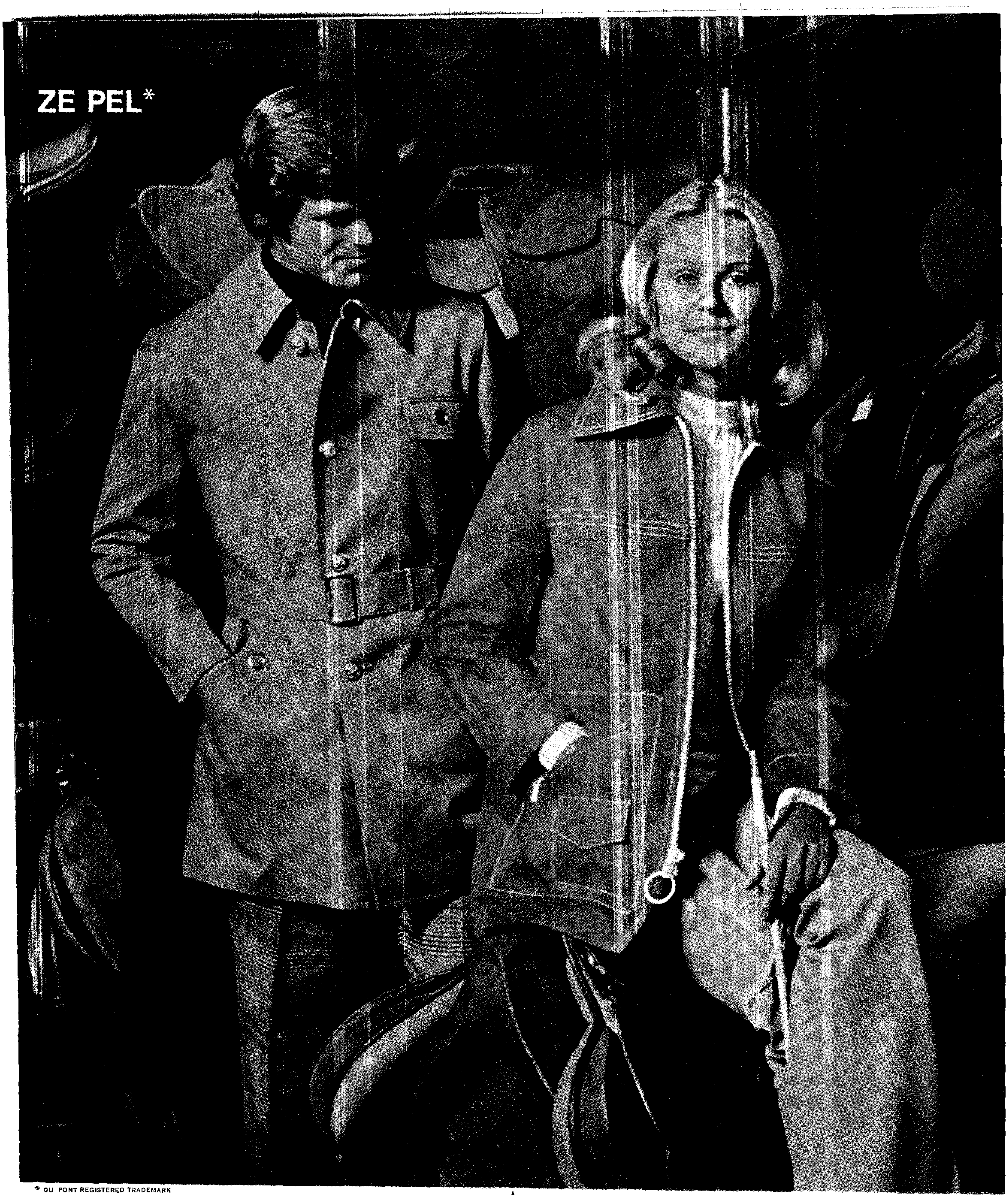
(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two.... **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no music Sundays.... **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk dance. Again, until all hours. Beginning Thursday, March 1, singer-guitarist Robert Miano will be added at ten-thirty and midnight, every night but Sunday.... **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. ... **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella.... **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays.... **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **frank's place,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, with a swinging approach and plenty of musicality, sings at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. His audience is mainly a cocktail crowd. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays.... **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous.... **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him.... **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **jack delaney,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, one of them, Murray Grand, appears Wednesdays through Sundays in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright.... **la bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and



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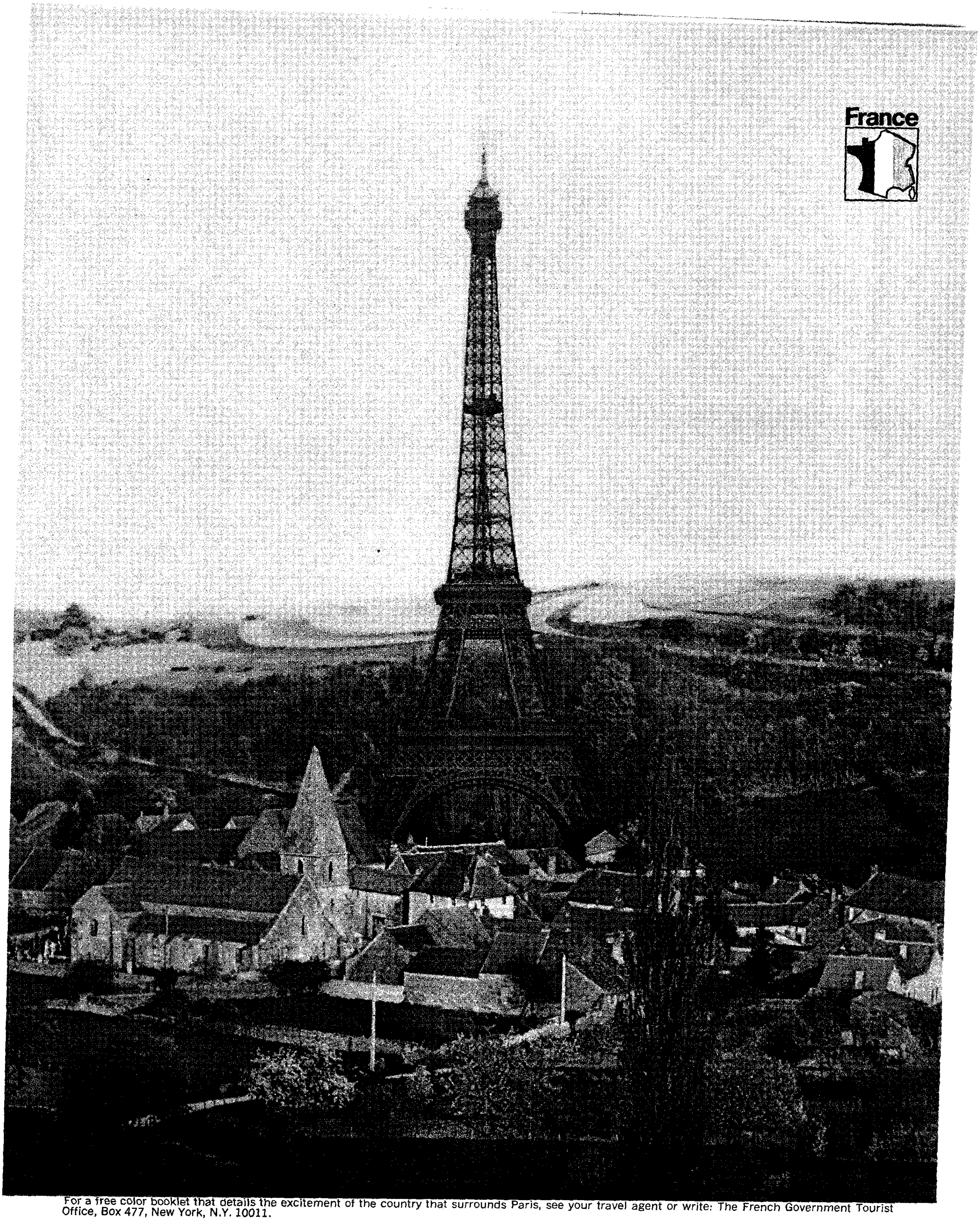

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm, and *amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from five until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Gazing out at the Park, one might almost ignore the parti-colored interior—but one should not. Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, represents Bangladesh. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): An inn on the road to the castle. Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DARRYL ABRAHAM—Models of scenes of rural America (motels, trailers, and so forth), with figures; starting Saturday, March 3. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

KOSTA ALEX—Painted-relief canvases; through Saturday, March 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCH AVERY—Landscape and figure paintings; starting Monday, March 5. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

JACK BEAL—Realistic figure paintings, pastel landscapes, and charcoal drawings; through Friday, March 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GRETNA CAMPBELL—Landscapes of Maine and figure paintings; through Thursday, March 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

KENNETH CAMPBELL / CHARLES S. DUBACK—Humanoid marble sculptures. / Etchings, mounted in tandem with poems by his wife, Daphne Mumford. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Through Friday, March 9. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Wall pieces made of Masonite and suggesting figures; through March 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAUL CHASE—Realistic landscapes; through Saturday, March 10. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

DON COLE / RICHARD TUM SUDEN—A variety of imagery on unstretched canvas. / Abstract Expressionist paintings with hints of a subject. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through March 15. Closed Mondays.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Freely painted works by an abstractionist; starting Tuesday, March 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

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JAN DIBBETS—Photographic reports by a Dutch Conceptualist widely known in Europe; through Saturday, March 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

JIM DINE—New paintings and drawings by this former Pop leader; through March 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN DUFF—Molded fibre-glass wall pieces in gold and orange; starting Saturday, March 3. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Paintings, some long and horizontal, by a follower of the color-field movement; through March 14. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN FLAVIN—New works with curvilinear fluorescent lights; through Wednesday, March 7. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROLAND GEBHARDT—Geometric abstractions in marble; through Saturday, March 3. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

KARL GERSTNER—Painted reliefs stressing gradations of color by a Swiss designer; through Saturday, March 10. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, March 10. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN (1882-1960)—Twenty-five works, from 1917 through the nineteen-fifties, by a geometrical abstractionist who has recently aroused interest in Europe and the United States; starting Saturday, March 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL HOCHHAUSEN—Laminated wood sculptures with suggestions of animals; through Saturday, March 10. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Figurative painted-plaster and ceramic wall pieces and sculptures; through March 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Abstract Expressionist figure paintings; through March 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES KEARNS—Figurative sculptures in bronze and fibre glass with a tendency toward caricature; through March 17. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES LECHAY—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by an artist now of the Midwest; starting Monday, March 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MATTA—Recent paintings by this Chilean Surrealist; through Saturday, March 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—Forty-five paintings of this early twentieth-century American modernist's Fauve period, done before World War I; through March 31. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings; through March 17. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MERKIN—High-keyed paintings with themes of the nineteen-thirties—gangsters, Nazis, movie stars—plus drawings and assemblages; through Saturday, March 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS MOLLER—Landscapes, most of them of Monhegan, Maine; starting Tuesday, March 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES NOËL—Black and white paintings with rectangular cutouts; through Wednesday, March 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Abstract paintings; through Wednesday, March 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID NOVROS—Studies for frescoes: oil on paper; starting Saturday, March 3. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; starting Tuesday, March 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

DAVID PASCAL—Paintings based on the comics, by a European cartoonist and illustrator; through March 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of organic forms, by a member of the Cobra group; through Saturday, March 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM PETTET—Paintings consisting of irregular bands of colors; through Saturday, March 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD PLUNKETT—Drawings, collages, and prints looking back to the silent-movie era; starting Thursday, March 1. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN SALT / JORGE STEVER—Paintings of automobile interiors. / Abstract paintings. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Starts Saturday, March 3. Closed Mondays.)

MORTEZA SAZEGAR—Paintings in patterns of uniform squares; through March 17. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS SCHANKER—Abstract paintings and wooden boxes with fronts of painted Plexiglas illuminated from within by changing lights; through Thursday, March 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—A major exhibition of more than a hundred works previously shown in London and Zurich—it consists of paintings, constructions, assemblages, collages, bronzes, plaster casts, watercolors, and drawings—by the German modernist, who died in England; through March 17. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Five large sculptures composed of welded-steel parts and ready-made forms such as cylinders and I beams; through Saturday, March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

SAUL STEINBERG—A double exhibition of landscapes and drawings, plus assemblages of simulated pens, pencils, trisquares, and other materials constituting the artist's "tables;" through Saturday, March 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St., and Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ANTONI TÀPIES—Works on paper by the Spanish modernist; through March 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES TAUSS—Canvases that experiment with chromatics, and sculptures of sheets of aluminum and steel that are bent, cut, and turned; through Saturday, March 3. (141 Prince Street.)

LLOYD TUGWELL—Paintings of Chinese architectural subjects; starting Tuesday, March 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Multi-sectioned sculptures in poured pigmented fibre glass; through Thursday, March 8. (112 Greene Street. Closed Mondays.)

LYNTON WELLS—Large paintings based on photographs; through March 21. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL WIESENFELD—Interiors with figures, and still-lifes; first one-man show here. Through March 22. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BARBARA WRIGHT—Abstract Expressionist city scenes; first solo show here. Starts Saturday, March 3. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM WUDL—Patterns in acrylic and metallic paint on perforated newspaper, by a young Californian; through March 21. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

JERRY ZENIUK—Encaustic paintings in tones of glowing gray; through Wednesday, March 7. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CHINESE CULTURAL CENTER**, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Fifty Chinese wood-block prints done for folk festivals; through Saturday, March 10. (Daily, 10 to 6.) . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Bishop, Davis, Gorchov, Mangold, Ohlson, and Parker; through March 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings based on travels by the gallery's artists; through Saturday, March 3. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nine-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

teenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by German Expressionists; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Male nudes by Alice Neel, Lowell Nesbitt, Philip Pearlstein, John Button, and others; through March 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Newly acquired paintings and sculptures by Arp, Braque, Giacometti, Chagall, and Moore; through March 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBROADWAY,** 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Gerald Ferstman; intaglio and relief prints of birds, clouds, and landscapes by Richard Gaffney; and paintings that aim at visual ambiguity by W. Canovan Tucker. Through Friday, March 9. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

The work of Paul Strand (born in 1890) spans over half a century, and as the large retrospective at the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM** shows, it is unrelentingly stylized, abstract, beautiful, and cold. Strand was a second-generation Photo-Secessionist, who arrived on the scene just as Stieglitz was turning away from the blurred, manipulated prints that imitated paintings by Corot, Degas, Whistler, and Redon, among others, and was moving toward the sharp, unmanipulated photography that has since become the mainstream of the medium. At this time, Stieglitz was also exhibiting advanced European and American abstract art at his gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue, and it is from these works that Strand drew his inspiration and derived his lifelong preoccupations with masses, shapes, forms, and tonal values. Strand's early photographs of machinery, buildings, plants, bowls, and fences were radically innovative and remain commanding works of abstract art. His photographs of people are equally stylized and static; sometimes—as in his famous picture of a blind woman (1916), in his similarly renowned photograph of an Italian family in Luzzara (1953), and in an arresting portrait of a French farm boy who looks like the god Hermes—they achieve the simplicity and inevitability of great photography. But often Strand's formalism is obtrusive, and an emptiness—almost a blandness—pervades all too many of the compositions on view here. The show is large—over two hundred and fifty photographs are included—and perhaps a smaller selection would have left the viewer with a less equivocal feeling about Strand's contribution to photography.

An illuminating glimpse of the artistic influences that shaped Strand's style is afforded by the **WASHBURN GALLERY** (820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.), where a small exhibition entitled "291" (after the Stieglitz gallery) is installed until Saturday, March 3. Paintings and sculptures by Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Abraham Walkowitz, Georgia O'Keeffe, Max Weber, Oscar Bleumner, Alfred Maurer, Arthur B. Carles, and Elie Nadelman—who all appeared in Stieglitz's gallery between 1905 and 1917—are shown here, together with photographs by Edward Steichen, Julia Margaret Cameron, Stieglitz, and Strand himself. Some of the paintings and sculptures actually appeared at 291, while others merely might have. The show has an appealing period flavor; it somehow conveys the exciting sense of modernity that these now rather old-fashioned-looking abstractions conveyed to their contemporaries. In the Washburn catalogue, an untitled abstract charcoal drawing by Dove faces Strand's abstract street photograph entitled "Wall Street, New York" (which is also in the Metropolitan show), and points up the almost literal influence of the new art on the young Strand.

A printed sign at the Metropolitan notes that Strand's first exposure to the Photo-Secession was in 1907, when a teacher at the Ethical Culture School, named Lewis W. Hine, took Strand's class on a trip to the 291 gallery. An exhibition of work by Hine, at the **WITKIN GALLERY** (243 E. 60th St.) until March 10, offers a selection from the thousands of photographs of American child laborers that Hine took for the National Child Labor Committee between 1908 and 1930. Hine admired the Photo-Secession, but took almost nothing from it for his own work. He was an exponent of what we now call documentary photography, and his photographs are devoid of any art influence. The photographs at Witkin are small, lucid, plainly produced prints that have the immediacy of news reportage and a quality of truth that usually eludes photo-journalism. The work of Hine has failed to get the recognition that many people think it deserves; the Museum of Modern Art turned down the collection of Hine's work it was offered after the photographer's death, in 1940, but the Witkin show rather supports than brings into question the museum's position. These are affecting images (and important social documents), but they pale when set beside the work of Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White, Walker Evans, and Berenice Abbott. The show presents another problem. The viewer who is honest with himself will be struck by the blooming health and cheerfulness of the children photographed; the picture of starved, maimed, brutalized children one derives from works like Engels' "The Condition of the Working Class in England" is not the picture projected by these prints (which are said to have awakened the American conscience, and to have played a role in the enactment of anti-child-labor legislation). Comparison between the frank and friendly faces of the exploited children in Hine's photographs and the peevish, closed faces of the kids you see coming out of New York private schools raises some extremely uncomfortable questions. Part of the proceeds of the prints sold at the Witkin will go to the present-day successor of the National Child Labor Committee: the National Committee on Employment of Youth, which seeks to find work for high-school dropouts.

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Ten pairs of portraits of husbands and wives by Dutch painters of the seventeenth century: Rembrandt, Memling, Hals, and others; through Sunday, March 4.... ¶ About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1.... ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through March 25. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; starting Wednesday, March 7.... ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29.... ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through April 8.... ¶ Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; through April 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual. The first stage will close Sunday, March 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and porcelains dating from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth; through March 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Abstract canvas collages by Lee Gatch (1902-68), often pastoral in mood and suggestive of landscape; through March 18.... ¶ Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Rare English and American books, manuscripts, historical documents, and original drawings for book illustrations; through April 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LOW MEMORIAL LIBRARY, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Approximately seventy oils, watercolors, drawings, and miniature figures by Florine Stettheimer (1871-1944), a well-known figure in the New York art world between the two world wars; through Thursday, March 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; starting Thursday, March 1.... ¶ A series of illuminations from an early twelfth-century English manuscript; starting Thursday, March 1.... ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; starting Thursday, March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through March 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Over a hundred works by thirty-two artists exploring the creative potential of glass; through March 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-eighth annual, composed of nearly three hundred oils, sculptures, prints, drawings, and watercolors by both members and nonmembers; through March 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and Smithson, for instance; through March 11.... ¶ Landscapes, animals, and birds by Chu

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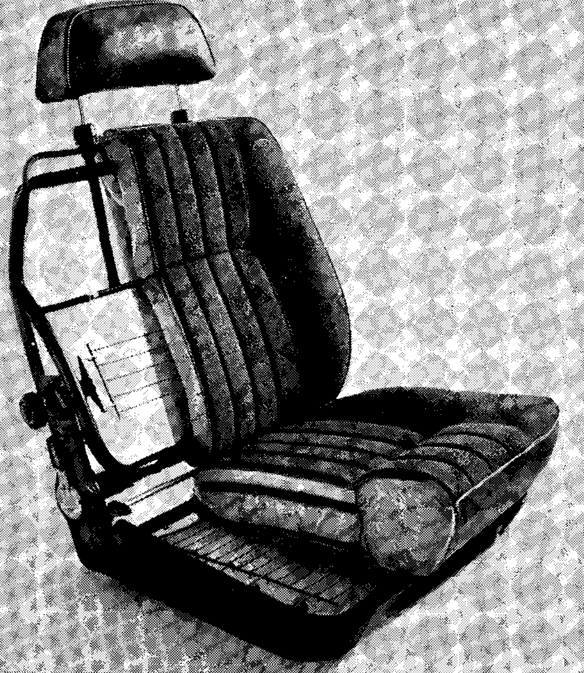
You can vary the height of our seats, too. And since they can also be moved forwards or backwards, you can adjust them precisely to your vital statistics.

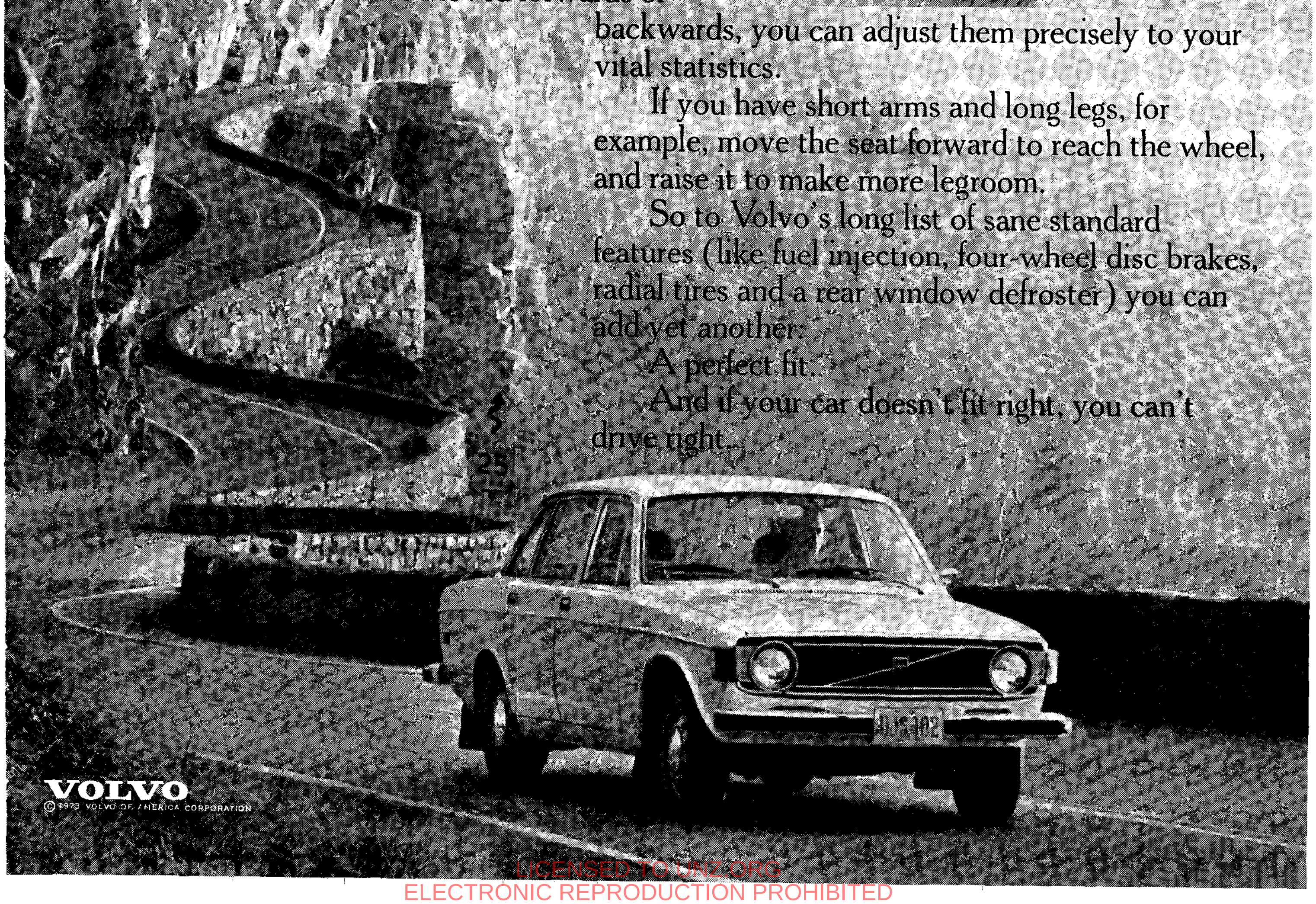


If you have short arms and long legs, for example, move the seat forward to reach the wheel, and raise it to make more legroom.

So to Volvo's long list of sane standard features (like fuel injection, four-wheel disc brakes, radial tires and a rear window defroster) you can add yet another:

A perfect fit.

And if your car doesn't fit right, you can't drive right.



VOLVO

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ta, a seventeenth-century Chinese; through April 15. . . . ¶ More than eighty works dealing with New York City subjects and country-house scenes done in the past thirty-five years by John Koch; through April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Surreal images of American urban and rural life by Eldzier Cortor, Rex Goreleigh, and Hughie Lee-Smith; through March 18. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 28: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Ingvar Wixell, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; conducted by Ignace Strasfogel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 1: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 2: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenzo Cossotto, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 3: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Pilar Lorengar, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 3: "Macbeth," with Elinor Ross, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Giorgio Tozzi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 5: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 6: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 7: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Robert Nagy, William Dooley, Rod MacWherter, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Ruggero Raimondi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Pilar Lorengar, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

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New York City Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, John Stamford, Edward Pierson, and Will Roy; and "Carmina Burana," with Ruth Welting, Vittorio Terranova, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Walter Susskind. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Susanne Marsee, Leo Goeke, and David Holloway; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Susanne Marsee, José Carreras, and Vasile Martinoiu; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Sylvia Anderson, Patricia Wells, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-7652.). . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 1: "Oedipus Rex," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, John Stamford, Edward Pierson, and Will Roy; and "Carmina Burana," with Ruth Welting, Vittorio Terranova, and Dominic Cossa; Walter Susskind. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 7: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard T. Gill; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, John Stamford, David Clatworthy, and Will Roy; and "Carmina Burana," with Patricia Brooks, Kenneth Riegel, and David Holloway; Walter Susskind. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 8: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredericks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 7: A new production of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Deborah Kieffer, José Carreras, and Thomas Jamerson; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Vittorio Terranova, and Richard Fredericks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Doris Jung, Sylvia Anderson, Georg Schnapka, and Kenneth Riegel; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

Opera at the Forum—The Met's project of producing lesser-known classical and contemporary works in a small house, in this case the little Forum Theatre (EN 2-7618), under the Vivian Beaumont. Final performances; the schedule: A double bill—Maurice Ohana's "Syllabaire pour Phèdre," with Nancy Williams/Elaine Bonazzi and Cynthia Barnett/Susan Belling, and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," with Evelyn Lear/Nancy Williams, Susan Belling/Cynthia Barnett, Elaine Bonazzi, and Thomas Stewart/Lenus Carlson. Wednesday evening, Feb. 28; Saturday matinée and evening, March 3; Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 5-6; and Thursday and Friday evenings, March 8-9. . . . ¶ Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts," with Betty Allen and Benjamin Matthews. Thursday and Friday evenings, March 1-2; Wednesday evening, March 7; and Saturday matinée and evening, March 10. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—A double bill: The first New York performances of Albert Roussel's "Aunt Caroline's Will," in an English version by Robert Gay, preceded by Mozart's "The Impresario," in an English version by Boris Goldovsky. Paul Berl is the music director and Harvey Vincent the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 6, and Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—With Mr. Bernstein and Daniel Barenboim as piano soloists; Jacqueline du Pré and Lorne Munroe as cello soloists; and John Cerminaro, French horn, on Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. A concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Further concerts on Thursday, March 1, at 8:30; Friday, March 2, at 2; Saturday, March 3, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin); and Wednesday, March 7, at 8:30 (with André Watts, piano).

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, and Raymond Gibbs, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30, the last in a series of concerts, this one with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Music Aeterna Chorus. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 10, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 5:30, both with Zino Francescatti, violin.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Mattiwilda Dobbs, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing, with Robert Shiesley, baritone, and instrumental soloists. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus Ave. at 59th St. Sunday, March 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call CI 7-4199.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, March 4, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Choir of Hamilton and Kirkland Colleges—James Fankhauser directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

Composers String Quartet—An all-Schubert program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Julian Bream and John Williams—Classical guitarists. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Tokyo String Quartet; Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 4, at 5.)

Antonio Barbosa—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Schumann recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 4, at 2:15.)

League-ISCM—The second in this season's series of four programs entitled "The Continuing Avant-Garde." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 8.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Monday, March 5, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Phillips and Renzulli—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

Alvin Lucier—A composition by him called "The Queen of the South." (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday and Tuesday, March 5-6, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Cleveland Quartet—The second in a series of three Mendelssohn/Haydn/late Beethoven concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Peter Serkin—Violin, cello, and piano, in the last in a series of concerts presenting the cycle of

Beethoven piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 8, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Flemish music of the fifteenth century. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist, in the second of two concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 9, at 8, the last in a series of concerts. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 10, at 8, the third in a series of four concerts.)

New School Concerts—Three all-Brahms programs performed by Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Ruth Laredo, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315, from 1 to 4:30. Saturday, March 10, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 2 and 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Mahler-Weigl Program—Performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Michael Best, tenor; Vally Weigl and Thomas Muraco, piano; and the Concord String Quartet. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, March 3, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets will be available, but only to those applying for them in person after noon on the day of the performance.)

John Cage: Sixtieth Birthday Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by vocal and instrumental soloists, the Gail August Dancers, a percussion ensemble, and a radio ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 7, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 5:45: EUBIE BLAKE. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 5:45: BILLY TAYLOR.

Loggins & Messina—Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 7:30 and 11.

Loudon Wainwright III and David Bromberg—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8.

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

Bee Gees—With an orchestra and Jimmy Stevens. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday and Monday, March 4-5, at 8.)

Muddy Waters, Bonnie Raitt, and Lightnin' Hopkins—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 8:30.

Jazz at the de Lys—Milt Hinton, Pee Wee Erwin, Dick Hyman, Dickie Wells, Al Casey, Phil Bodner, and Cliff Leeman. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Monday, March 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call WA 4-8782.)

Hazel Scott—In a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Don McLean—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, at 8.

Platters, Woody Herman, and Hazel Scott—Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8 and 11.

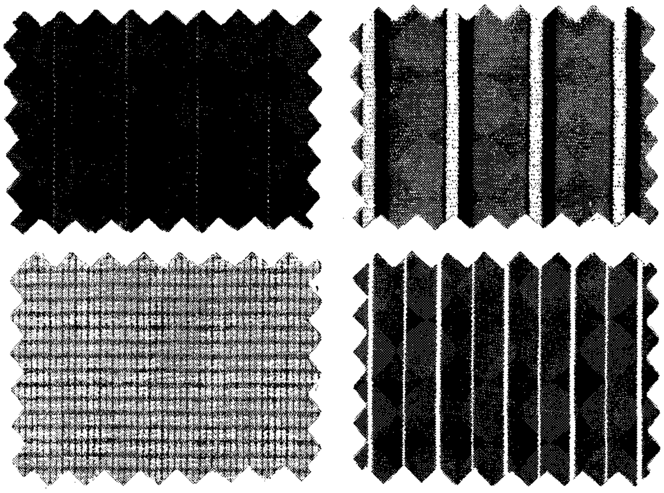
Jim Hall and Ron Carter—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band—Town Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.

Clancy Brothers—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum,



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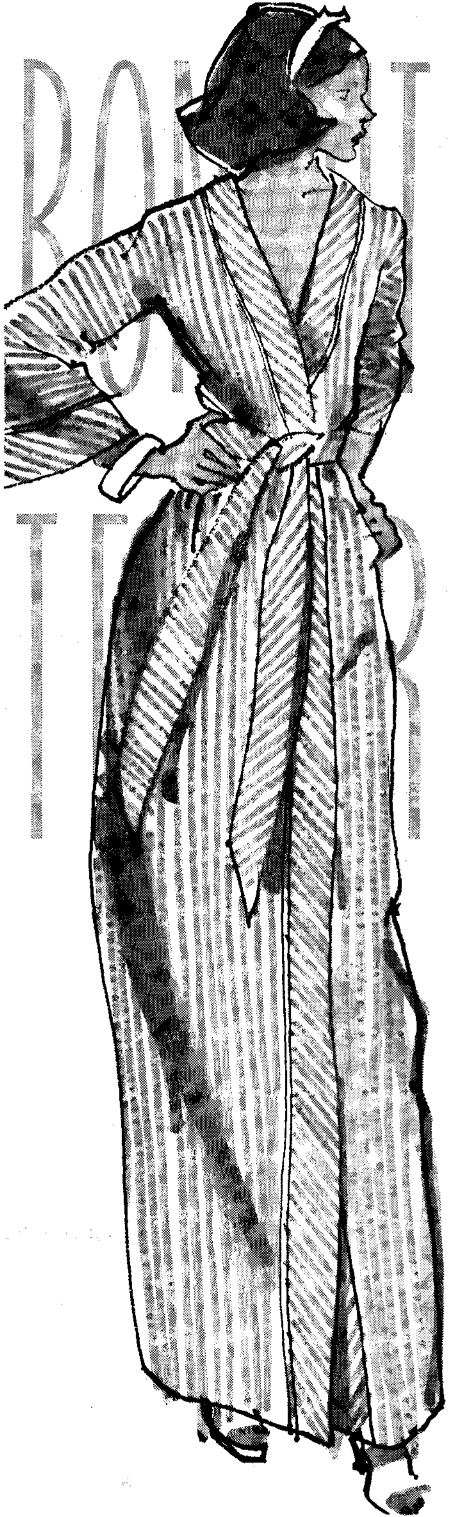

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Baltimore, Saturday, March 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, March 10, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Sunday, March 4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Wednesday, March 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 9, at 8:05.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Cleveland, Saturday, March 3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, March 4, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver, Sunday, March 4, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Chicago, Monday, March 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, March 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Winnipeg, Saturday, March 10, at 1:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Vancouver, Saturday, March 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Canadiens, Tuesday, March 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto, Thursday, March 8.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, March 1, through Saturday, May 12. The Paumonok Handicap, Thursday, March 1; the Swift, Saturday, March 3; and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, March 10. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Saturday, March 10, through Saturday, June 2. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 3.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, March 1. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, March 2, through Thursday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, March 3-4, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, March 10, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 10, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Looice." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Dandelion." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.). . . PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION: "Babes in Toyland." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, March 4, at 1 and 3:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." Starting Tuesday, March 6, there will be a new show, "Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

SYLVIA SYDNEY—In an informal interview and discussion with the audience, following a showing of film clips from some of her motion pictures. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 4, at 7:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 2, at 2: English and Continental silver, from the estate of Amory L. Haskell and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture, books, prints and paintings, pottery and porcelains, glass, and decorations; from the estate of Charles Woolsey Lyon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 10:15 and 2: Autographs, from various collectors. *Exhibition starts Thursday,* March 1.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 28 at 5:30: "Tartuffe" (1926), a German film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5:30 and 8: "Horizon" (1969), in Hungarian, directed by Pal Gabor. . . . ¶ March 2 at 2: "The Last Goal" (1961), in Hungarian, directed by Zoltán Fábri. . . . ¶ March 2 at 5:30 and March 3 at noon: "Underworld" (1929), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ March 3 at 3: "The Valley" (1968), in Hungarian, directed by Tamás Rényi. . . . ¶ March 3 at 5:30: "The Last Goal" (1961). . . . ¶ March 4 at 12:30 and 3: "Give My Regards to Broadway" (1947), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Dan Dailey and Fay Bainter. . . . ¶ March 4 at 5:30: "The Valley" (1968). . . . ¶ March 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Love Film" (1971), in Hungarian, directed by István Szabó. . . . ¶ March 6 at 2: "Two Daughters" (1961), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray. . . . ¶ March 6 at 5:30: "The Upthrown Stone" (1969), in Hungarian, directed by Sándor Sára. . . . ¶ March 7 at 5:30: "Two Daughters" (1961). . . . ¶ March 8 at 5:30: A program of seven films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 8 at 8: A program of eight films by Hollis Frampton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 1: "Picnic" (1955), directed by Joshua Logan, with William Holden and Rosalind Russell. . . . ¶ March 2: "Man of the West" (1958), directed by Anthony Mann, with Gary Cooper and Julie London. . . . ¶ March 3-4: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957), directed by Jack Arnold, with Grant Williams and Randy Stuart. . . . ¶ March 7-8: "Bigger Than Life" (1956), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Mason and Barbara Rush. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, Breer, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (six o'clock only on Feb. 28 and March 4). No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Feb. 28: Ten personal films by eight women filmmakers. . . . ¶ March 1-7: "Eroticism and Exploitation," four films by five women filmmakers. . . . ¶ March 8: Films by Perry Miller Adato, Maya Deren, and Cassandra Gerstein. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on March 8 at 1, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—First league games here—Mets vs. Philadelphia, at Shea Stadium, April 6-8 (all day games). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, at Yankee Stadium, April 9, 11, and 12 (all day games).

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 13, 21, and 24. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: March 11, 14, 21, 23, and 25.

BOXING—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 16.)

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 5-8.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on March 11, 18, 25, 28, and April 1. Raider games on March 12, 14, and 15. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on March 13, 17, 20, 24, and 27.

HUNT RACING—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 14.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 15.)

RACING—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 31.

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. April 13-15.)

TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 13-Nov. 17.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 21. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 12 and 26. . . . ¶ Sherrill Milnes, baritone, March 18. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 28 and 30. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, April 1. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, April 4. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, April 8. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal and Julius Baker, flute, March 11. . . . ¶ Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, March 16. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, March 18. . . . ¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, March 19. . . . ¶ Pilar Lorengar, soprano, March 20. . . . ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, March 21. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 22. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, March 25. . . . ¶ Julius Baker, flute, and Anthony Newman, harpsichord, March 25. . . . ¶ Mozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg, March 26. . . . ¶ Boston Pops Orchestra, March 27. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, March 28. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 31. . . . ¶ Renata Tebaldi, soprano, April 1. . . . ¶ Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus, April 3. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, April 6. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus, April 7. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, April 10-12. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): New and Newer Music, March 11. . . . ¶ Nell Rankin, soprano, March 13. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 14. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 18 and 20 and April 1 and 3. . . . ¶ David Bar-Illan, piano, March 21. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, March 24. . . . ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, March 25. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, March 26. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, March 27. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 9. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 16, 24, and 31, and April 1. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 30. . . . ¶ Benita Valente, soprano, and Fernando Valenti, harpsichord, April 6. . . . ¶ Martha Argerich, piano, April 7. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): New York Chamber Soloists, March 17. . . . ¶ Martti Talvela, bass, April 7. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist, March 23. . . . ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, and Earl Wild, piano, April 3.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "42 Seconds from Broadway," a comedy by Louis Del Grande, in which Regina Baff and Henry Winkler will appear. . . . ¶ Debbie Reynolds in a revival of the 1919 musical "Irene," with a book by Hugh Wheeler, music by Harry Tierney, and lyrics by Joseph McCarthy. . . . ¶ A comedy, "No Hard Feelings," by Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark, with Eddie Albert and Nanette Fabray at the head of the cast. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of Pirandello's play "Emperor Henry IV," starring Rex Harrison and Eileen Herlie. . . . ¶ A revival of "Detective Story," Sidney Kingsley's 1949 play, with a cast that includes Marty Brill, Rita Gam, Barry Nelson, Renee Taylor, and Peggy Wood.

OTHER DATES—Coliseum Antiques Fair and Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 10-18. . . . ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Saturday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 27-May 28. . . . ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 7-15. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1972 and estimates for 1973 are due Monday, April 16.

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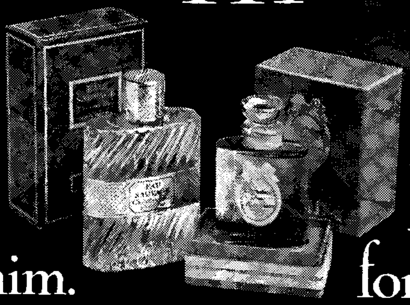

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			28	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 6: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Mark of the Vampire," and "The Mask of Fu Manchu."
From March 7: "The Getaway."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 3: "Show Boat" and "Cabin in the Sky."
March 4-6: "Bolero" and "Rumba."
From March 7: "Min and Bill" and "The Women."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 6: "Macbeth," "Repulsion," and "Shock Corridor."
From March 7: "The Ruling Class," "The Entertainer," and "The Threepenny Opera."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Pulp."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Payday."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Under Milk Wood."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Lady Caroline Lamb."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 6: "Up the Sandbox."
From March 7: "Slither."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Lolly-Madonna."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through March 7: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From March 8 (tentative): "Ludwig."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Feb. 28: "Childhood II."
March 1-7: "Hunger for Love."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 3: "Wattstax."
From March 4: "Traffic."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Feb. 28: "Steelyard Blues."
From March 1: "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 3: "Traffic."
From March 4: "Baxter!"

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Save the Tiger."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 6: "The Emigrants."
From March 7: "The Ruling Class."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Payday."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Harder They Come."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Wattstax."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Deep Throat."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Slaughter Hotel."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Jeremiah Johnson."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Traffic."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Tout Va Bien."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Quad Cinema I, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 1: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Cleo from 5 to 7."
March 2: "The Battle of Algiers" and "My Night at Maud's."
March 3-4: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."
March 5-6: "The Cousins" and "A Woman Is a Woman."
March 7-8: "La Collectionneuse" and "Stolen Kisses."

Quad Cinemas 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 6: "The Emigrants," "Le Boucher," "Women in Love," and "The Ruling Class."
From March 7: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 6: "Richard III."
From March 7: "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Major Barbara."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 6: "Innocent Bystanders" and "Four Flies on Grey Velvet."
From March 7: To be announced.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through March 1: "The Poseidon Adventure."
From March 2: "The Sound of Music."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Trick Baby."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Charlotte's Web."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 6: "Avanti!"
From March 7: "The Getaway."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Traffic."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Jeremiah Johnson."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 6: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "The Go-Between."
From March 7: "Two English Girls" and "Jules and Jim."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Traffic."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 1: "Le Boucher" and "Without Apparent Motive."
March 2-4: "Modern Times" and "Animal Farm."
March 5-6: "Women in Love" and "The Passion of Anna."
March 7-8: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 6: "The Emigrants" and "The Touch."
From March 7: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative. (Thalia; March 2-4.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Cinema Studio; through March 6.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; March 7-8.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Quad Cinema 1; through March 2.)

Baxter!—With Patricia Neal and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Lionel Jeffries. (68th St. Playhouse; starting March 4.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naive feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Bolero (1934)—George Raft, wearing pants that start at the armpits, and Carole Lombard (before she became a comedienne), in clinging satin. The Astaire and Rogers pictures were making money for R.K.O., so somebody at Paramount got the idea of passing off Raft and Lombard as a dance team. The studio poured every sultry effect shameless people could dream up into this movie, and, almost incredibly, got by with it—though it was low camp even then. In the big number, set to Ravel's "Bolero," Raft and Lombard gyrated on a circular elevated platform while bare-chested black men sat around them, pounding on drums. Some of those who saw the picture in the thirties could never again keep a straight face when they heard that music. With Ray Milland, Sally Rand, and William Frawley; Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4-6.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Thalia; through March 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 3; through March 6.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 3.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar, Claude Rains displays a world-weary wisdom that is

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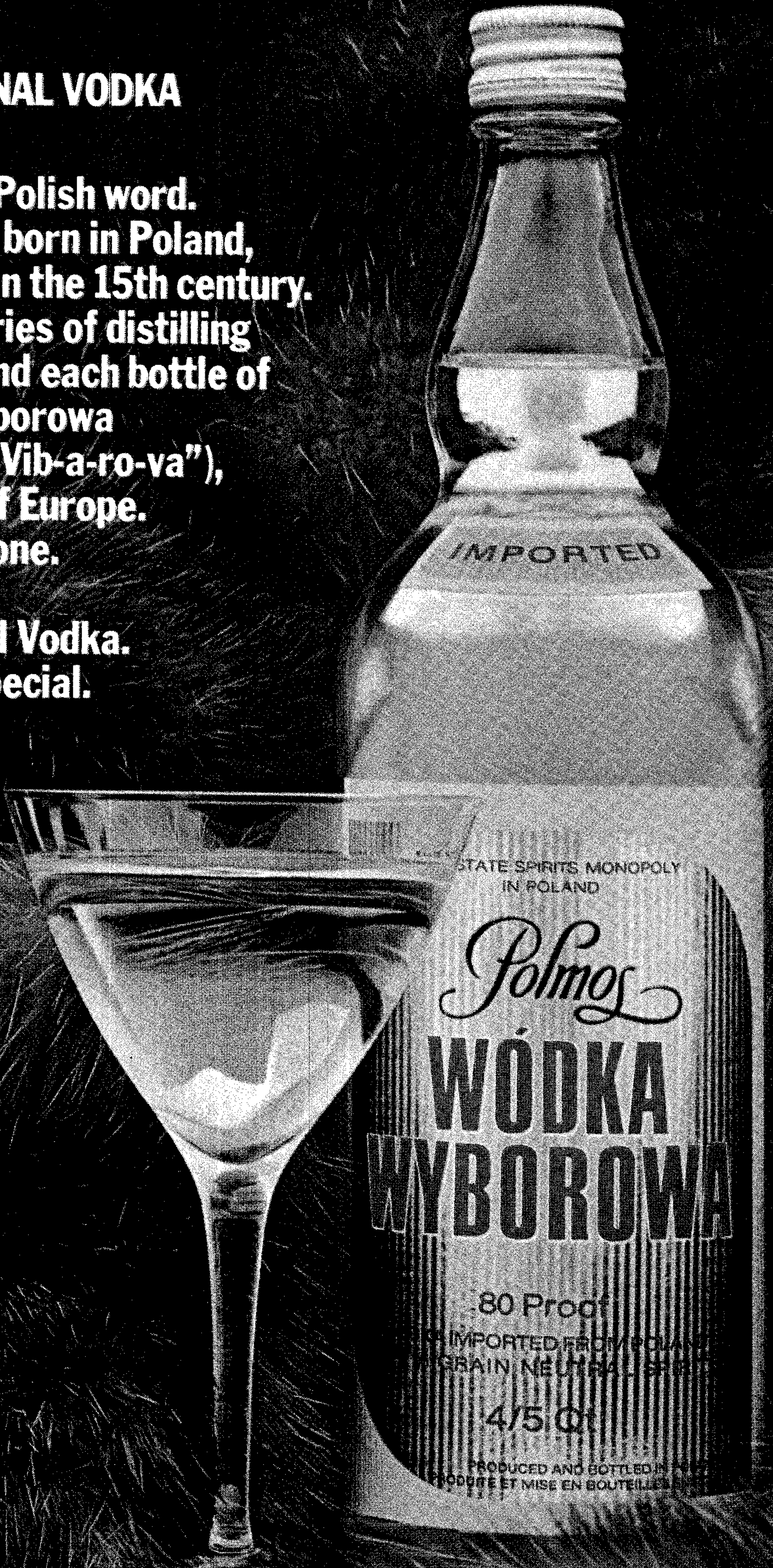
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CADO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paris
Paris
4

more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Elgin; starting March 7.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Charlotte's Web—An animated musical version of the E. B. White story. (Music Hall.)

Childhood II—A documentary by Martin J. Spinelli. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 28.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of non-sexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (New Yorker; through March 6.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by women in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; through March 1.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Quad Cinema 1; March 7-8.)

The Cousins (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. With Juliette Mayniel. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 5-6.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

Deep Throat—Strictly hard-core, and not much superior to others of the genre, except that there are a few amusing camera angles, and that the heroine, Linda Lovelace, appears to have studied with a sword swallower. (86th St. East.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—With Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. (Art; through March 6.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (72nd Street East, Quad Cinema 2, and Olympia; through March 6.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier at the top of his bent as a second-rate English music hall performer—one of the great characters of modern drama. From John Osborne's play, directed by Tony Richardson. With Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 7.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Beacon.)

Four Flies on Grey Velvet—With Michael Brandon and Mimsy Farmer, directed by Dario Argento. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through March 6.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Art and Cinema Studio; starting March 7.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heir-

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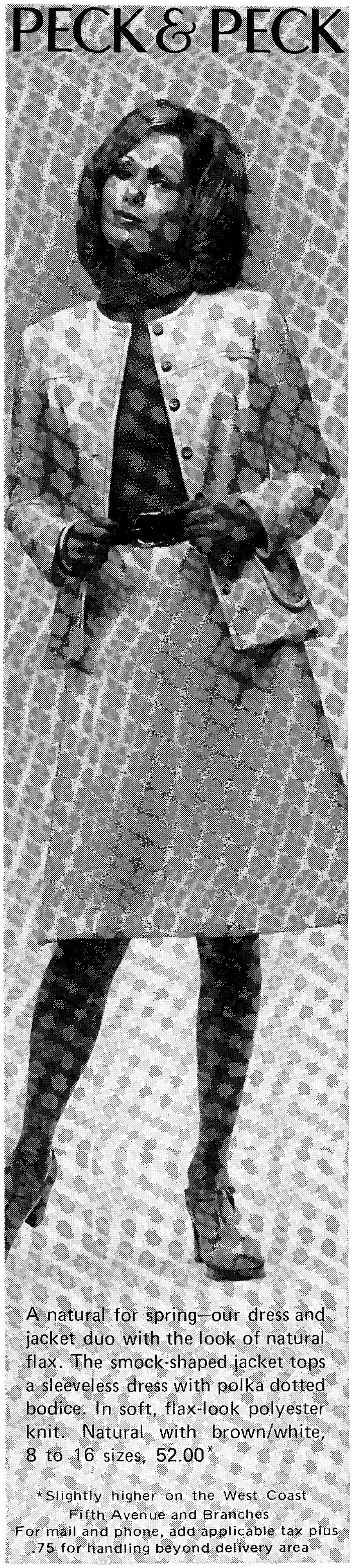
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ess of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (New Yorker; through March 6.)

The Harder They Come—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the most-wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Hunger for Love—A Brazilian film, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 1-7.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

Innocent Bystanders—Misleading title; it's a labyrinthine spy thriller and a revolting example of the constant use of brutality (plus a dash of sexual sadism) to rouse the audience from the apathy brought on by the familiarity of the material. The massively built Stanley Baker is impressive as the tired agent, but he can't save this picture; it's just one noisy beating after another. The major resource of the director, Peter Collinson, appears to be loud karate chops. The members of the M.P.A.A. Rating Board who gave it a PG must have grown calluses on their brains. With Geraldine Chaplin, Dana Andrews, and Donald Pleasence, who must be as weary of playing an icy bastard as the audience is weary of watching him. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through March 6.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Waverly and Loews 83rd St.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (New Yorker; starting March 7.)

Lady Caroline Lamb—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Fine Arts.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Lolly-Madonna—With Rod Steiger and Robert Ryan, directed by Richard Sarafian. (East 59th Street I.)

Ludwig—With Helmut Berger and Romy Schneider, directed by Luchino Visconti. (East 59th Street II; starting March 8, tentative.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 6.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great

SHOP
BOATS
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success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Elgin; starting March 7.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—With Lionel Barrymore and Bela Lugosi, directed by Tod Browning. (Art; through March 6.)

The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932)—With Boris Karloff and Lewis Stone, directed by Charles Brabin. (Art; through March 6.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 7.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Thalia; March 2-4.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 3-4.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 2-4.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Thalia; March 5-6.)

Payday—An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—Maury Dann (Rip Torn), a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (Murray Hill and Juliet 2.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borg-

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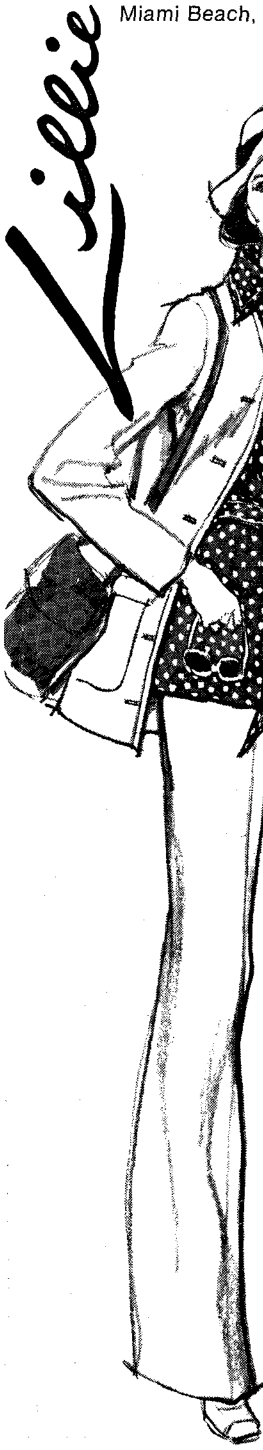

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nine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Gramercy, U. A. East, and Riviera. . . . ¶ National; through March 1.)

Pulp—With Michael Caine and Mickey Rooney, directed by Mike Hodges. (Kips Bay.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 6.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Elgin; through March 6.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Quad Cinema 4; through March 6. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East and St. Marks Cinema; starting March 7.)

Rumba (1935)—There's no discernible reason for resurrecting this turkey. Paramount, having got by with the ludicrous pseudo-primitive sexuality of "Bolero," pushed its luck in this attempt at a follow-up. George Raft and Carole Lombard carry on some pathetic activity that is meant to be dancing. With Lynne Overman and Margo; Marion Gering directed, miserably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4-6.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling those orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed this grotesque example of what happens when a TV writer goes philosophical. (Loews Tower East and Loews Ciné.)

Shock Corridor (1962)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 6.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 3.)

Slaughter Hotel—With Klaus Kinsley, directed by Fernando di Leo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Slither—With James Caan, Peter Boyle, and Sally Kellerman, directed by Howard Zieff. (Coronet; starting March 7.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National; starting March 2.)

Steelyard Blues—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Beekman; Feb. 28.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 7-8.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—From the television show, which ran from 1950 to 1954, with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. (Festival.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—With Ryan O'Neal, Jacqueline Bissett, and Warren Oates, directed by Bud Yorkin. (Beekman; starting March 1.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 7.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Olympia; through March 6.)

Tout Va Bien—With Yves Montand and Jane Fonda, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (8th St. Playhouse, Embassy 72nd St., and Symphony. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through March 3. . . . ¶ Columbia I; starting March 4.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Greenwich, Playboy, and Riverside.)

Trick Baby—Mel Stewart as a black con artist who enjoys shearing the sheep, and Kiel Martin as his partner, the Trick Baby—the racial switch-hitter who is half black but can pass for white. Shot in Philadelphia, the film strikes some fresh sparks, though, disappointingly, it shifts from comedy to melodrama. Larry Yust directed, from Iceberg Slim's novel. (DeMille.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed.

The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (New Yorker; starting March 7.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (East 59th Street II; through March 7.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Thalia; March 7-8.)

Under Milk Wood—A beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (Eastside Cinema.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet; through March 6.)

Wattstax—Filmed at the Stax record company's August concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Columbia I; through March 3.)

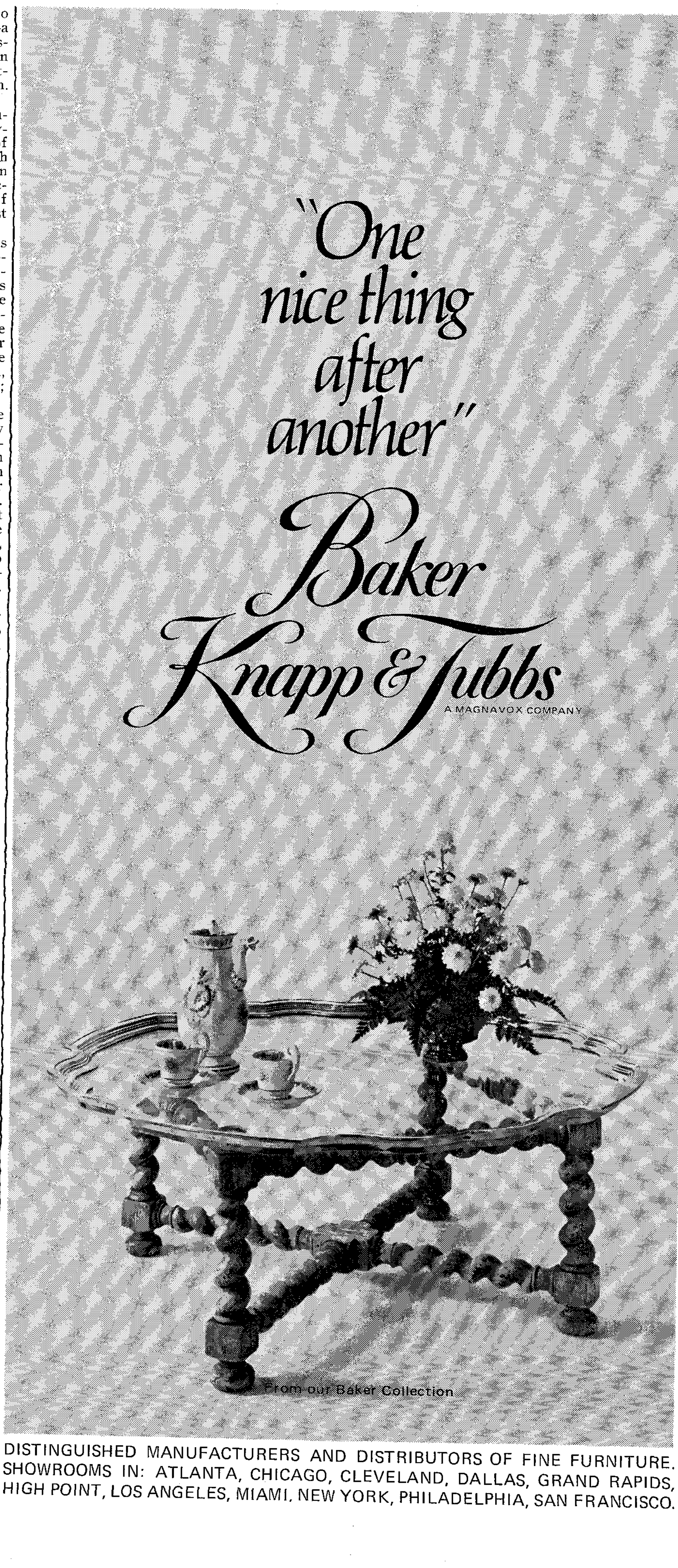
Without Apparent Motive (1972)—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Thalia; through March 1.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 5-6.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 7.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Quad Cinema 3; through March 6. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 5-6.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II.)



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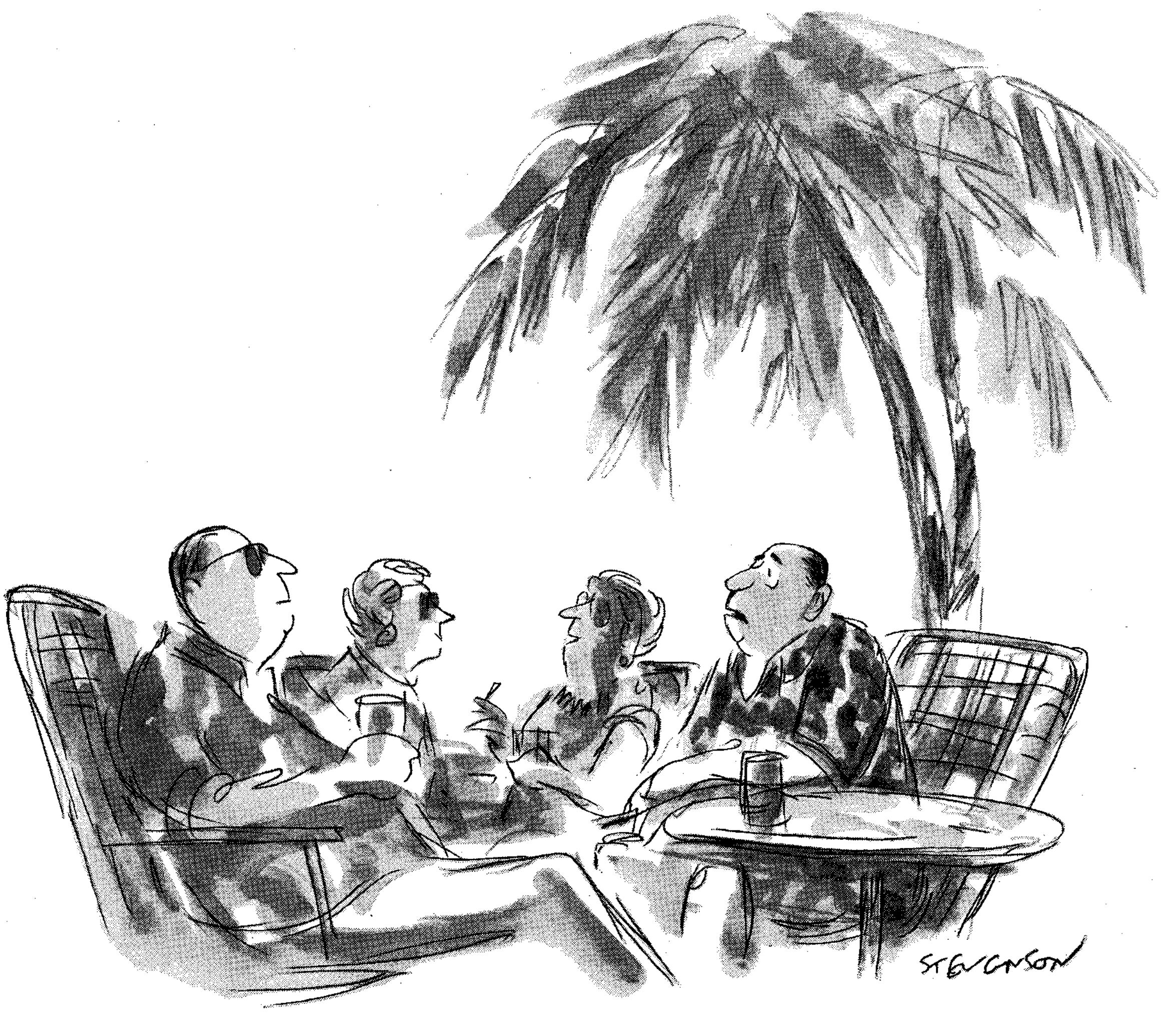
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE issue of a reporter's right to protect confidential sources, like so many issues, has arrived before the public enclosed in a little cocoon of misinformation and misconception. It is not true, for instance, as defenders of that right usually suggest, that the Supreme Court, in its decision last June against Earl Caldwell, of the *Times*, and two other newsmen, stripped reporters of an ancient privilege. Rather, in ruling that reporters have "no First Amendment privilege to refuse to answer the relevant and material questions asked during a good-faith grand jury investigation," the Court was refusing to make new law in an area previously unexplored by the Court. The reason reporters and others wanted new law was to cover a new threat; namely, the misuse of grand juries by the Justice Department and local district attorneys to "undermine the historic independence of the press by attempting to annex the journalistic profession as an investigative arm of government," as Justice Stewart put it in a dissenting opinion, in which he was joined by Justices Marshall and Brennan. The difference is important, for it means that newsmen, having noted a growing indifference, and even hostility, to the press on the part of executive authorities, legislators, and judges, and, perhaps, the public as well, are now in the position of having to turn for relief not to clear precedents in the law but to those same executive authorities, legislators, and judges, and that same public, for relief through new law. The opponents of the new right that the newsmen seek have also misconstrued it, but differently: by suggesting that it would benefit the reporters themselves. John D. Ehrlichman, President Nixon's chief domestic-affairs adviser, has put it this way: "Members of the press often tend to think of themselves as somehow an estate set apart from society, with overriding rights." Actually, the granting of such a right would make life harder for reporters. Few things in a reporter's life are harder than making a detailed investigation of buried information. In fact, the public gets very little of this kind of information even without legal harassment of reporters, and nothing would be easier for reporters than to stay away from the messy business of confidential sources altogether. But the public would suffer a direct loss, and the reporters' new-found ease would be at the public's expense, for one part of the news—the unofficial part—would tend to disappear.

At the time the Supreme Court decision was made, it somehow failed to cause as much of a stir in the press as one might have expected, although Justice Douglas, in an unusually forceful dissenting opinion, which pointed to the deeper meaning of the decision, wrote, "The intrusion of government into this domain is symptomatic of the disease of this society. As the years pass, the power of government becomes more and more pervasive. It is power to suffocate both people and causes. Those in power, whatever their politics, want only to perpetuate it. Now that the fences of the law and the tradition that has protected the press are broken down, the people are the victims. The First Amendment, as I read it, was designed precisely to prevent that tragedy." Now four reporters have spent time in jail for refusing to testify before grand juries, and the press, too, has become alarmed.

The Court's decision is discouraging, and at a glance it may look as though we were all waking up about eight months too late to enlist in a cause that is already lost. If this were the case, there would be nothing for newsmen to do but talk to the grand juries or go to jail. And, in fact, some newsmen have apparently come to the conclusion that the answer now is for newsmen to show a willingness to go to jail, in order to deter the authorities with a demonstration of self-sacrifice and determination. Journalists would pit their willingness to suffer against the government's readiness to punish. In a recent article, A. M. Rosenthal, the managing editor of the *Times*, suggested that the willingness was there, and his colleague James Reston, writing in a jocular mood, suggested that "there is so much corruption, and they [reporters] chase it under such unequal circumstances, even to the point of physical exhaustion, that many would almost welcome a little relief from the tyranny of the deadline to think and read even in the pokey." It seems worth mentioning that we know some journalists who would just as soon stay out of the pokey. Of course, any journalist who chooses to go to jail rather than break his promise of confidentiality to his sources does honor to his entire profession, but those of us who are not yet threatened have responsibilities that take precedence over preparing ourselves to shuffle off to prison with gallant or humorous resignation. The heroism is premature. There is still work to do. Newsmen are now in need of protection from executive misuse of the judiciary. Ideally, there would be no such threat from the executive. But the threat exists. Next best would be a ruling by the Supreme Court which exempted newsmen from having to testify. But the Court has ruled otherwise. That leaves the third branch—the Congress, which by carefully designed new law can still protect newsgathering. Indeed, the majority opinion of the Supreme Court noted, "At the federal level Congress has freedom to determine whether a statutory newsman's privilege is necessary and desirable." If Congress fails us by not passing the necessary legislation, the system to that extent has failed us, and *then* it will be time for the news profession to get ready for civil disobedience and jail. For now, however, the system is in need of protection. Civil disobedience is sometimes necessary, but



"Since I've been down here, Charlie, I can't remember the name of the game."

• •

civil disobedience is no system. The system's strength—and thus the safety of all—lies not in its citizens' willingness to endure torment but in the soundness of its laws.

Costumes

THEONI V. ALDREDGE is chief costume designer for Joseph Papp's Public Theatre and New York Shakespeare Festival, and has been for twelve years. We have long admired her work (the costumes of several current productions, including "That Championship Season" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," were designed by Mrs. Aldredge, and the richly embroidered tapestries of the costumes in last summer's "Hamlet" in the Park keep running through our dreams), and last week we went down to Lafayette Street to have a talk with her. We found her in the throes of moving the costume shop from a building on one side of the street, housing a compound of Papp's theatres, to larger quarters in a loft building on the other side. All around us were what appeared to be millions of spools of restless, jumping thread and thousands of yards of excited fabrics, but Mrs. Aldredge was calm, even serene. She is tall, slim, beautiful, and in her early forties, has patrician high cheekbones, and was wearing an unadorned muted-brown sweater and a gray skirt. "Soft colors," she said. "I love soft colors, and very simple, understated things. I own half a dozen skirts and blouses, and keep changing them, and I look pretty good. Fabric is a passion. I love to touch fabric. Taffeta, brocade, silk, cotton, wool. Velvet, velveteen, moire. Chiffon. Crêpe. I have a passion for fabric. I was born in Salonika, and we moved to Athens when I was a year old, and I was brought up there. My mother died when I was very young. My father, Athanasios V. Vachliotis, was surgeon general of the Greek Army and a member of Parliament. He died a few years ago. I considered him a great friend, a very great friend. I was brought up in a house with three brothers, and you can imagine the cars and bicycles and assorted hardware, so when I got off by myself and dressed a doll, there was a special satisfaction. My dolls are still part of me. I have a large collection. Wherever I go, I head for the native section and buy native dolls—not the tourist stuff. Many of them are in costumes of my own making, of course, but some, from Russia and Poland, are in their original dresses. I never had a doll house, but I needed the dolls around me. They still sit around my room and on top of a trunk, looking at me. I consider them my friends. I look at them. They are never covered. They sit there, and we have something important between us."

Mrs. Aldredge paused for a few moments. "Back in 1950, when I was quite young, I had some vague ideas about the theatre," she went on. "I really knew nothing about it. I was mysteriously drawn to it. I mentioned to my father that I might want to try my hand at theatre in the United States. 'Why, you come from the country where theatre was born,' he said. I tentatively mentioned costumes. 'Why, you are living right next door to Rome,' he said. 'The fabrics are in Rome. Rome has the goods.' I went to the American Embassy in Athens and discussed American academic theatrical experience. They suggested that I try the Pasadena Playhouse, the Drama Department of Carnegie Tech (now Carnegie-Mellon), or the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago. I chose the Goodman. When I arrived in New York, after a thirty-six-hour flight from Greece—thirty-six hours!—I went to a movie called 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' with Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains. A strange thing happened. I was overwhelmed by the beauty of the flowing garments worn by Vivien Leigh. They were very tight-fitting, very form-fitting. They flowed with an exquisite grace. They had a rhythm of their own. I learned later that they were a special pleated Egyptian fabric, and that they fitted so snugly because they were soaking wet and clung to Miss Leigh. I also learned that she had become ill from being wrapped in them. But the vision was one of loveliness. 'People can look so beautiful in clothes,' I said to myself. 'There is a mystery to costumes.' And that's where it started. At Goodman, I taught costume, and met Tom Aldredge, the actor, who was teaching makeup. I admire him so much! I think he is a great actor. We have been married now for nineteen years, and it looks like a good thing, I must say. We have our own interests; we never interfere with each other. My first Broadway costume was for Geraldine Page in 'Sweet Bird of Youth.' We had been friends at Goodman, and she wanted me to design her costume. I still have my Geraldine Page doll, wearing the proper costume. Then I walked in on Joe Papp one day, when his headquarters were at the old Heckscher Theatre, on Fifth Avenue, and he said, 'Let me see what you've got,' and I've been with him ever since. I do a great deal of outside work, and an occasional movie, and sometimes I will design a wedding dress for a friend, but when the marriage ends up in divorce it makes me sad, and I don't like that work. When I work for Papp, I feel I am working for my family. He even worries about actors' *feet!* I am doing about twenty shows a year now, and work closely with Milo Morrow, the costume-shop master at the Public. A fantastic man! We have worked so long together he knows exactly what I have in mind, exactly where I am heading. He has a sixth sense—of color, of fabrics in the light, of material."

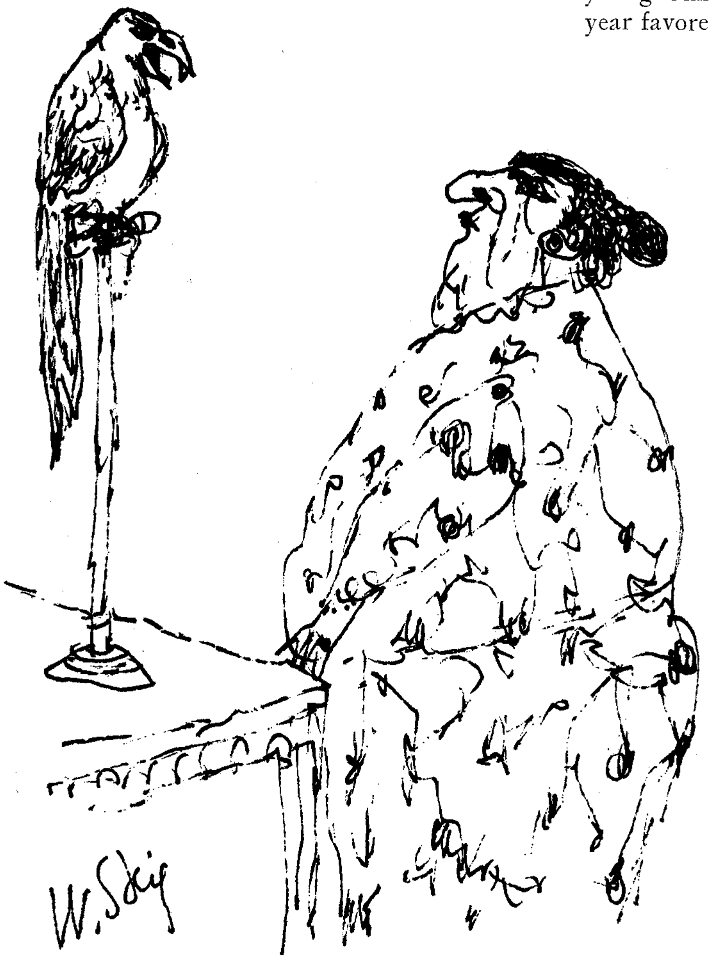
She leaned forward. "One tells oneself one wants to do something, and one does it," she said. "I start out with a costume plot—a detailed description of every single character in the play, every garment, every accessory. I plot the changes in character. I do watercolor sketches of the characters. We decide on a color scheme for a given show. The costume shop fans out all over the city, to every fabric house in town. New York City is *the* center of the fabric industry. We hunt up velvets, silks, cottons, prints, moires. We find leather. We find man-made fabrics. Morrow's people pour back with thousands of swatches for us to order from. We have trouble finding real silk and real wool these days, by the way. We dye our own costumes and perform miracles. We have five whole armies downstairs in the storeroom—*all* those Wars of the Roses—and they can be used again by dyeing and painting. Richness is achieved in many ways. We embroider a great deal. In any one garment, there may be as many as fifteen different velvets, woollens, silks. In 'Hamlet,' there were different browns turning black—taffeta, brocade, and silk all mixed up together. There was red woven underneath the fabric. And there may be four or five *layers*, with different colors. The texture changes on the stage. The colors change. The change is almost palpable. Queen Gertrude had a huge heavy red velvet gown laced with metal brocade. Claudius was in heavy brown of velveteen, moire, brocades, all sewn together and heavily embroidered—a royal extravagance. The light catches these things. The audience should be aware of them but not too aware. They are to help the actor, help the audience. You should look at them and forget them. But a tone is set. We make everything but shoes. We make period purses and gloves. Period pieces are easy for me, comparatively. I can go to the books. I pore over the art books, mostly for mood. The colors of Velázquez, Fragonard, El Greco! Imagine a Lear with that lean, drained El Greco look, and those *colors.*"

Mrs. Aldredge stared into space for a few moments. "I am thinking of a visit I once paid to the Old Palace in Kraków," she said, "where they have exhibited the tents of Polish warriors—room after room of them. Pitched tents, tapestries, even the slippers laid out, and always color. I wandered through in great excitement. The colors had me feverish. And yet I seem to stay with subdued colors in my costumes. Perhaps I am afraid of colors. I may be playing it safe; the bright colors frighten me. Not, of course, the bright, whitewashed glaring white of the Greek rocks, or the living lavender, the positive lavender, of Greece, or the olive color. I can close my eyes now and see the olive color and the gleaming white. But then I open my eyes and know that we are no longer a laughing people. We thought everything would be over in a few months. It is now six years. But the rocks are still washed with white, and we will be a laughing people again."

Ethnic Ice-Skating

A BIT of off-the-cuff sociological research has found its way to us from the typewriter of Milton Liu, the young Chinese friend of ours who last year favored us with his views on Chinese calligraphy and Chinese food. While skating in Central Park, it seems, he observed— But perhaps we had better allow his note to speak for itself:

If you have been ice-skating lately at the Loula Lasker Rink, at the north end of Central Park, you may have noticed that a form of voluntary *de-facto* segregation takes place there on Sundays. In the first skating session, from eleven to one, the crowd is rather sparser than it could be and is mostly white; it is made up largely of parents and children from the prosperous avenues of the East and West Sides. In the next session, from two to four, a new group takes over the ice—a busy mass of black and Puerto Rican kids enjoying what must be the biggest party in or around Harlem. There is some overlapping between the two sessions, but the contrast is as striking as



"*Nevermore.*"

that which exists in the housing patterns of the city. And yet it doesn't seem in any way a hostile division, and the members of both groups join in admiring those cutups who, contrary to the rules, like to go swirling through the crowd, scaring the hell out of the girls. (As it happens, the red-capped young attendants who are supposed to enforce the rules are often the biggest pranksters of all, but no one minds, really.)

This contrast between the two sessions perhaps isn't the most surprising fact you've ever come across. But here's another puzzle: How do you account for the curiously *Chinese* quality of the Kate Wollman Rink, at the other end of the Park (and miles from Chinatown, it's important to note), on weekends and holidays this winter? I happened to stop by the rink on both the recent Monday holidays, and I would estimate that a good third of the crowd on both afternoons consisted of Chinese people below the age of seventeen. The rink was jammed with kids off from school; it was a kind of holiday population explosion, and it truly was a case of every third child's being Chinese. (Do you know the cliché about the teeming masses of the Orient? Well, there they were, teeming over the ice of Wollman Rink. Orientals are great teemers.) You would have thought there was some sort of ancient Chinese religious ceremony concerned with ice-skating and timed to coincide with the Chinese New Year, which always falls around Lincoln's Birthday. But the fact is that, whatever else we Chinese may have invented, we did not invent ice-skating—we were still writing poetry when the Scandinavians began skimming across their lakes and fjords on reindeer bones—and although people in the north of China do skate now, there is nothing in our history to suggest why the sport should be so popular among Chinese people here. I know that when *I* was a Chinese person below the age of seventeen in New York, ice-skating was no big thing. The big thing then was to save money to buy a bike, and then to ride the bike uptown and across the George Washington Bridge and along the New Jersey Palisades, which was about as much teeming as any of us ever felt up to.

W. H. Auden praised Freud: "All that he did was to remember like the old and be honest like children." To be quite honest, then, I am not on very chummy terms with anyone in the present skating generation, and so, in order to satisfy my curiosity, I had to walk up to a complete stranger—a Chinese boy in a yellow-and-red striped sweater, sitting on one of the benches on the margin of the rink—and ask, "How come there are so many Chinese kids here?" To which the boy replied, "How should I know?" That ended the conversation. I decided to refine my approach. I eventually found, on another bench, an authentic native type who was willing to talk about what was going on. He was Donald Sing, a junior at Stuyvesant High School. Wearing glasses and with a mop of black hair, he looked like an average New York Chinese high-school student.

"Yeah, it sort of *is* a new thing," he said after we had started talking. "I can remember—about seven years ago—when the crowd here was all white. But then a lot of new people came in from Hong Kong. I guess they skate because it's cheap and there's fresh air and they can come straight up here on the subway. I know some of these kids here." He pointed to the faces gliding by. "They go to P.S. 56 or 65 if they're in junior high school, Bronx Science or Stuyvesant or Seward if they're in high school. They come every chance they get—on weekends, of course. Not much on weekdays, except for the cutters."

"Cutters?" I said, thinking of the cutups.

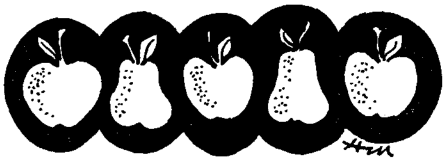
"You know, the guys who cut school." He paused. "This is a good place to pick up girls," he said.

"How do you do that—run into them, or something?" I asked.

"Sure. It's only hard if there's more than one of you or more than one of them—I mean, more than one boy or more than one girl. Then it's hard to pick one out. I saw some good-looking girls here today. There—you see over there? The pink sweater? And the ones with her?"

I looked at the girls he was pointing at. If I were my father, I would have been shocked. They were white! Or maybe Puerto Rican. But to think that a fine, upstanding Chinese boy— Anyway, Donald and I chatted for a while. He said that a good time to go to Wollman Rink was the late session on Friday night, when there are a lot of Puerto Rican kids on the ice and some outstanding skaters. He himself was working on getting his crossover step into shape, and he was on the fencing team at school.

I left Donald and skated out onto the ice myself. The sun was shining, and the recorded organ music was a little less maddening than usual as I glided to and fro. I began to think that this new Chinese rage of ice-skating is actually no more a mystery than the old Chinese preference for chopsticks. What is surprising about that is not that the Chinese use them but that so many other people do not.



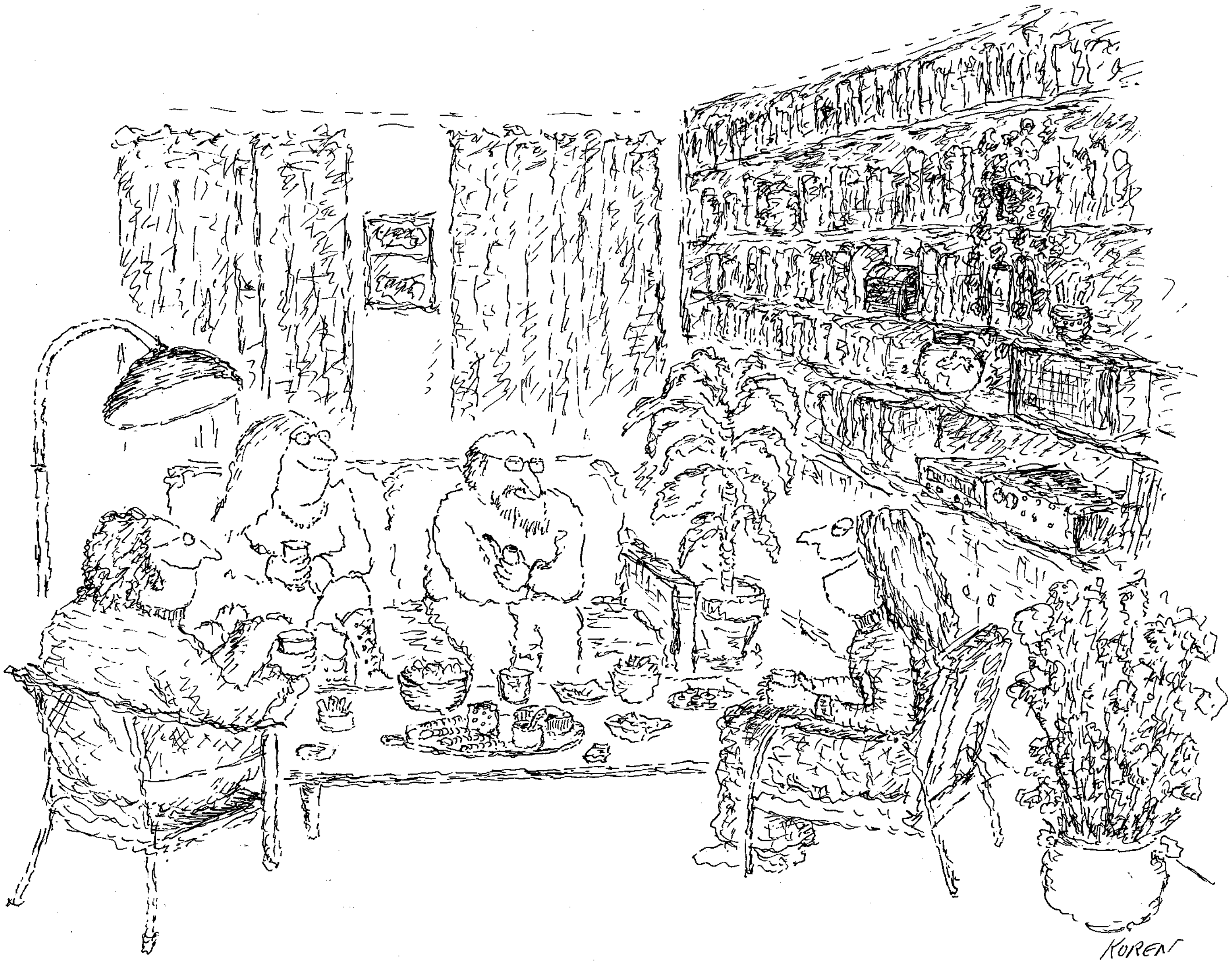
Honeybees

HAVING read in the papers, and listened, last summer, to New England scuttlebutt, about an unusually fierce South American bee that is heading north toward the U.S.A., we recently, with some apprehension, sought the lowdown from Dr. Jerome G. Rozen, Jr., the American Museum of Natural History's former entomology chairman and curator of Hymenoptera, who is now its deputy director for research—a new post, which carries with it responsibility for the Museum's twelve scientific departments and five field stations. Dr. Rozen is not only a hymenopterist (i.e., an entomologist who concerns himself with bees, wasps, and ants, the ant being a kind of wasp) but an apoidologist (i.e., a specialist in bees). He has studied bees all over the world, and he has published forty-five scientific papers about them. Our session with him indicated that our fears were not groundless, in the long run.

"The bee you have in mind is the Brazilian honeybee," Dr. Rozen said. "It is a hybrid resulting from interbreeding between the African and the European honeybees. It looks just like our honeybee, which was introduced from Europe—it may be slightly smaller—but it is more active, and its buzz has a higher pitch. It is much more aggressive. As a race, it dates from 1956, when forty-seven African queen bees—one from Tanzania and the rest from the Pretoria region of South Africa—were taken to Rio Claro, in the state of São Paulo, in the hope that a more productive honey-producing bee could be developed than the bees then in use in Brazil."

What nurtured this hope? Well, the African bee gets up and goes to work anywhere from half an hour to two hours earlier in the morning than its European opposite number; stays on the job, pollinating to beat the band, later in the evening; forages at lower temperatures, and even in light rain; carries larger nectar loads; and, all in all, is almost twice as productive as the Italian honeybee—a variety long favored by many apiarists.

All right. The hybrids, which became known as Brazilian honeybees, began to develop in São Paulo in 1957;



"Now tell us about your burglary."

• •

thanks to their African genes, they exhibited some of the aforementioned admirable traits; local beekeepers smiled; others took notice. But there was a darker side to the picture. The new bees responded to vibrations much more readily and nervously than the European honeybees; colonies rapidly communicated alarm to other colonies by the release of secretions known as pheromones; the hybrids were given to unprovoked mass stinging, sometimes emerging from hives in force to attack people and livestock as far as twenty feet away; and they chased people for distances previously unknown in beedom. Deaths and lawsuits (from animal owners) resulted.

The international threat developed almost at once—in 1957—when twenty-six swarms headed by African queens accidentally escaped, and began to move north and south. "They travelled faster north than south," Dr. Rozen said. "Two hundred miles or more a year to the north. They've crossed the Amazon; the Amazon forest was no barrier. They've now reached northern Brazil and, to the south, Argentina."

An inter-American committee to study the situation was set up in 1970 by the National Academy of Sciences at the request of our Department of Agriculture, and Dr. Rozen handed us a 1972 committee report. It states that the bee might well reach Panama in five or ten years, and Texas (via Mexico) eight or ten years later. Strict supervision of quarantine on all honeybees is recommended. This calls for the development of "barrier bees of a desirable genotype." A step toward a desirable genotype was taken in Brazil in the mid-nineteen-sixties, when thousands of Italian queens were distributed to beekeepers to mate with the vicious hybrids. The Italian honeybee is relatively docile, and the hybrid hybrids were noticeably better tempered. Alas, apiaristic greed prevailed. "Keepers killed the gentle progeny because they produced less honey," the committee report notes.

We thanked Dr. Rozen for our apoidological education, and he jiggled an inch-square piece of soft black leather, attached to a string, before us. "A test-leather," he said. "The committee, on a visit to Brazil, dangled it before hives to see how many stings it received in thirty seconds. One man holding it started walking away after five seconds, because he felt that the bees were getting too excited, and they followed him for three-quarters of a mile. In the five seconds that the leather was dangled before the hive, it picked up ninety-two stings. Fifty are enough to kill a man. As a matter of fact, twenty-five bumblebee stings are very dangerous. More people in the United States are killed by bees every year than by sharks and snakes."

In view of this fact, Dr. Rozen's technique of collecting bees—something he does every summer at the Museum's Southwestern Research Station, in Arizona—struck us as rather casual. "I sweep them off flowers with a net, which I then put over my head, so I can see them," he said. "They climb or fly to the top of the net, attracted by the light, and I capture them by trapping them between the net and the lip of my cyanide jar. Using this technique, I get stung once or twice a year at the most."

EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

"YOU write?" Susan's father asked.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Stories," Scobie said.

"Stories," Mr. Evans repeated, his slightly protruberant eyes puzzled. "Stories." His eyes swivelled up to the ceiling. "Pornography," he muttered.

"I beg your pardon?"

"*Pornography*."

"What about it?"

Nodding confidentially, Mr. Evans rose and huffed from the kitchen.

Scobie swallowed. "What was that all about?"

"Nothing," Susan said, smiling across the table. "He's just like that."

"I don't understand."

She stood. "Want some more coffee?"

"No thanks."

Through the kitchen window Scobie could see the late-afternoon sunlight patterned across the Atlantic. In the distance, a lighthouse—a pale white sliver—balanced on the waves.

"Does he think all writing is pornography?"

"Who knows?" Susan said. "He gets all these crazy ideas reading *Newsweek*."

As he considered her reply, Scobie slipped into a moment barely remembered—a sense, more than a vision, of sunlight on a carpet.

"Why did he stop teaching music?" he asked.

"Me."

"You?"

"Children. Money. Teaching music in a small New Hampshire town is hardly lucrative."

"But he plays on weekends?"

"Yes."

"Will he be playing tonight?"

"Probably."

"Let's go hear him."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"O.K. That would be fun. He'd appreciate it." Susan stood at the sink. Beyond her, through another window, Scobie could see laundry flapping on a clothesline.

"I'll be right back," he said. "I have to change. Then let's go for a walk."

He left the kitchen and walked into the living room. A row of windows stretched along the outside wall, and there was a stone fireplace at the far end of the room. The walls were papered in gray. The furniture was a bizarre collection: an upright piano, a heavy Victorian armchair, a mammoth octagonal table with a glass top, and a gold leatherette couch with faded green cushions scattered over it. The room summed up a casual indifference to material possessions. The Evanses did not own a single beautiful object.

Scobie spied a photograph over the piano. Looking closer, he saw that it was Susan, almost unrecognizable in touched-up pastels.

Upstairs, shivering in his cold room, he yanked off his shirt, washed at the sink by the door, and pulled a clean shirt from his suitcase. In the mirror above the sink, his bearded face was pale. He paused, hairbrush in hand, and let the earlier half memory complete itself: a warm midsummer morning in Paris, waking on the couch of a living room sombre with shutters and tapestries, waking to the dry touch of a girl named Alice. He had been only sixteen at the time, but today, almost seven years later, he remembered the two of them as full-fledged lovers. Now she was married, a mother. What Scobie remembered no longer existed.

When he went back downstairs, Susan was in her parents' room, sitting in a rocking chair talking to her mother. Eleven-month-old Kathy was asleep in her crib. There were newspapers scattered on the floor, children's clothes piled on the bureau. A crucifix hung on one wall, and from a small table in the corner a radio was broadcasting a Boston talk show.

Mrs. Evans sat on the edge of the bed, folding laundry. She wore a flower-patterned house dress and a blue cardigan. Her dark hair was cut short. Her face was long and thin; not cold but reserved. She said little, merely watched—calculating, Scobie felt; testing him. She looked up with her brown, opaque eyes and smiled cautiously.

"Hello," he said from the doorway. He nodded toward Susan. "Shall we go for our walk?"

She left the rocking chair and joined him in the hallway, where they pulled on their overcoats. "We won't be long, Mom."

The afternoon had become overcast. Shadows of clouds spun across the hard ground. Susan took Scobie's arm and they started down the hill that led to the beach and the boardwalk. Most of the houses they passed were closed for the winter, their loose shutters rattling in the sea breeze. Patches of sand covered the road.

"It's like a ghost town," Scobie said.

"In the summer there are over a

"At least you always know where his head is at."

hundred thousand people here. Now there's only a few thousand."

"I like it. It's kind of romantic." Scobie struggled to light a cigarette in the wind, gave up.

At the bottom of the hill they turned left onto a narrow sidewalk. They passed a motel with bright-pink cabins, a restaurant with a "Closed for the Season" sign on its plate-glass window, and came to the beginning of the seawall. A quarter of a mile away, the beach stretched white and empty.

"I'm sorry my parents are so difficult," Susan said.

"Oh, they're not so difficult."

"They like you," Susan said.

"They do?"

"Yes."

"How can you tell?"

"You make them laugh."

"First your father thinks I'm a Svengali. Now he thinks I write pornography." He stopped. "Here, wait a minute. Face the wind." Using her back as shelter, he lit a cigarette.

Across the street, dozens of motels looked out over the ocean.

"I think my father was here once," Scobie said. "In the forties. He and a girl friend came to dance."

"There's a casino farther on, with a big ballroom. Famous bands used to play there."

"Maybe that's where he went."

"My parents were probably here at the same time," Susan said. "Your father might have walked past them on the boardwalk."

"Or bumped into them dancing. They did dance, didn't they?"

"Yes." She laughed.

When they reached the beach, the only figure in sight was a man in a green sweater, moving slowly across the sand, bent over something that looked like a short broom. Seagulls squealed above the surf.

"What's he doing?" Scobie asked.

"Looking for gold. That's a Geiger counter."

"Gold?"

"You know, watches and rings, or coins—stuff people lose on the beach over the summer."

"You're kidding."

"No. Lots of people do it."

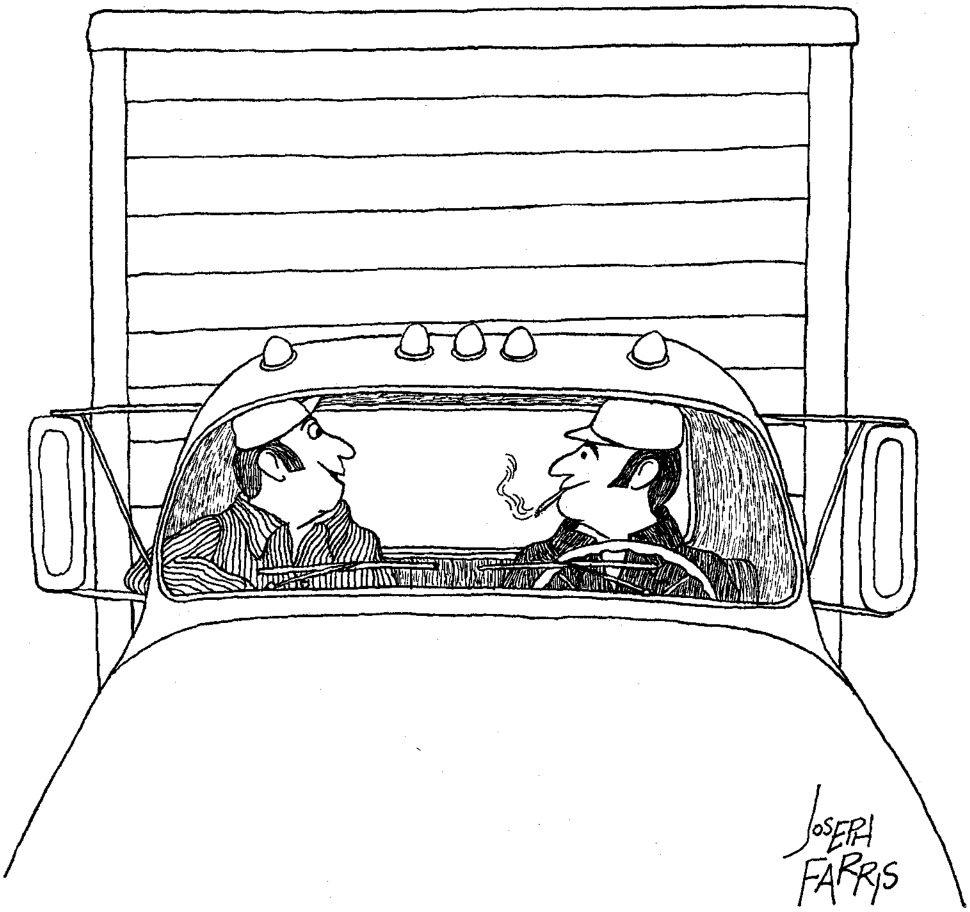
"Do they ever find anything?"

"I don't know. I suppose they must."

Scobie looked away to the pale-blue bandstand at the side of the beach. "Is that where your father played?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It must have been fun coming here with him."



"Just think! One man telling five hundred and thirty-two members of Congress where to go. That's democracy for you!"

• •

"It was," Susan said. "He was my hero—standing up there with his trumpet, the center of attraction. I used to watch him from here, right near those steps."

A Trailways bus hissed around a corner and disappeared.

"Do they know we're living together?" Scobie asked.

"I doubt it."

"They must."

"No, I don't think they do. Not consciously, I mean. They wouldn't be likely to discuss it unless we brought it up."

They approached the old casino—a large, wooden, two-story building wild with balconies and fire escapes. The central roof was domed. The remnants of half a century's posters merged into the worn white walls: a dancer's slipper kicking out in the void, the electric guitar of some briefly illuminated star vanishing in a maze of colored letters.

Scobie turned to face the sea. Whitecaps were breaking along the shore. A single green garbage can leaned in the wind. The man with the Geiger counter met the breakers, straightened, and began a fresh sweep of the beach.

Scobie took Susan's arm and they started walking back toward the house. "Hear the wind?"

"Yes."

"That sound always reminds me of when I was little. A tree went down in our garden during a storm. The whole trunk split and the top came crashing onto the ground."

"When I was little, every time there was a storm my grandmother used to make us all come into her bedroom and she'd sprinkle us with holy water." Susan laughed. "One time she sprinkled us with ink by mistake."

"Isn't it weird to think that while I was watching that tree come down you were here in New Hampshire doing something else at exactly the same time? I wish there were some way of figuring out what we were each doing at exactly the same moment."

When they got back to the house, they found Susan's family eating in the kitchen, sitting on the benches that ran along either side of the table. Mr. Evans was feeding Kathy. Eric and Melissa, who were twelve and thirteen, sat across from him. Mrs. Evans was at the stove. They all looked up when Scobie and Susan entered.

"Where've you been?" Mr. Evans asked, stuffing a pickle into Kathy's mouth.

"Walking," Susan said.

She and Scobie sat down to eat.

"Hey, you know what happened at work yesterday?" Mr. Evans slammed his palm on the table. "Some guys picked my car up and turned it around sideways in the parking lot. Yeah, they did."

The children laughed.

Mr. Evans fed Kathy another pickle. "Well," he said, counting heads with a flourish. "Here we are. All under one roof. If they got us now, we'd all go together."

SIX miles south of the Evans' house, on the left-hand side of the old highway to Boston, Harry's Night Club sat blinking—a flash of beer signs and arrows in the dark, wooded landscape. Scobie parked his Volkswagen between two decrepit Cadillacs and followed Susan through the front door, a baroque work of padded silver, to a small vestibule, where a red-headed woman in vermillion hot pants took their coats. The club itself was a large room with a bar along one wall. At the sides, Scobie could make out the shapes of tables lit by flickering candles. There was a square wooden dance floor in the middle and, against the far wall, a miniature stage, on which sat a drummer, clumsily nonchalant, an owl-eyed accordionist, and Mr. Evans, halfway through the chorus of "That Old Black Magic," his trumpet glistening in the soft light. Another, younger girl in hot pants led Susan and Scobie to a table. They ordered drinks.

Mr. Evans saw them and played a quick riff on his trumpet, shaking his head and smiling. Scobie glanced at Susan. Her large, dark eyes were watching her father.

Mr. Evans consulted the accordionist, shook out his horn, tapped his foot, and led the band into "Hello, Dolly!"

Though it was Saturday night, the club was practically empty. One couple—an old man and a young woman—sat close together at a table in a corner. Two girls in miniskirts and frilly shirts sat at the bar, watching a television set attached to the wall above the bottles and glasses. The bartender watched with them, idly rubbing his counter.

After Mr. Evans had roared into the microphone a final, guttural imitation of Louis Armstrong, the musicians put down their instruments and left the stage. One of the girls at the bar slid off her stool and twitched over to the jukebox, dropped in a coin, made a selection, and returned to her place. "Aquarius" filled the room.

Mr. Evans collapsed on a chair next to Susan.

"Hello, Daddy," she said.

He ruffled his hair and peered suspiciously about the room. "I didn't think you were really coming."

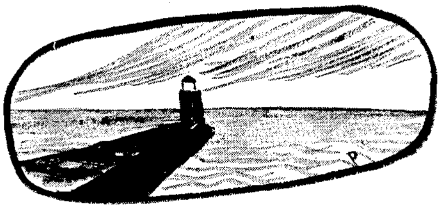
"Of course we were."

"Well, how do you like it?"

"Nice," Susan said.

"Weird," Scobie said.

Mr. Evans sat back in his chair and laughed. "He thinks it's weird."



"Who runs it?" Scobie asked.

"The Mafia."

"Really?"

Mr. Evans waved to the waitress.

"How do you know?" Scobie asked.

Mr. Evans grimaced conspiratorially.

The drummer and the accordionist came over. "This is my daughter, Susan," Mr. Evans said. "And her . . . boyfriend, Scobie. Billy and Eddie." Billy was the drummer, Eddie the accordionist.

Scobie shook hands with them and sat back down.

Mr. Evans ordered a round of drinks.

The second girl had left her stool. She chose "A Rainy Night in Georgia" and went back to the bar.

"Where you from?" Billy asked, rapping his fingers on the edge of the table. His blond hair was cut short and carefully combed, and he wore a green suit that matched his shirt and tie. He

BREASTS

The day you came
this world got its hold on me.
Summer grass and the four of us pounding hell
out of each other for God knows what
green murder of the skull.
Swart nubbins, I noticed you then,
my mother shaking a gritty rag from the porch
to get my shirt on this minute. Brothers,
that was the parting of our ways, for then
you got me down by something else than flesh.
By the loose skin of a cotton shirt
you kept me to the ground
until the bloody gout hung in my face like a web.

Little mothers, I can't find your children.
I have looked in a man
who moved through air like a god.
He brought me clouds
and the loose stars of his goings.
Another kissed me on a pier in Georgia,
but there was blood on his hands,
bad whiskey in the wind. The last one,
he made me a liar until I stole
what I could not win. Loves,
what is this mirror you have left me in?

I could have told you at the start
there would be trouble
from other hands, how the sharp mouths
would find you where you slept.
But I have hurt you as certainly
with cold sorrowings as anyone,
have come the long way
over broken ground to this softness.
Good clowns, how could I know all along
it was your blundering mercies kept me alive
when heaven was a luckless dream?

—TESS GALLAGHER

• •

"You idiot! You've tapped the Muzak Supper Concert!"

• •

held his head as if studying his profile in a mirror.

"Boston," Scobie said.

"What do you do?"

"He's a writer," Mr. Evans said.

"Yeah? That's great, really great. I just read a fantastic book. 'The Plot.' Ever read that? Great book. I'm a prolific reader."

Mr. Evans laughed.

Eddie looked at the empty dance floor. "We're playing the wrong music," he said, and sighed.

"Yep," Mr. Evans said. "Wrong music, wrong place, wrong time."

"You should write a book about us," Mr. Evans said. "We could tell you a few things. Eh, Eddie? Back in the old days we used to play vaudeville." Mr. Evans leaned forward. "Guys used to smoke dope then, too—you know that? Yeah, well, they did. You should sit us all down one night, start us talking, and turn on the tape recorder. That would be some book." Mr. Evans jiggled his knees nervously. "What *do* you write about?" he asked.

"Oh, you know, people."

"Sex?"

"Daddy, Scobie is *not* a pornographer," Susan said.

"Break's over," Eddie said, standing.

The three musicians returned to the stage.

"Request?" Mr. Evans called.

" 'As Time Goes By,' " Scobie said.

"That's not your kind of music."

"We like it," Susan said.

Mr. Evans began the song.

Scobie, leaning back, suddenly noticed that there were 45s tacked onto the ceiling—hundreds of records, the refuse, presumably, of many jukeboxes. He was about to point them out to Susan when an elfin old man with a whiskey bottle in his hip pocket slid onto the dance floor and started floating in the arms of an invisible lover.

"Scobie, I'm tired." Susan's cheek touched his as she spoke in his ear.

"Will your father be hurt?"

"No, he'll understand. It's late."

They walked to the bar, paid the waitress, and turned to wave goodbye to Mr. Evans—but his eyes were closed above his trumpet.

It was cold outside, the air threatening snow. Scobie's nostrils tingled as he started the Volkswagen. He pulled out onto the highway, his headlights briefly catching a red-eyed squirrel, and quickly moved the car into fourth gear. On the radio a barely audible Otis Redding was singing "The Dock of the Bay." They passed a few gas stations, a church, a ghostly shopping center. The heater slowly warmed the car. Scobie opened the glove compartment and handed Susan a small tin box. She lit a joint, inhaled, and handed it to Scobie. They drove in silence until they reached the boulevard in front of the casino. Susan rolled down her window and breathed deeply. The smell of salty air rushed through the car. Scobie could hear the waves breaking on the beach. He lit a cigarette.

The house was dark. Susan took the key from her purse and opened the front door. A cat jumped off a chair and scurried into the living room.

"Do you want some tea?" Susan whispered.

"Yes."

They closed the kitchen door behind them.

"Your parents are very strange," Scobie said.

"I wish we could sleep together tonight."

"Me, too."

"It's hard, having children, don't you think?" Susan asked. "They're bound to break your heart in some way."

The water boiled and Susan poured tea. The hot, sweet liquid immediately made Scobie sleepy.

"The hardest thing must be realizing they've grown up," Susan said.

"Who?"

"Children. I mean, there comes a time when parents must realize that you are what they were when they had you years and years ago. If you see what I mean?"

"I do."

Susan yawned. "Let's go to bed."

They emptied their cups in the sink, turned off the light, and climbed the stairs. In the hallway they kissed.

"Good night," Scobie said.

"Good night," she whispered.

Scobie undressed quickly and got under the covers—three blankets and Susan's old Girl Scout sleeping bag. Waves were rolling mysteriously in the darkness beyond his window.

When he was little, he remembered, he used to go to bed early and lie awake listening to the swish of car wheels and the whine of speeding sirens on the street below, the shrill voices of other children playing kickball on the sidewalk, the breaking of bottles in the alley out back. And he remembered a night before Christmas when the door suddenly opened and the figure of his father—the shape, motion, smell of his father—had stepped across the room, climbed into his bed, and lay there with him listening.

"Do you hear?" his father had asked.

"What?"

"Footsteps, I think. Do you hear?"

A delicate touch, a rap on the rooftop . . .

"What?"

"Reindeer," his father had said.

SCOBIE awoke Sunday morning to the sound of voices arguing in the hallway. He recognized Mr. Evans' voice, then, sliding in with supplication, Mrs. Evans' voice, and then—angry, tearful—Susan's voice. He could not understand what they were saying. A door slammed, there was a moment's silence, and the argument resumed, this time in one of the other bedrooms. The muffled voices seemed part of his dreams.

Footsteps descended the stairs. Another door slammed.

Scobie pulled on his bluejeans and shirt, brushed his teeth, and was lacing up his boots when the door to his room quietly opened. It was Susan.

Her face, still soft with sleep, looked like her face in the photograph downstairs: alarmed and vulnerable. She had been crying, which only made her large brown eyes seem larger.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She sat down next to him on the bed. "It's so silly," she said.

"What were you arguing about?"

"Church."

"What about it?"

"They wanted me to go."

"You're kidding."

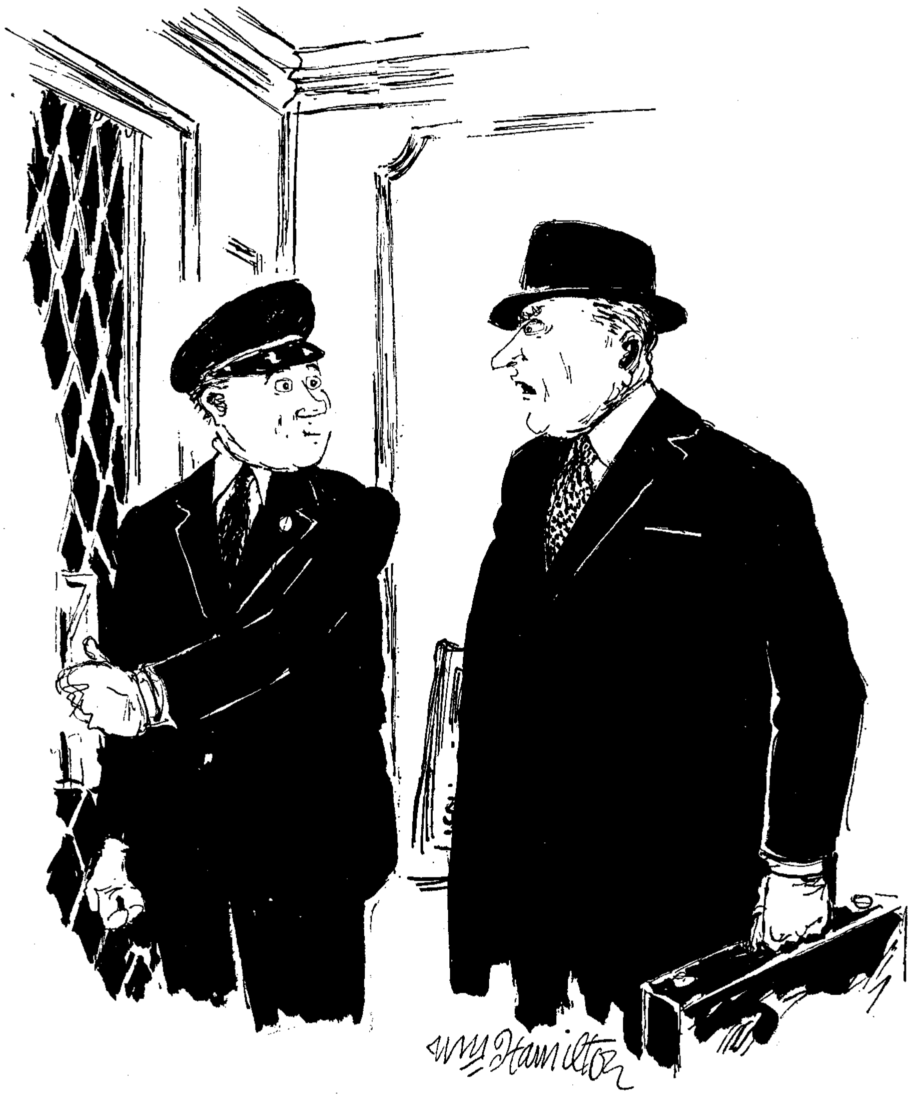
"No." She rubbed her eyes.

"What happened?"

"Oh, they came up pretending they wanted to put the sewing machine in my room. Then they asked me if I was going with them. When I said no they started to argue, and Daddy started to cry, and Mom wanted to know what she was supposed to tell the children."

"Do they think you still go to church?" Scobie asked. "Haven't you been here before and not gone?"

"Well . . . no. It was always too much of a hassle," she said. "I went to make them happy."



"'Nice day'? What the hell do you mean, 'Nice day'? Haven't you read the 'Wall Street Journal' this morning?"

"That's incredible." Scobie finished lacing his boots and rose. "Are they at church now?"

"Yes."

"Then let's have a nice, quiet breakfast."

In the kitchen, they made coffee and eggs and sat down to eat. When they had finished, Scobie said, "It's eleven o'clock. Let's leave in an hour."

"Yes."

"Susan, for God's sake, don't worry. It's not your fault. They have to learn you're a little different from them."

"They think it's all because of you."

"*Me?*"

"They think you've influenced me in some terrible way." She laughed. "Svengali that you are."

"That's ridiculous. You should just tell them what you think."

"I did, but they wouldn't listen. Daddy started crying."

"Well, don't worry about it. If they really love you, they'll stop bothering you sooner or later."

"I'm not sure about that."

"Look at it this way. You aren't going to change, right? *They've* got to change."

"They can't."

"They've got to."

"Oh, Scobie, you don't understand. They really *believe* these things."

"I understand that they can't expect you to believe what they believe."

"But they do."

"They shouldn't."

"Scobie, let's go." Susan pressed her small hands against her cheeks.

"You're the one who wanted to come," he said.

"I want to go."

"O.K."

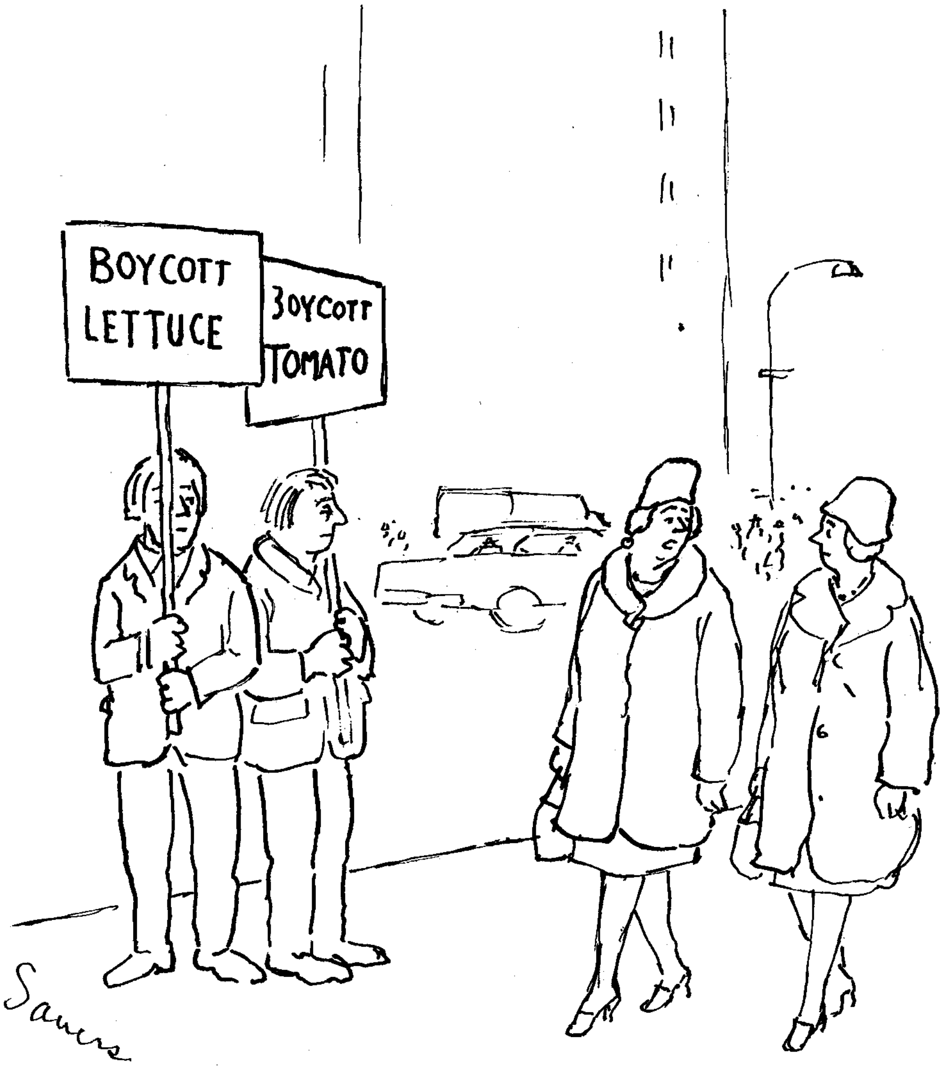
Scobie was upstairs packing his suitcase when Susan's family returned from church. The children were noisy—changing clothes, banging the piano, opening and closing the refrigerator—but Scobie could sense behind the racket the melancholy silence of Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

"Scobie?" Susan was waiting for him in the hallway.

"Coming." He picked up his suitcase and joined her.

Susan's parents were alone in the kitchen, Mr. Evans reading the Sunday *Globe*, Mrs. Evans peeling potatoes by the sink. Mr. Evans was wearing an old flannel shirt, slightly elevated by his stomach, and a canvas captain's cap. Around his neck hung a pair of binoculars. He didn't look up.

"Are you going?" Mrs. Evans asked.



"Well, there goes lunch."

• •

"Yes," Scobie said. "I want to avoid the Sunday rush."

For the first time that weekend, Mrs. Evans gave him an open stare. Then she glanced out the window and said, "Weather's clear."

"Yes," Scobie said.

"Goodbye, Mom. Thanks for everything." Susan looked down at the silent figure hunched above the newspaper. "Goodbye, Daddy."

"Goodbye, Mr. Evans," Scobie said hurriedly. "Goodbye, Mrs. Evans."

He picked up the two suitcases and carried them out to the car. He could see his breath as he dropped them into the back seat. He unlocked the door for Susan and started the motor. The windshield misted. He wiped it clear with his hand. "All set?"

Susan nodded and he backed the car out of the driveway. When he looked through the front window again, he saw Mr. Evans standing on the steps of the house. Susan rolled down her window and waved, and her father, clutching his binoculars, called out, "When're you coming back?"

"Easter," Susan said.

A smile struggled against his sternness and was gone. Slowly, insouciantly, he waved, then disappeared back into the house.

Scobie and Susan drove down the small hill, past the summer cottages, then along the beach, past the motels and restaurants and the casino. They drove past the liquor stores and supermarkets and parking lots and drive-ins until they reached the highway, where they turned south and headed for Boston.

—HENRY BROMELL

•

Toogie, as Taylor's Six Meter sleuth is affectionately called at Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, had the lead only briefly during the first spinacle run.

—*San Diego Union.*

In a six-metre detective, the spinacle is the thing the binnacle sits on when it isn't wung out.

THE TRIP

AFTER Mama passed, I missed her so much I was always trying out various little jobs and things to keep my daylight busy. One place I thought I had for good, up at the big house on this plantation, but after while they had to tell me no, that they were out of money. I wanted to stay on just the same to keep them company, only they said that was what they didn't want, for me to run along.

I worked on my vegetables every day, but without Mama to remind me which went after what, I had a time with them. Winter seemed to last—I'd get two or three crops of tomato seeds up and have to let them die before the sun was ready. Finally, I got to grieving for some talk. It used to be plenty of people came to see Mama (she'd been to bed so long), but nobody came down our creek road anymore, it seemed like, and I was getting tired of just myself.

I tried to think up some gentleman that would tell me things to do. The only one I could bring to mind was Mr. Roosevelt, that used to be the head of our plantation. He knew me backwards and forwards and I even have a picture of myself sitting in his papa's lap. He had moved over on another place by now to where he couldn't help us like he used to, and I didn't see him hardly at all except at Sunday school with his new wife, but I could call him up.

I had to go clear to King's Town to find a telephone, and I took to walking in just before dinner, that way to catch him home. Sometimes he said hello and sometimes it was his wife, and they were nice and kind. Just hold on the way I was, they said. He was going to stop by himself as soon as he could and tell me what he thought.

When he did knock, it was early in the morning and he was dressed like company. I had been right to call him, he said. People were getting stirred up about me living on by myself. Everybody around there could remember that even before Mama passed I had stolen a little baby, called myself married when I wasn't, and done right smart other shady looking acts.

I told him I never had done one thing where I wasn't aiming at some good, but he stood up then and turned his back right on me. Good wasn't the way it used to be, he said—it had gone on the bandwagon like everything else, and what *I* thought had long since been passed up. Dr. Katsie (that was his new wife, and she was a teaching doctor with a lot of learning) told him I had done so many foolish tricks it was getting highly risky for me to stay on here—no telling what might burst forth next, and no family at all to stop me. The doctor from Cramer and Dr. Dudley—that's our good King's Town doctor—were going to meet me at the courthouse and do some doctoring on me.

Well, I didn't see how it was getting so *risky*. It seemed all right to me. I had heard all my life, though, about people being afraid to go inside the courthouse (that's where they hold the jail), so to keep him easy I told him I didn't mind doing this, but I couldn't think of anything except my toe corn for them to work on and Mama always said leave it alone—it only makes them worse when you try to melt them off. (I used to *keep* a leg sore from hoe knocks and various licks until I caught on how to wrap up good and not let the dew get in so now I didn't have one.)

He could see how I would think I needn't to go, Mr. Roosevelt said. He had already expected me to. He wouldn't of thought it was necessary either, but his wife had so much special training and every time she heard about me doing some new deed she could tell I needed treating. There's a way to do things and take care of certain parties who couldn't tell right from wrong; and King County would have to know old days were over and come on up to now.

I still couldn't understand the courthouse part, but he was beginning to circle around in my front room and said he would wait for me out in his pickup, so I slipped into my town clothes then, to as quick as I could get ready.

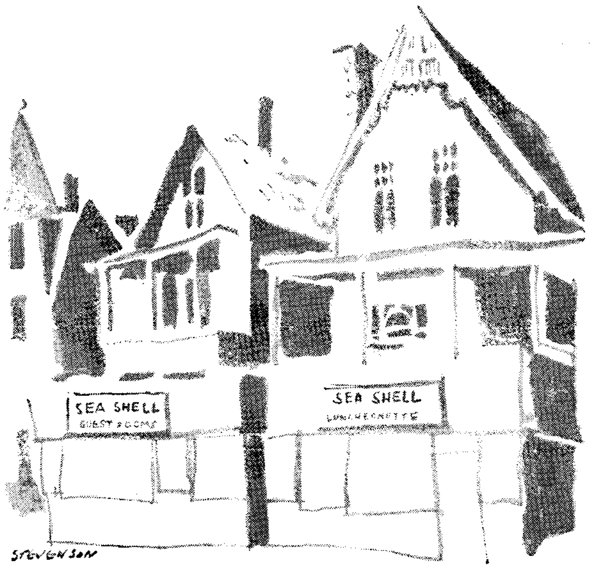
Sure enough, when we got to the courthouse, the King's Town doctor was as good as his word. He was sitting in his car and got right out. We went on through the big front door without a bit of trouble. There were some other gentlemen inside I didn't know, and Dr. Katsie too. She came up now and put her hand on my hand. They were all thinking about me, she said, and the doctors wanted to ask some questions so they could write it down.

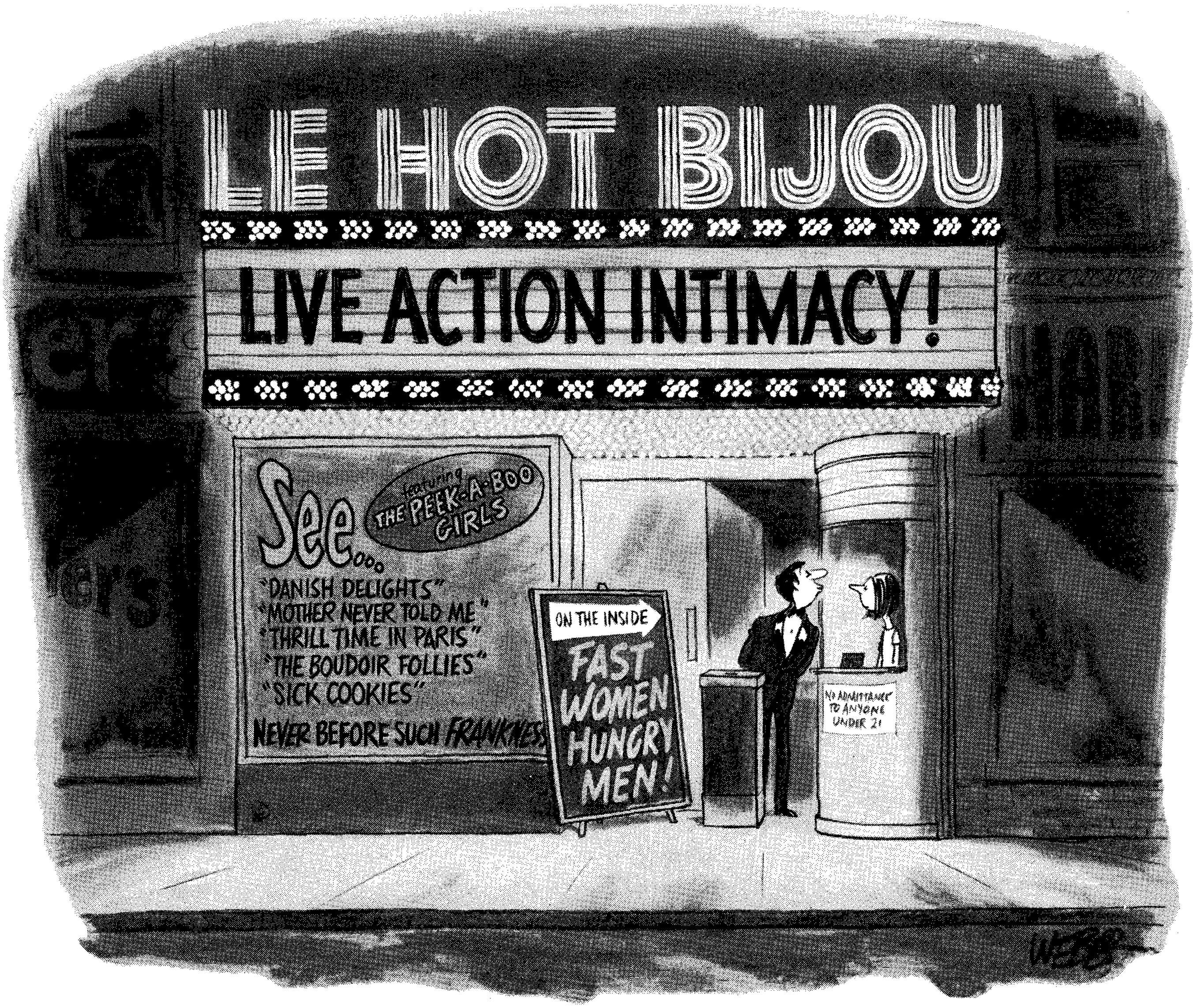
The way they acted, I was getting afraid they thought I had bad nerves. Mama used to tell about a lady who was sent away for that—old Blanche from down in Bogue. She wouldn't stay in bed when nighttime came. I hated to talk in the middle of their talk, but anyway I did it. I told them mine were good and always had been. They were writing things down on short pieces of paper that they had up on the counter and I hoped they'd put this too.

Some people came in right then to tell about things they'd seen me up to—no use shinning around them—and I shouldn't be let to fall into fixes like I had. I didn't know right from wrong—borrowing a little baby to nurse it overnight and one time moving lumber when I should have let it lie. It seemed like all this would of been swallowed up by so many days gone by and people moved away, but they wrote down about it on the sheets.

After while the new doctor said that he was satisfied—they had a lunatic, and to finish up the signing. He had to make it back to Cramer before the Lions ate. Our deputy would ride me to the hospital, he said, and they'd take good care of me.

Mr. Bat, the sheriff's helper that I knew some from before, was standing there with all the others, and they gave him the papers and were starting to go away. I tried to stop Mr. Roosevelt, but he walked right out along with them and didn't look around another time. I told Mr. Bat to wait and I ran out in the courthouse hall after the doctor to ask him, please sir, how there could be anything wrong when I felt so good my own self, and he slowed down to answer. It was a question of being born that way, he said.





"Give us a kiss."

• •

Mr. Bat had kept up close behind me, and he said we'd ride to my house and pick out what I wanted. I prayed right along, but I couldn't kneel in the back of the *sheriff's* car, so as soon as we got out home I fell down by my sweet olive bush and did a lot of asking not to leave. Mama and I had always lived right in this house, and I knew I oughtn't to go away from where she'd been so long.

All the while, Mr. Bat was smoking and petting my cats with the tip of his boot. He showed me where I had a paper sack and I gathered up some things in this and Mama's Vicks bottle we always kept in the window so she could see the blueness of it and our Bible. I tried to take some money too from out of the dresser drawer, but Mr. Bat said he would carry it under the Court for me and they would send so much up yonder every month.

I think then that things began to get mixed up. The people at the courthouse said I didn't know right from wrong and I believed I did. Now this is still myself, I said, and there is Mr. Bat. Outside I could see my whiteface grazing toward the wind, turned around from natural. My cats were right there, walking to and fro like something big was happening. I told Mr. Bat that he would *have* to feed them until I could make it back or they would starve to death.

Well, all right, he said, but to try and hurry up. People would be breaking the law, and here he was waiting on me with the high sheriff busy salting deer down on Fornika Creek.

When we got in his automobile again and it started up, I couldn't help myself and began to cry. It was just steady carrying me off and I couldn't ever stop it. Going through King's Town I saw different ones waving, some of them friends of Mama's, and they all about knew that I was sent away. I told Mr. Bat he'd better stop and let me catch somebody to be sure and watch my house, but he said a Mr. Median would do it. I didn't know who this was and he might not do a thing.

It looked like Mr. Bat got tired then. He said it was this other person's house now and he might want to rent it to someone completely different, so be quiet. Well, we never rented it at all, but then none of the talking this day seemed to be hooked up.

I wanted to ask Mr. Bat how soon he reckoned I could make it back, but he needed to chew his gum, and we just rode along. I was thinking how Mama would be surprised to see me heading through the world like this when all at once here came the straight-up sign that we were at the hospital.

MR. BAT carried me in a low house where there was an easy speaking lady, and she took all the papers and said come on, just make myself at home. The room she led me to was long and had aplenty of windows full of spokes and lined up beds with every one a pillow. There were quite a few others gathered there, all of them lady people, and they nodded when they heard my name except for some that didn't pay any attention.

The first lady went out then and I was trying to say some things so I could get acquainted when in came another nurse lady that knew all about me too, and said we'd see *their* doctor. She took me off down different halls and in a place where a brand new gentleman was waiting at a table. They wanted to test my health with various machines, they said, to be sure nothing spread. I took this chance to ask what would happen to our electric box and all the rest, and he said something like the same as Mr. Bat. They would pass under the Court and I would get the good. I was here because my friends thought too much of me to go on about their business and leave me loose for trouble.

I told him I hadn't had any trouble, I just wanted to do my living in King County and it really wasn't risky. The law itself was going to feed my cats, people were so good.

He smiled then and told me I sounded like my papers. When the two came out the same, he said, it meant everybody was on the right track and I'd have all the help I needed.

I couldn't think of any more to say.

The nurse lady told they were through with me now and she'd show me where was supper. I followed her up and down and crisscross until we came to a big room that had some tables in it with lots of dishes clacking. There were the same ladies I had met before, sitting down eating supper. They had a place all ready for me and I'd just got here today. There was pork meat, fresh snap beans, two kinds of potatoes and gravy, way more than a plain house would have even on Christmas Day. I couldn't be hungry though, with so much standing on my heart, but the others were nice and said go ahead and do away with everything I could—the rest just went to pigs.

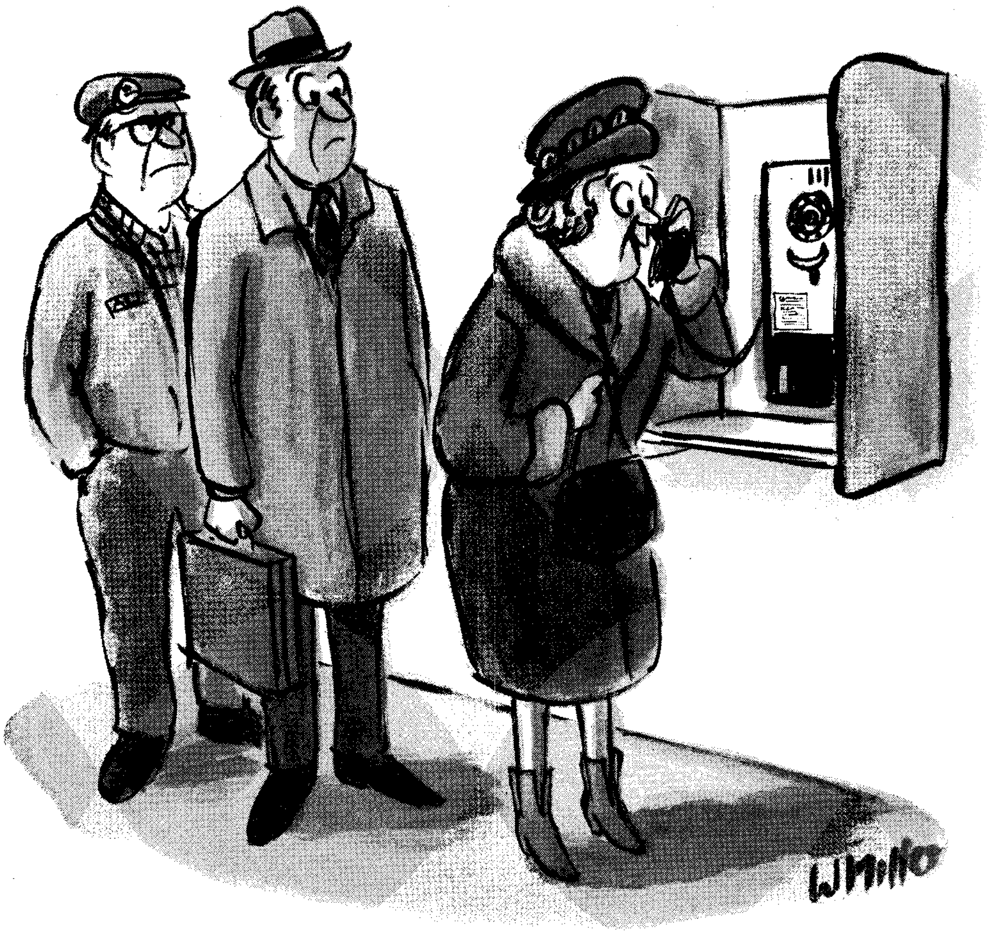
While I was waiting for them to finish, I got to noticing a big girl that two nurses were holding up and she was crying *hard*. She was about grown, but as poor as she could be and kept on crying. She wouldn't even look at the dinner they put out on her plate, and she shook and cried some more when they held out gravy on a spoon.

The lady next to me was grumbling over some bad thing she knew about, but now she stopped and switched her talk to me. The girl was crying like that, the lady said, because she thought the moon had bowed (the sky moon, the one we see so much). Her mama and papa and all her kinfolks tried to tell her it couldn't do it, and she argued day and night to make it true. They finally looked to lose her and brought her here for drippings and some shocks.

This same lady that was telling me about it had a green eyeshade on and she went back to her supper again while I looked at the pretty child, shaking and crying and trying to catch her breath. I knew right then, wherever they kept this girl's bed I would have to hunt until I came upon it. I had to tell her when no one else could listen I knew the moon *could* bow. My grandfather, the Reverend Isaac Stoner, had seen it with his own eyes, preaching down around Water Valley when I was just a baby. It was a hot summer night, he told it, and all the doors and windows of the church were open to try and get some air. There was one particular sinner that had been holding out until everybody was ashamed. But my grandfather kept up about Jesus and how he was after *every* heart, and finally the old man came out in the aisle and gave himself up to God. Mama said her papa didn't have any light at all except the coal oil one to baptize him by, and all at once there the moon dipped down from travelling on its way up the sky like it generally does, took notice of repentance. The whole church was lighted up the time it spent to bow. And if she wasn't satisfied with what it did at Water Valley I'd go clear on back to Samuel. "He bowed the Heavens also," Samuel said.

By then we were to our chocolate pudding and I went on and ate a little and talked some talk around me. But not about the bowing, or why they had to send me on the trip.

—BERRY MORGAN



"Yes, you are. You're my little snookums. Well, bye-bye for now, Sweetie Pie. Mommy's got to go. . . . Hi. Was she wagging her tail?"

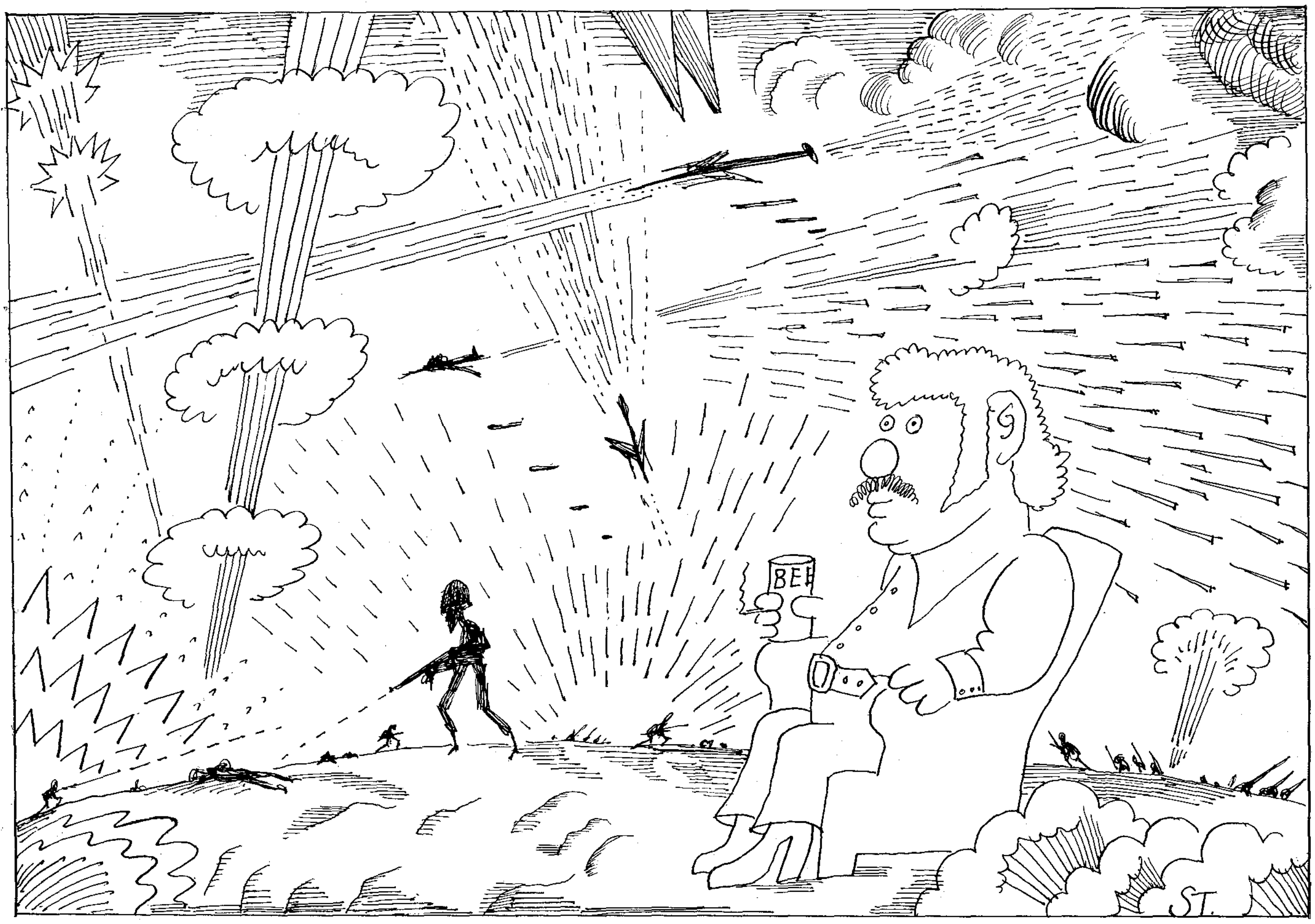
•

VISIT OF THE BRIDGE—The visit of the bridge is allowed every day, weather permitting and when the ship is afloat, from 9:00 to 11:00 A.M. and from 3:00 to 5:00 P.M.—*"Activities of the Day" bulletin, aboard the Leonardo da Vinci.*

Don't be downcast!

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE SELECTION OF REALITY



EACH weekday evening, the three major television networks—the American Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company—feed filmed news stories over lines leased from the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. to the more than six hundred local stations affiliated with them, which, in turn, broadcast the stories over the public airwaves to a nationwide audience. The C.B.S. Evening News, which is broadcast by two hundred local stations, reaches some nineteen million viewers; the N.B.C. Nightly News, broadcast by two hundred and nine stations, some eighteen million viewers; and the A.B.C. Evening News, broadcast by a hundred and ninety-one stations, some fourteen million. News stories from these programs are recorded on videotape by most affiliates and used again, usually in truncated form, on local news programs late in the evening. Except for the news on the few unaffiliated stations and on the noncommercial stations, virtually all the filmed reports of national and world news seen on television are the product of the three network news organizations.

The process by which news is gathered, edited, and presented to the public is more or less similar at the three networks. A limited number of subjects—usually somewhere between twenty and thirty—are selected each day as possible film stories by news executives, producers, anchor men, and assignment editors, who base their choices principally on wire-service and newspaper reports. Camera crews are dispatched to capture these events on 16-mm. color film. The filming is supervised by either a field producer or a correspondent—or, in some cases, the cameraman himself. The film is then shipped to the network's headquarters in New York or to one of its major news bureaus—in Chicago, Los Angeles, or Washington—or, if time is an important consideration, processed and edited at the nearest available facilities and transmitted electronically to New York. Through editing and rearranging of the filmed scenes, a small fraction of the exposed film—usually less than ten per cent—is reconstructed into a story whose form is to some extent predetermined. Reuven Frank, until two months ago the president of N.B.C. News, has written:

> Every news story should, without any sacrifice of probity or responsibility, display the attributes of fiction, of drama. It should have structure and conflict, problem and denouement, rising action and falling action, a beginning, a middle and an end.

After the addition of a sound track, recorded at the event, the story is explained and pulled together by a narration, written by the correspondent who covered the event or by a writer in the network news offices. Finally, the story is integrated into the news program by the anchor man.

Network news organizations select not only the events that will be shown as national and world news on television but the way in which those events will be depicted. This necessarily involves choosing symbols that will have general meaning for a national audience. "The picture is not a fact but a symbol," Reuven Frank once wrote. "The real child and its real crying become symbols of all children." In the same way, a particular black may be used to symbolize the aspirations of his race, a particular student may be used to symbolize the claims of his generation, and a particular policeman may be used to symbolize the concept of authority. Whether the black chosen is a Black Panther or an integrationist, whether the student is a militant activist or a Young Republican, whether the policeman is engaged in a brutal or a benevolent act obviously affects the impression of the event received by the audience. When the same symbols are consistently used on television to depict the behavior and aspirations of groups, they become stable images—what Walter Lippmann, in his classic study "Public Opinion," has called a "repertory of stereotypes." These images obviously have great power; public-opinion polls show that television is the most believed source of news for most of the population. The director of C.B.S. News in Washington, William Small, has written about television news:

> When television covered its "first war" in Vietnam, it showed a terrible truth of war in a manner new to mass audiences. A case can be made, and certainly should be examined, that this was cardinal to the disillusionment of Americans with this war, the cynicism of many young people toward America, and the destruction of Lyndon Johnson's tenure of office.... When television examined a different kind of revolution, it was singularly effective in helping bring about the Black revolution.

And it would be difficult to dispute the claim of Reuven Frank that "there are events which exist in the American mind and recollection primarily because they were reported on regular television news programs."

How were those events selected to be shown on television, and who or what determined the way in which they were depicted? Vice-President Spiro Agnew believes the answer is that network news is shaped "by a handful of men responsible only to their corporate employers," who have broad "powers of choice" and "wield a free hand in selecting, presenting, and interpreting the great issues in our nation." Television executives and newsmen, on the other hand, often argue that television news is shaped not by men but by events—that news is news. Both of these analyses overlook the economic realities of network television, the effects of government regulation on broadcasting, and the organizational requirements of the network news operations, whose established routines and procedures tend to impose certain forms on television news stories.

XEROX

The original man lies down to be copied
face down on glass. He thinks what it is
to be other than he was, while the pilot light
goes garnet, a salamander's eye
blinks in the cave of the camera, green burns like the skin
of the water seen by a surfacing swimmer,
and the moving and shaking begin.

"*What must it be, to be many?*" thinks the singular
man. Underneath, in the banked fluorescence, the rollers
are ready. A tarpaulin falls. A humming of flanges
arises, a sound like the meeting of rails
when power slams out of the fuses. A wick explodes
in the gasses—and under the whole of his length
the eye of the holocaust passes.

And all that was lonely, essential, unique
as a fingerprint, is doubled. Substance and essence,
the mirror and the figure that printed the mirror,
the deluge that blackened creation and the hovering pigeon
with the taste of the leaf in his beak,
are joined. The indivisible sleeper is troubled;
"*What does it mean to be legion?*"

he cries in the hell of the copied. The rapists, the lovers,
the stealers of blessings, the corrupt and derivative
devils, whirl over the vacant emulsion.
The comedian peers from the brink and unsteadily copies
its laughter. The agonist prints its convulsion.
Like turns to like, while the seminal man on the glass
stares at his semblance and calls from the pit of the ink,

"Forgive our duplicity. We are human
and heterogeneous. Give us our imitations!
Heart copies heart with the arrow and lace
of a festival. The Athenian dream and the adulterers paired
in the storm tell us the mirrors are misted. The whole of our art
is to double our witness, and wait." And the original man on the plate
stands and steps down, unassisted.

—BEN BELITT

• •

David Brinkley, in an N.B.C. News special entitled "From Here to the Seventies," reiterated a description of television news that is frequently offered by television newsmen:

> What television did in the sixties was to show the American people to the American people.... It did show the people places and things they had not seen before. Some they liked, and some they did not. It was not that television produced or created any of it.

In this view, television news does no more than mirror reality. Thus, Leonard Goldenson, the chairman of the board of A.B.C., testified before the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence that complaints of news distortion were brought about by the fact that "Americans are reluctant to accept the images reflected by the mirror we have held up to our society." Robert D. Kasmire, a vice-president of N.B.C., told the commission, "There is no doubt that television is, to a large degree, a mirror of our society. It is also a mirror of public attitudes and preferences." The president of N.B.C., Julian Goodman, told the commission, "In short, the medium is blamed for the message." Dr. Frank Stanton, vice-chairman and former president of C.B.S., testifying before a House committee, said, "What the media do is to hold a mirror up to society and try to report it as faithfully as possible." Elmer Lower, the president of A.B.C. News, has described television news as "the televi-

sion mirror that reflects . . . across oceans and mountains," and added, "Let us open the doors of the parliaments everywhere to the electronic mirrors." The imagery has been picked up by critics of television, too. Jack Gould, formerly of the *Times*, wrote of television's coverage of racial riots, "Congress, one would hope, would not conduct an examination of a mirror because of the disquieting images that it beholds."

The mirror analogy has considerable descriptive power, but it also leads to a number of serious misconceptions about the medium. The notion of a "mirror of society" implies that everything of significance that happens will be reflected on television news. Network news organizations, however, far from being ubiquitous and all-seeing, are limited newsgathering operations, which depend on camera crews based in only a few major cities for most of their national stories. Some network executives have advanced the idea that network news is the product of coverage by hundreds of affiliated stations, but the affiliates' contribution to the network news programs actually is very small. Most network news stories are assigned in advance to network news crews and correspondents, and in many cases whether or not an event is covered depends on where it occurs and the availability of network crews.

"During the collection for the fuel fund, you cough and I'll sneeze."

• •

The mirror analogy also suggests immediacy: events are reflected instantaneously, as in a mirror. This notion of immediate reporting is reinforced by the way people in television news depict the process to the public. News executives sometimes say that, given the immediacy of television, the network organization has little opportunity to intervene in news decisions. Reuven Frank once declared, on a television program about television, "News coverage generally happens too fast for anything like that to take place." But does it? Though it is true that elements of certain events, such as space exploration and political conventions, are broadcast live, virtually all of the regular newscasts, except for the commentator's "lead-ins" and "tags" to the news stories, are prerecorded on videotape or else on film, which must be transported, processed, edited, and projected before it can be seen. Some film stories are delayed from one day to two weeks, because of certain organizational needs and policies. Reuven Frank more or less outlined these policies on "prepared," or delayed, news in a memorandum he wrote when he was executive producer of N.B.C.'s nightly news program. "Except for those rare days when other material becomes available," he wrote, "the gap will be filled by planned and prepared film stories, and we are assuming the availability of two each night." These "longer pieces," he continued, were to be "planned, executed over a longer period of time than spot news, usable and relevant any time within, say, two weeks rather than that day, receptive to the more sophisticated techniques of production and editing, but journalism withal." The reason for delaying filmed stories, a network vice-president has explained, is that "it gives the producer more control over his program." First, it gives the producer control of the budget, since shipping the film by plane, though it might mean a delay of a day or two, is considerably less expensive than transmitting the film electronically by satellite or A.T. & T. lines. Second, and perhaps more important, it gives the producer control over the content of the individual stories, since it affords him an opportunity to screen the film and, if necessary, reedit it. Eliminating the delay, the same vice-president suggested, could have the effect of reducing network news to a mere "chronicler of events" and forcing it "out of the business of making meaningful comment." Moreover, the delay provides a reserve of stories that can be used to give the program "variety" and "pacing."

In filming delayed stories, newsmen are expected to eliminate any elements of the unexpected, so as not to destroy the illusion of immediacy. This becomes especially important when it is likely that the unusual developments will be reported in other media and thus date the story. A case in point is an N.B.C. News story about the inauguration of a high-speed train service between Montreal and Toronto. While the N.B.C. crew was filming the turbotrain during its inaugural run to Toronto, it collided with—and "sliced in half," as one newspaper put it—a meat trailer-truck, and then suffered a complete mechanical breakdown on the return trip. Persistent "performance flaws" and subsequent breakdowns eventually led to a temporary suspension of the service. None of these accidents and aberrations were included in the filmed story broadcast two weeks later on the N.B.C. evening news. David Brinkley, keeping to the original story, written before the event, introduced the film by saying, "The only high-speed train now running in North America has just begun in Canada." Four and a half minutes of shots of the streamlined train followed, and the narration suggested that this foreshadowed the future of transportation, since Canada's "new turbo just might shake [American] lethargy" in developing such trains. (The announcement of the suspension of the service, almost two weeks later, was not carried on the program.) This practice of "preparing" stories also has affected the coverage of more serious subjects—for instance, many of the filmed stories about the Vietnam war were delayed for several days. It was possible to transmit war films to the United States in one day by using the satellite relay, but the cost was considerable at the height of the war—more than three thousand dollars for a ten-minute transmission, as opposed to twenty or thirty dollars for shipping the same film by plane. And, with the exception of momentous battles, such as the Tet offensive, virtually all of the network film was sent by plane. To avoid the possibility of having the delayed footage dated by newspaper accounts, network correspondents were instructed to report on the routine and continuous aspects of the war rather than unexpected developments, according to a former N.B.C. Saigon bureau manager.

The mirror analogy, in addition, obscures the component of "will"—of initiative in producing feature stories and of decisions made in advance to cover or not to cover certain types of events. A mirror makes no decisions; it simply reflects what takes place in front of it. But considerable initiative was displayed in the feature story with which David Brinkley closed N.B.C.'s evening news program on the same night he told the public that news was not "produced or created." Brinkley reported:

> A vastly popular hit song through most of the summer and fall is called "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to

"There goes somebody's brilliant systems analysis."

AIRLINES BOUGHT 47 MORE TRISTARS IN 1972.

That'll make 3 continents a lot quieter.

Lockheed
L-1011
TriStar

'72 was a very good year for the TriStar.

All Nippon Airways ordered 21 planes. ANA is the ninth largest carrier in the world and the first Asian airline to order a wide-body Trijet.

British European Airways ordered 18.

Delta Airlines increased its order by six planes.

LTU, the German tour carrier, ordered two. (That's the second order from an inclusive tour carrier. Court Line, the British carrier, ordered five TriStars in 1971.)

Now our first and second buys add up to 199 planes. Furthermore, six of the world's largest airlines have chosen TriStar: Air Canada, ANA, BEA, Delta, Eastern, and TWA. PSA, the California carrier, has also selected the L-1011.

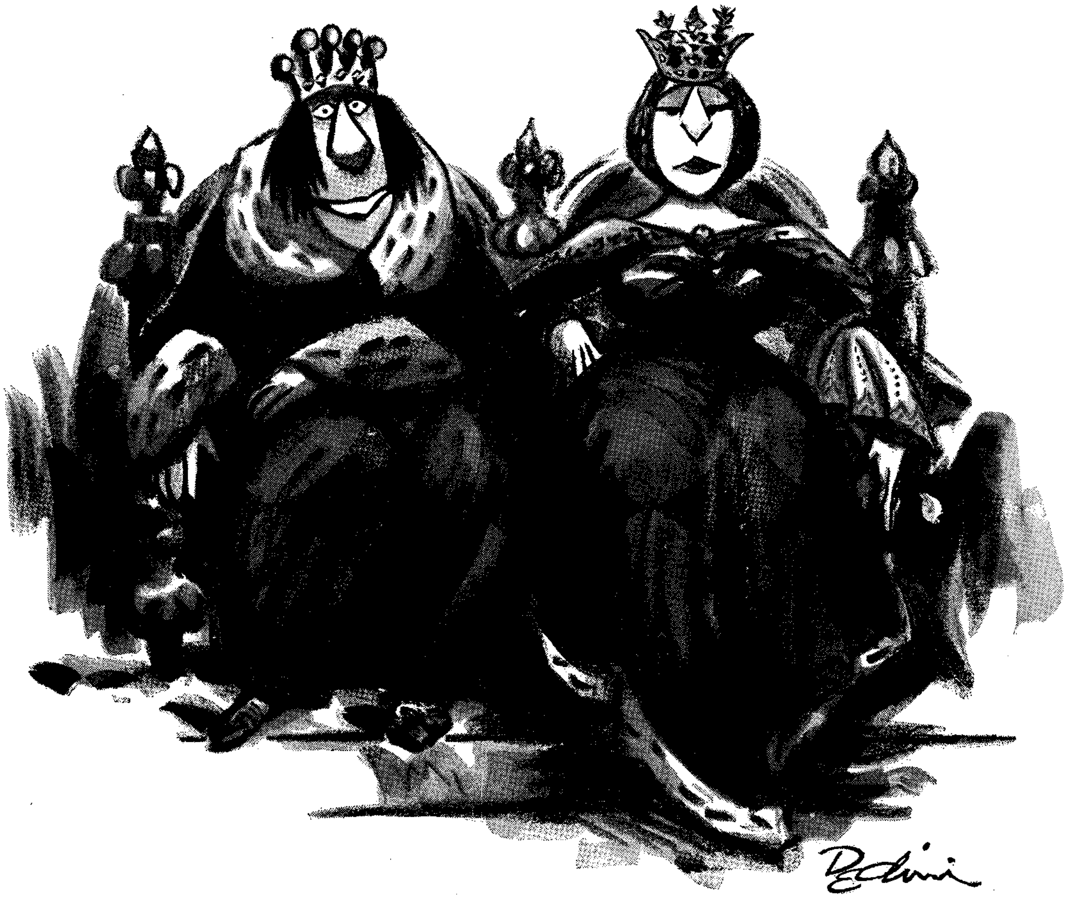
The value of our 1972 orders totals over $850 million.

But the real value lies in what the TriStar is doing to reduce noise pollution. Before the L-1011 entered airline service last year the FAA certificated the TriStar as the quietest big jet in the world.

Thus far, 20 planes have been delivered to Eastern, TWA, and Air Canada. We'll deliver 34 more this year.

And for people who live near airports, that's a welcome relief.

The Lockheed L-1011 TriStar.
The quietest big jet in the world.



"We've got each other, dear, and we've got the people. That's more than most couples have."

Town." It's been high on the best-seller list, sung by Kenny Rogers and the First Edition. But it's more than a pop song; it's a social document, a comment on our times, and on the war. It is the lament of a Vietnam veteran, returned home gravely wounded, confined to his bed, lying there listening as his wife goes out at night leaving him, because the war has left him unable to move. Well, what the song says, and its wide popularity in this country, may tell more about the ordinary American's view of the Vietnam war than all the Gallup Polls combined, and here is the song, set to film.

A three-minute film followed, supposedly illustrating the song. It showed the room of a crippled veteran, complete with pills, medicines, photographs, and "Ruby's" belongings. Interspersed with scenes of the room were scenes having to do with the Vietnam war—flamethrowers, helicopters, tanks, and casualties, and Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon—all combined in a montage. The illustration of the pop song was, of course, pure invention. The "veteran's room" was a set in Los Angeles, rented for the occasion. All the props were selected, the field producer explained to me later, "to create an atmosphere of futility and absurdity." A few seconds of battle scenes, intercut into the story "to show what the veteran was thinking as his wife left him," were culled from ten years of stock film footage, according to the producer. And, of course, the song itself was a work of the imagination. In its total effect, such a feature story may, as Brinkley claimed, have accurately captured "the ordinary American's view of the Vietnam war," but this one obviously required a number of decisions on the part of the producer and commentator. First, a song had to be selected from literally hundreds of popular ballads that could be identified as "a comment on our times." Second, the song, once selected, could have been used to illuminate the news in a number of entirely different ways, and not only as an index of public opinion on Vietnam. Third, a decision had to be made on what type of film would be used in the montage to show the veteran's thoughts; scenes of enemy atrocities would have fit the lyrics just as easily as the scenes of American bombing attacks that were actually used. Finally, the selection of props to "create an atmosphere" also offered a great deal of leeway.

When the question of their responsibility is raised, the networks freely acknowledge that their coverage of events can be controlled by advance decisions, or policy. For example, an N.B.C. staff lawyer informed the Federal Communications Commission that during the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in 1968 "special directives" were issued to N.B.C. news personnel that "no demonstrations were to be telecast live, no mobile units were to be dispatched until an event had actually occurred, and demonstrations or violent confrontations were not to be telecast until properly evaluated." Reuven Frank, explaining why few of the early demonstrations or "provocations" in Chicago were broadcast, wrote, in *Television Quarterly*, "Up until the serious violence, it was our conscious policy to avoid covering too much of the activities of demonstrators lest we fall into the trap of doing their advertising for them." C.B.S. had a similar policy during the Convention. Richard Salant, the president of C.B.S. News, told the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, "We have a policy about live coverage of disorders and potential disorders. . . . The policy is that we will not provide such live coverage except in extraordinary circumstances."

Policy can determine not only whether or not a subject is shown on television but also, if it is shown, how it is depicted. At a time when American ground troops were still involved in the Vietnam war, Av Westin, executive producer of the A.B.C. Evening News, wrote to correspondents, "I have asked our Vietnam staff to alter the focus of their coverage from combat pieces to interpretive ones, pegged to the eventual pull-out of the American forces. This point should be stressed for all hands." In a Telex to A.B.C. News's Saigon bureau, Westin informed news personnel of the kind of specific stories he expected that altered focus to produce:

> I think the time has come to shift some of our focus from the battlefield, or more specifically American military involvement with the enemy, to themes and stories which can be grouped under the general heading: We Are On Our Way Out of Vietnam. . . . To be more specific, a series of story ideas suggest themselves.

The list of suggested stories included such topics as black marketeering ("Find us that Oriental Sidney Green-

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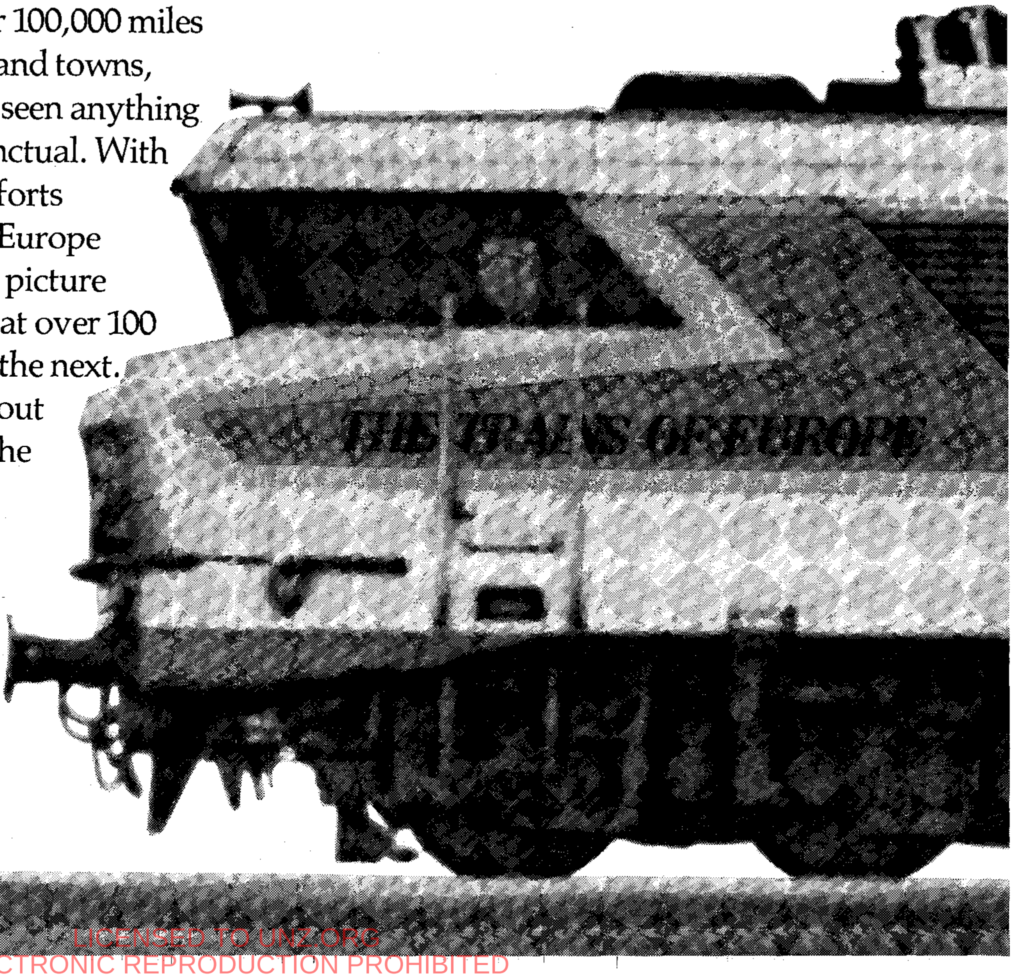


street, the export-import entrepreneur," the Telex suggested), a replaced province chief ("Is the new man doing any better than his corrupt and inefficient predecessor?"), political opposition ("Could you single out a representative opposition leader . . . and do a story centered about him? Preferably we would like to know about the most active opposition leader"), medical care for civilians ("Does the granddaughter sleep under the old man's hospital bed, scrounge food for him, etc.?"), and the treatment of ex-Vietcong. After Westin made these suggestions, a radical change from combat stories to "We Are On Our Way Out" stories ensued in A.B.C.'s coverage of the Vietnam war.

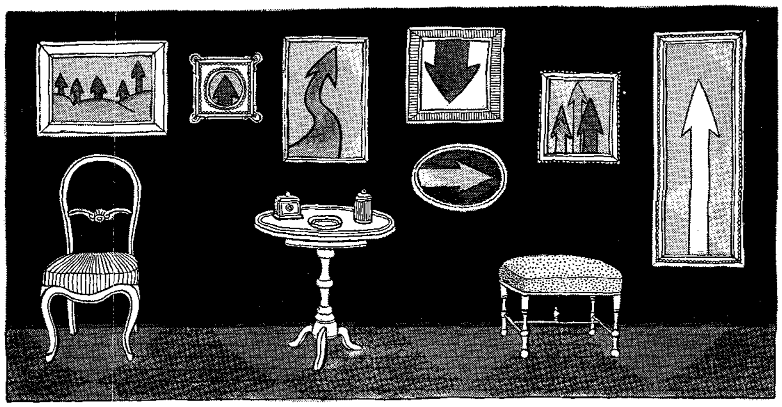
A somewhat similar decision was reached at N.B.C. after President Johnson announced a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam. The executive producer of the nightly news program told the news staff that the "story" now was the negotiations, not the fighting, and although combat footage was sent to New York from Saigon virtually every day for two months following the decision, almost none of it was used. Yet, as it turned out, the end of United States participation in the war was actually more than four years off.

Policy decisions of this kind can also affect the depiction of domestic events in important ways. During the riots that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, N.B.C. News apparently decided to minimize the extent of the violence—which was considerable—in New York City. An N.B.C. memorandum on riot coverage says that "Robert Northshield, executive producer of the Huntley-Brinkley Report, told us that he made an effort to use the minimum amount of riot footage following the assassination of King." The correspondent who narrated the story told me subsequently that he was aware of the "rioting" and the "tense situation" in the black community but that the producer had decided before he edited the story that it should emphasize the restoration of peace rather than continued violence (and the correspondent agreed). The producer later said that it was his responsibility to "evaluate all the information, including the social context" of a news event and then "decide how it should be presented." In evaluating such a story, he said, it must be decided whether the violence is "isolated incidents" or a "general trend." The point here is not the journalistic soundness or the social value of such policy decisions but simply that they exist, and that television news is something more than a mirror.

Some television executives, while admitting the weakness of the mirror analogy, maintain that decisions in network news are shaped less by organizational needs and expectations than by the independent judgment of "professionals." They argue that television newsmen, as professionals, are in some ways analogous to doctors and scientists, who take their values from the standards and code of their profession rather than from any organization employing them. Doctors and scientists are given a good deal of latitude, if not complete autonomy, by their administrators, because the presumption is that they have a virtual monopoly of knowledge in their special fields. Television journalists, however, have no such claim to a monopoly of knowledge in their work. Consequently, interventions by the producer or by assistant producers in decisions on how to play the news are the rule rather than the exception. Television newsmen sometimes explain these interventions by saying that all the members of news organizations, whether they are executives, producers, or correspondents, share certain concepts of what constitutes news and will conform to these concepts rather than simply serving the interests of the organization that employs them. The trouble with applying this formulation of "professionalism" to television newsmen is that the various members of news organizations necessarily have different responsibilities and values. Executives are responsible for seeing to it that the product of the news division meets its budget and the expectations of the network; producers are responsible for seeing to it that their programs conform to budget, quality, and policy guidelines; correspondents and other newsmen are responsible only for their own work on individual stories. These different sets of responsibilities necessarily create tensions between the correspondents, with their basic news values, and the executives, whose values are predominantly organization values.

Network news operations do provide opportunities for initiative and idiosyncratic judgments on the part of correspondents, editors, and producers. But over the long run such an organization must rely heavily on a set of internal rules and stable expectations. Although operating rules may not predetermine any particular stories, they do define general characteristics of network news, such as the length of film reports (whether three minutes or thirty minutes long, say), the amount of time and money available for individual film reports (which, in turn, may define the "depth" of news coverage), the areas that are covered most heavily (which might be said to delineate the geography of news), the models for dealing with controversy (whether the "dialectical" model, in which two sides are presented together with a synthesis, or the "thesis" model, which tries to prove that one side is correct), the ratio of "prepared" or delayed news to immediate news, and the general categories that are given preference by producers. And it is these general characteristics, proceeding from the structure and the needs of the organization—not the choice of one story rather than another—that give network news an over-all consistency.

THE search for news requires a reliable flow of information not only about events in the immediate past but about those scheduled for the near future. Advance information, though necessary to any news operation, is of critical importance to the networks. For, unlike newspapers and radio stations, which can put a news story together within minutes by means of telephone interviews or wire-service dispatches, a television network usually needs hours, if not days, of "lead time" to shoot, process, and edit a film story of even a minute's duration. The types of news stories best suited for television coverage are those specially planned, or induced, for the convenience of the news media—press conferences, briefings, inter-



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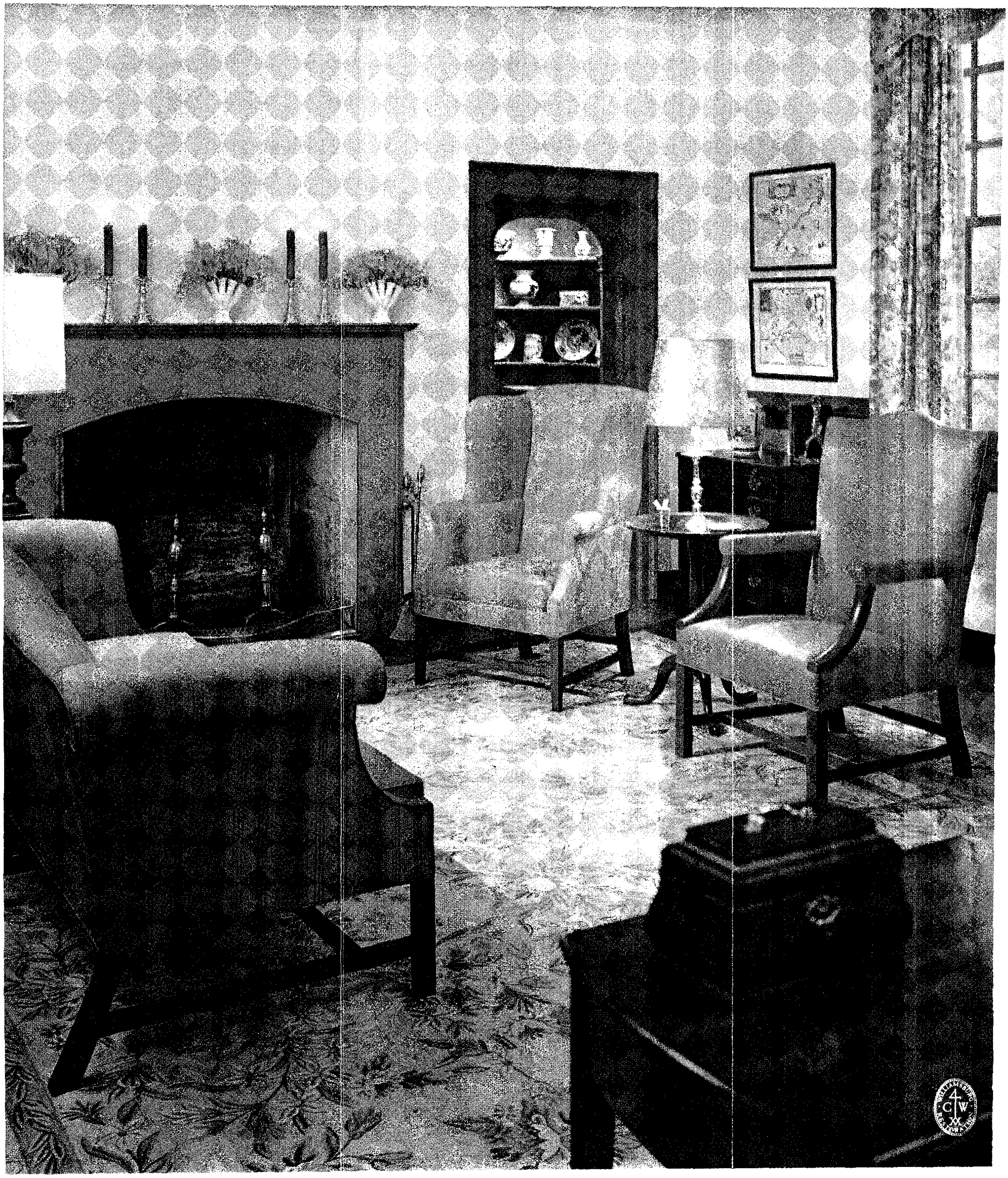

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views, and the like—which the historian Daniel J. Boorstin has called "pseudo-events," and which by definition are scheduled well in advance and are certain to be, if only in a self-fulfilling sense, "newsworthy." There are also other news events, such as congressional hearings, trials, and speeches, that, although they may not be induced for the sole purpose of creating news, can still be predicted far in advance. The networks have various procedures for gathering, screening, and evaluating information about future events, and these procedures to some degree systematically influence their coverage of news.

Most network news stories, rather than resulting from the initiative of reporters in the field, are located and assigned by an assignment editor in New York (or an editor under his supervision in Washington, Chicago, or Los Angeles). The assignment desk provides material not only for the evening news program but for documentaries, morning and afternoon programs, and a syndicated service for local stations. Instead of maintaining—as newspapers do—regular "beats," where reporters have contact with the same set of newsmakers over an extended period of time, network news organizations rely on ad-hoc coverage. In this system, correspondents are shunted from one story to another—on the basis of availability, logistical convenience, and producers' preferences—after the assignment editor has selected the events to be covered. A correspondent may easily be assigned to three subjects in three different cities in a single week, each assignment lasting only as long as it takes to film the story. To be sure, there are a number of conventional beats in Washington, such as the White House, but these are the exception rather than the rule. Most of the correspondents are "generalists," expected to cover all subjects with equal facility. And even in fields for which networks do employ specialist correspondents, such as sports or space exploration, better-known correspondents who are not experts in those fields may be called on to report major stories. The generalist is expected not to be a Jack-of-all-trades but simply to be capable of applying rules of fair inquiry to any subject. One reason network executives tend to prefer generalists is that they are less likely to "become involved in a story to the point of advocacy," as one network vice-president has put it. It is feared that specialists, through their intimate knowledge of a situation, would be prone to champion what they believed was the correct side of a controversy. But perhaps the chief reason that generalists are preferred to specialists is that, being able to cover whatever story develops, they lend themselves to an efficient use of manpower. The use of ad-hoc coverage leads to the constant appearance "on camera" of a relatively small number of correspondents. One network assignment editor has suggested that it is "more for reasons of audience identification than economy" that a few correspondents are relied on for most of the stories. The result, he continued, is a "star system," in which producers request that certain leading correspondents cover major stories, whatever the subject might be. Another consequence of having small, generalist reporting staffs is that the networks are able to do relatively little investigative reporting.

With few beat men, the networks must rely heavily on the wire services and the *Times* for information about possible stories. This intelligence system imposes severe limitations on the possibility of evaluating the content of a scheduled news event before a commitment to cover it is made. Consequently, the assignment editor uses the relative importance of the personalities involved as his index of newsworthiness. The question asked often is "Who is involved?" rather than "What is going to happen?" One assignment editor has explained that he always has what he calls "a mental list" of the ranking newsmakers, in order of producer and executive preferences. At the top of the list are people involved in one way or another in Presidential politics. The President himself is automatically assigned coverage, so each network always has a film crew stationed at the White House. "We are in the business of supplying national news, and whatever the President says or does is by definition national news," a network assignment editor has explained. Assignment editors also give high priority, though not automatic coverage, to public statements by individuals presumed

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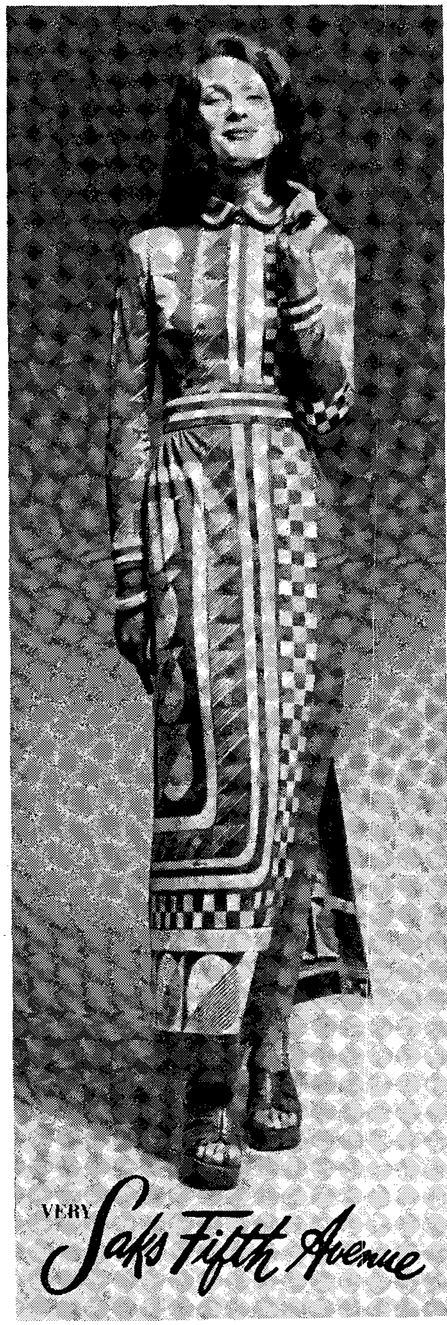

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to be serious possible candidates for President. Cabinet members and other high Administration figures are usually assigned coverage only if it is presumed that they will elaborate on some Presidential policy. Any public official who contradicts or attacks the President is also considered newsworthy. Senators not directly involved in Presidential politics are accorded assignment priorities consonant with their positions in the Senate. In general, senators, who are perceived to have "a national constituency," are given priority over members of the House, who, in fact, rarely receive network coverage. Recognized spokesmen for national organizations, like civil-rights groups, are assigned coverage "if producers show some interest in them," a network editor has said. Conversely, spokesmen for groups can be "blacklisted," or routinely excluded from coverage, if executives suggest that "they have become overexposed" or "don't really represent their group." Local officials, such as mayors and governors, are also excluded from coverage as a rule (unless, like John Lindsay, they have been involved in Presidential politics), for it is assumed that local news programs, which have independent assignment desks, will cover them if they are involved in anything of special import.

The choice of the individuals who receive coverage is easier to explain than the choice of the general news categories. Why, a couple of years ago, did ecology stories come into favor, while black-militant stories seemed to die out? It is impossible to say how new categories of news emerge, other than to point out that there are two intelligence operations in network news—one that takes place at the assignment desk and follows fairly stable criteria for the selection of stories to be covered by camera crews, and a less well-defined system, centering on the producers of individual news programs, which chooses the general trends and categories that are to be, in effect, illustrated by examples chosen by the assignment desk.

Because network news, essentially, has to be national news, network producers, from their vantage point in the newsroom, tend to view most events not as isolated incidents but as threads running through the entire fabric of the society. Thus, a dramatic event, itself limited in time and space, is commonly presumed to be an illustration of a national trend or of a national malaise. Through this prism a student strike at a single college is seen as "symptomatic" (a key word in the vocabulary associated with this perspective) of student discontent throughout the nation; the problems of a single city represent, "in microcosm," the nationwide urban crisis; a shootout in a single neighborhood "reflects" the increasing "atmosphere" of violence in this country. For instance, the producer of N.B.C.'s nightly news program turned a story about the extension of Cleveland's rapid-transit system into a "national" story by combining it with some footage on rapid-transit construction in Chicago and San Francisco; the package was presented as a report on "national" transportation problems. Not all stories in network news are treated according to this logic: stories of great irony or human interest may be accepted as local nostalgia or quirk pieces. But in considering most serious stories producers or news editors usually ask, in one form or another, the question "What national significance does this have?" Not uncommonly, correspondents and field producers are asked to rewrite, or even reshoot, stories in a way that relates them to national trends or problems. The presumption that a connection exists between specific occurrences and societal themes is an unquestioned axiom of network news. Producers and editors often cite as a critical part of their task their ability to perceive the wider significance of events. Of course, when a relationship between events happening in different places is problematical, if it exists at all, it can always be implied by an interpreter of the events. Indeed, any two stories can be related by being placed in a sufficiently general category, just as any two points can be connected with a line in geometry.

This effort to nationalize the news is only one of the means by which news executives impose a certain logic and form on the product of their organizations. In "The Functions of the Executive," Chester I. Barnard, who was president of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company and of the Rockefeller Foundation, wrote that executives control large organizations most effectively not by participating in day-to-day decisions but by inculcating the necessary organizational values in their subordinates. This is clearly true of network news executives. While they can decide on program budgets, long-term assignments, and the coverage of major scheduled events, such as elections and political conventions, they have little opportunity to intervene in most of the routine decisions involved in covering the day's news stories; the speed and diversity of news events make any sort

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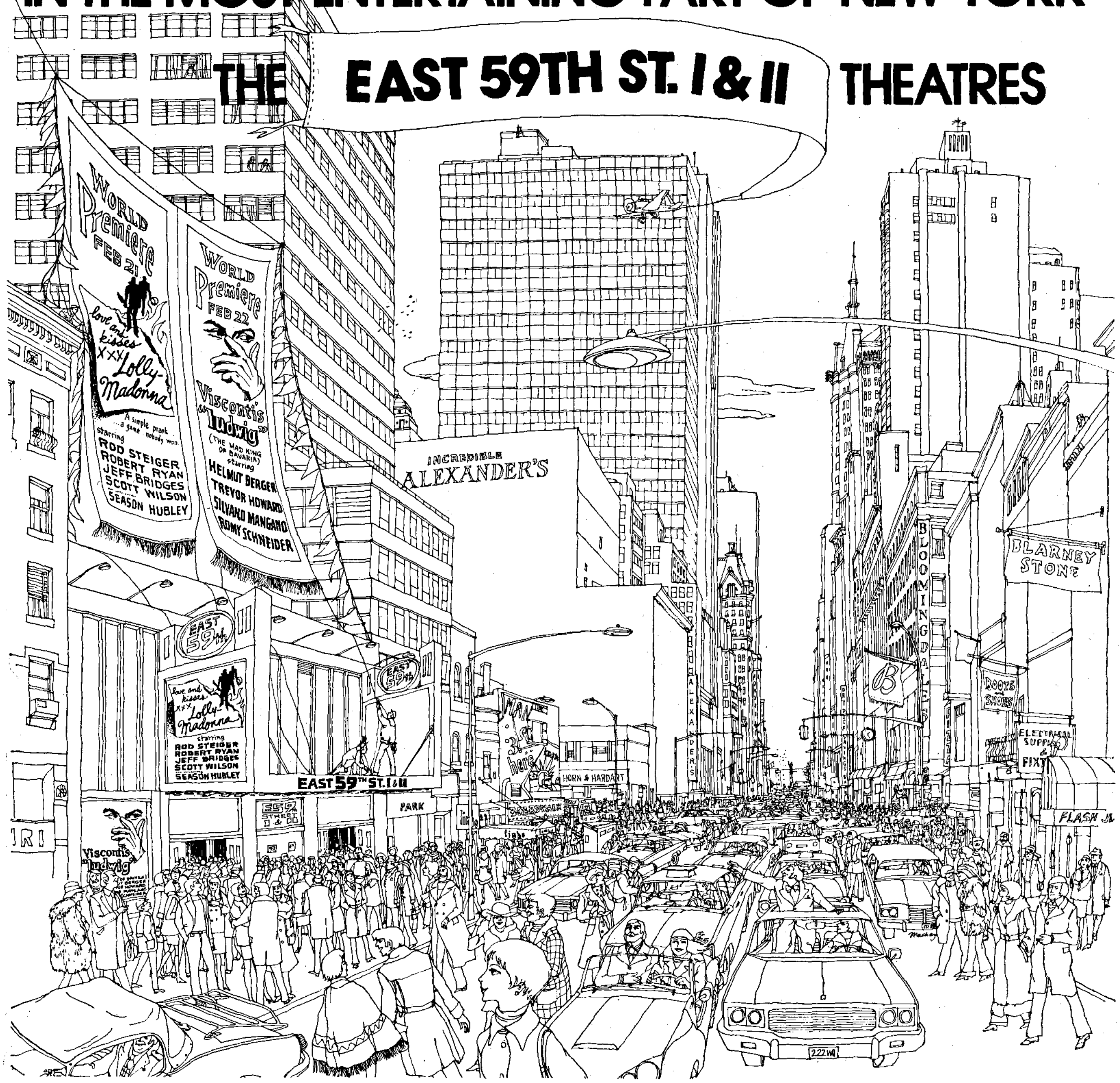
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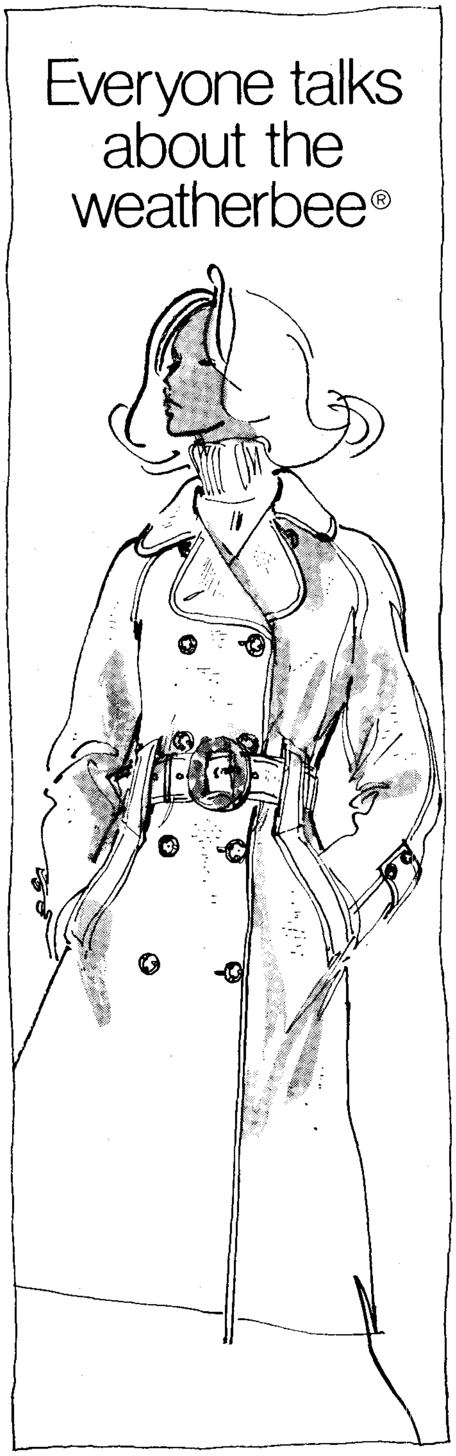
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of close executive supervision virtually impossible. To run their organizations effectively, news executives depend on producers' making the sort of judgments that they would make in similar circumstances. This means that they must recruit or indoctrinate producers with the desired outlook. In practice, executives are involved in an almost continuous process of impressing certain of their views on producers. Not only are there frequent critiques of the newscasts but there are chats and briefings that the executive producers (or their deputy producers) attend in news executives' offices. Producers usually discuss difficult questions, such as whether to send a crew overseas or how to cover a major event, in advance with executives.

The relationship between executives and producers is ordinarily informal, if only because executives in the news divisions are often recruited from among the producers. Most of the executives I have interviewed attended liberal-arts colleges, went to graduate school, served in the Army, and entered television as news writers or editors. On political issues, most of them expressed more moderate opinions than the producers did, though not necessarily conservative opinions. Their political affiliations were divided almost equally among Democratic, Republican, and independent. Almost all expressed a strong conviction that politics should be separated as much as possible from the news operation. In private discussions, most executives seem to regard news stories as problematical constructions. Indeed, they appear to operate on the assumption that a news story can be shot, edited, and narrated in a number of different ways, and to feel that the producer is responsible for constructing it along lines that meet the standards and policies of the network. That is to say, producers cannot abdicate their responsibilities by making the excuse that "the news dictated a story." (For example, just as a single story cannot be allowed to run for thirty minutes, one side of a dispute cannot be presented in an obviously unfavorable light.) Moreover, executives hold producers responsible for selecting stories that give each program the correct "mix," "texture," and "pacing," and, over the long run, for choices that do not exceed the budget of the program.

Network news, then, is not determined by the personal opinions of newsmen. The picture of events that correspondents and commentators present is constantly questioned, modified, and shaped by technicians, news editors, producers, and executives with quite disparate values and objectives. The news operation is organized so as to limit the newsmen's opportunities to impose their own views of sensitive issues over any prolonged period of time. Recruitment, training, supervision, rotation, editing controls, and general policies all work toward making personal values subordinate to organizational values in network news.

WHAT is seen on network news is not, except in rare instances, the event itself, unfolding live before the camera, or even a filmed record of the event in its entirety, but a story about the event which has been constructed on film from selected fragments of it. Presenting news events exactly as they occur does not meet the requirements of network news. For one thing, the camera often is not in a position to capture events while they are happening. Some news events are completely unexpected and occur before a camera crew can be dispatched to the scene. Others cannot be filmed either because of unfavorable weather or lighting conditions (especially if artificial lighting is unavailable or restricted) or because news crews are not permitted access to them. And when institutions, such as political conventions, do permit television to record their formal proceedings, the significant decisions may still take place outside the purview of the camera. But even if coverage presents no insurmountable problems, it is not sufficient in most cases simply to record events in their natural sequence, with all the digressions, confusions, and inconsistencies that are an inescapable part of any reality, for a network news story is required to have a definite order, time span, and logic.

In producing most news stories, the first necessity is generating sufficient film about an event, so that the editor and the writer can be assured of finding the material they need for the final story. Perhaps the most commonly used device for producing this flow of film is the interview. The interview serves several important purposes for television news. First, it enables a news crew to obtain film footage about an event that it did not attend or was not permitted to film. By finding and interviewing people who either participated in the event or have at least an apparent connection with it, the correspondent can re-create it through their eyes.

Second, the interview assures that

the subject will be filmed under favorable circumstances—an important technical consideration. In a memorandum to his news staff, Reuven Frank once gave this advice about interviewing:

> By definition, an interview is at least somewhat controllable. It must be arranged; it must be agreed to.... Try not to interview in harsh sunlight. Try not to interview in so noisy a setting that words cannot be heard. Let subjects be lit. If lights bother your subject, talk to him, discuss the weather, gentle him, involve his interest and his emotions so that he forgets or ignores the lights. It takes longer, but speed is poor justification for a piece of scrapped film.

To make the subjects appear even more dignified and articulate, it is the customary practice to repeat the same question a number of times, allowing the respondent to "sharpen his answer," as one correspondent has put it. At times, the person interviewed is permitted to compose his own questions for the interviewer or, at least, to rephrase them. Rehearsals are also quite common.

Third, interviews provide an easy means of presenting an abstract or difficult-to-film concept in human terms, as Reuven Frank has explained:

> The best interviews are of people reacting—not people expounding.... No important story is without them. They can be recorded and transmitted tastefully... nuclear disarmament, unemployment, flood, automation, name me a recent major story without its human involvement.

Although the networks have instituted strict policies against misleading "reënactments" and "staging," film footage is sometimes generated by having someone demonstrate or enact aspects of a story for the camera. Bruce Cohn, a producer for A.B.C. News at the time, explained the practice last year to the House Special Subcommittee on Investigations, during hearings on "news staging." Describing the difference between hard news and feature stories, Cohn said, "Generally speaking, a feature story is only brought to the public's attention because the journalist who conceived of doing such a report thinks it would be of interest or of importance. Therefore, a feature story must be 'set up' by a journalist if it is to be transformed into usable information. There is no reason why this 'setting up' cannot be done in an honest and responsible manner . . . people involved in feature stories are often asked to demonstrate how they do something . . . in fact, by its very nature, a feature story may be nothing but what the subcommittee negatively refers to as 'staging.' " The A.B.C. feature sto-

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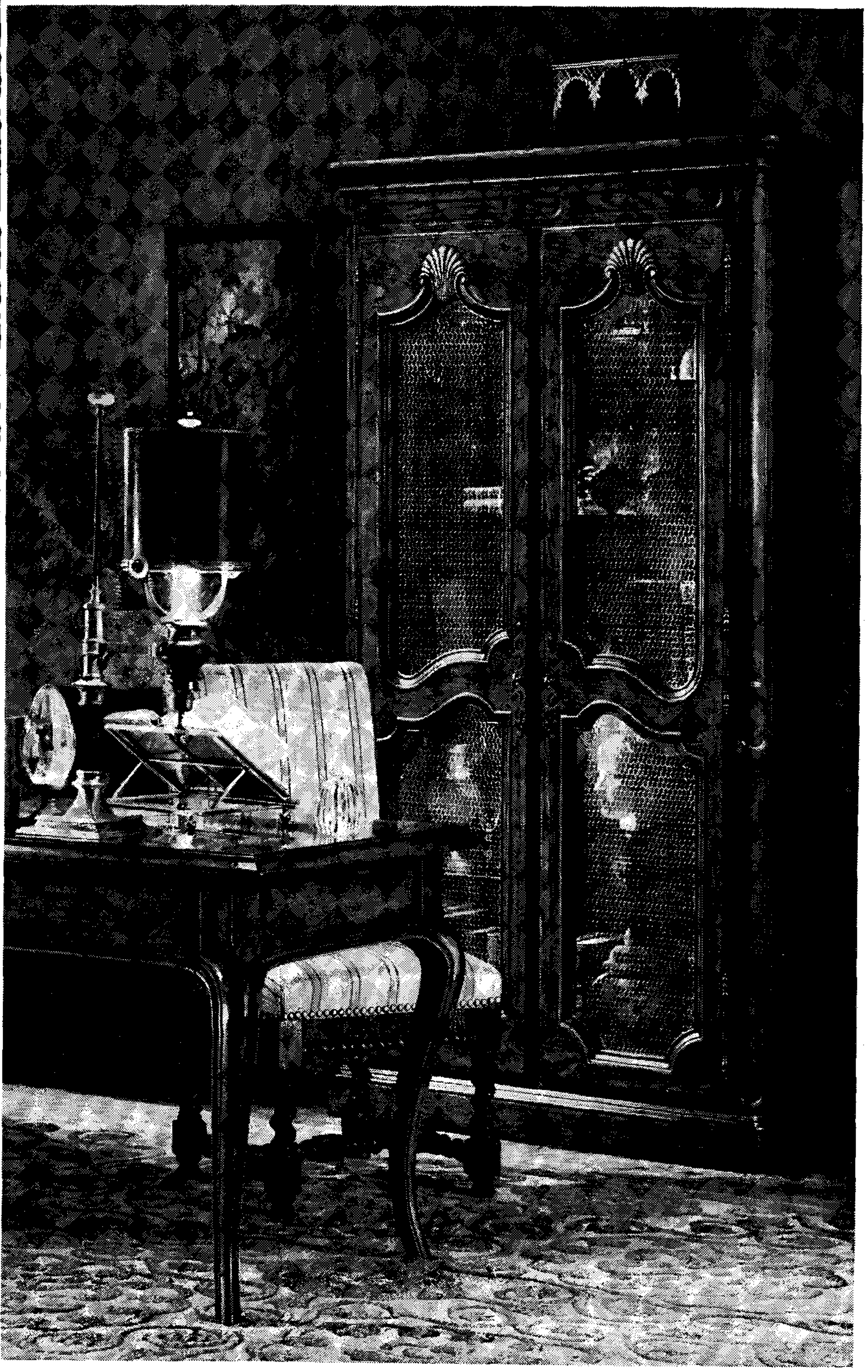

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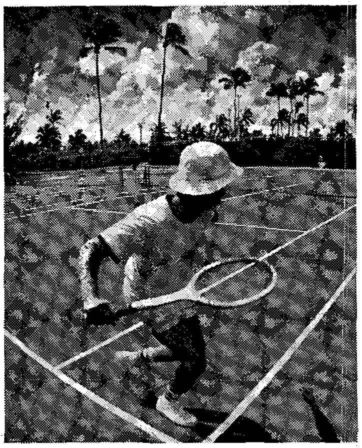

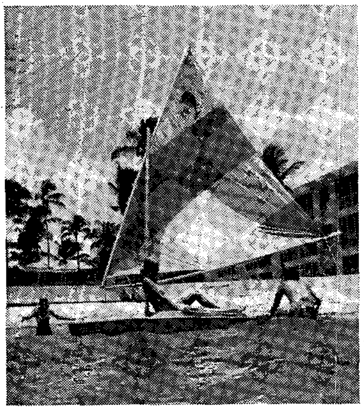

A holiday setting of untamed beauty just 18 minutes by car from Miami Airport.

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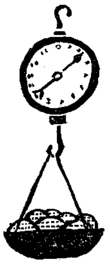
ries in question involved the hiring of stand-ins to serve as "customers" in a story about how the recession was affecting Las Vegas gambling casinos (because the casinos would not permit real customers to be filmed) and the simulation of an emergency run by a police car in a film sequence about the Seattle Police Department.

Another basic technique of creating film for editing purposes involves shooting additional silent footage, from various angles, of the principal participants and the background settings of a news event. The silent footage can then be intercut with the sound film according to the demands of the story line. One type of such silent footage that is required by all three networks is the "cutaway shot." Often, the cutaway is a view of an audience's reaction while the news subject is speaking. Most stories involving press conferences, hearings, speeches, and interviews need cutaway shots to facilitate smooth editing. This is because they afford the editor a good deal of flexibility in matching the film to the story line. A C.B.S. manual explains:



> Because of time limits and in order to heighten impact, television must shorten speeches. . . . This is difficult to do unless the cameraman furnishes a visual "meanwhile," or cutaway. For example, in shooting a speech, be sure to make several shots of audience reaction. If there's no audience, shoot other newsmen, or your own sound camera. These clips will furnish the second-and-a-half cutaways which the film editor can insert to avoid a "jump cut" if he wants to clip a sentence from the middle of one lens "take." Otherwise, the speaker's head would seem to jump. . . . In this connection, it often helps to shoot a roll or two of stock cutaways for editing use—various shots of the film crew, close-ups of a hand writing on a pad, reporters' faces, etc.

Though the majority of network news stories involve people talking, there is also a category of stories concerned mainly with visual action, such as riots, demonstrations, and disasters, in which the pictures need not be synchronized with words spoken at the time but can be shown with a "voice-over" narration. In these action stories, cameramen are usually given free rein, with the understanding that they will seek out the most dramatic or exciting moments of the event. One N.B.C. cameraman has explained, "What the producers want on the film is as much blood and violence as we can find. That's the name of the game, and every cameraman knows it." The producers' fondness for action film is based to some extent on their assumption that the audience is more likely to be engrossed by visual excitement than by "talking heads"—that is, a film of people talking about issues. This assumption, in turn, may be based on network research showing that the audience for network news tends to be older and to have less income and education than the general television audience. (Such research probably indicates not that news is inherently more interesting to older, less educated viewers but only that such viewers usually are in the majority in the early evening, when network news is broadcast.)

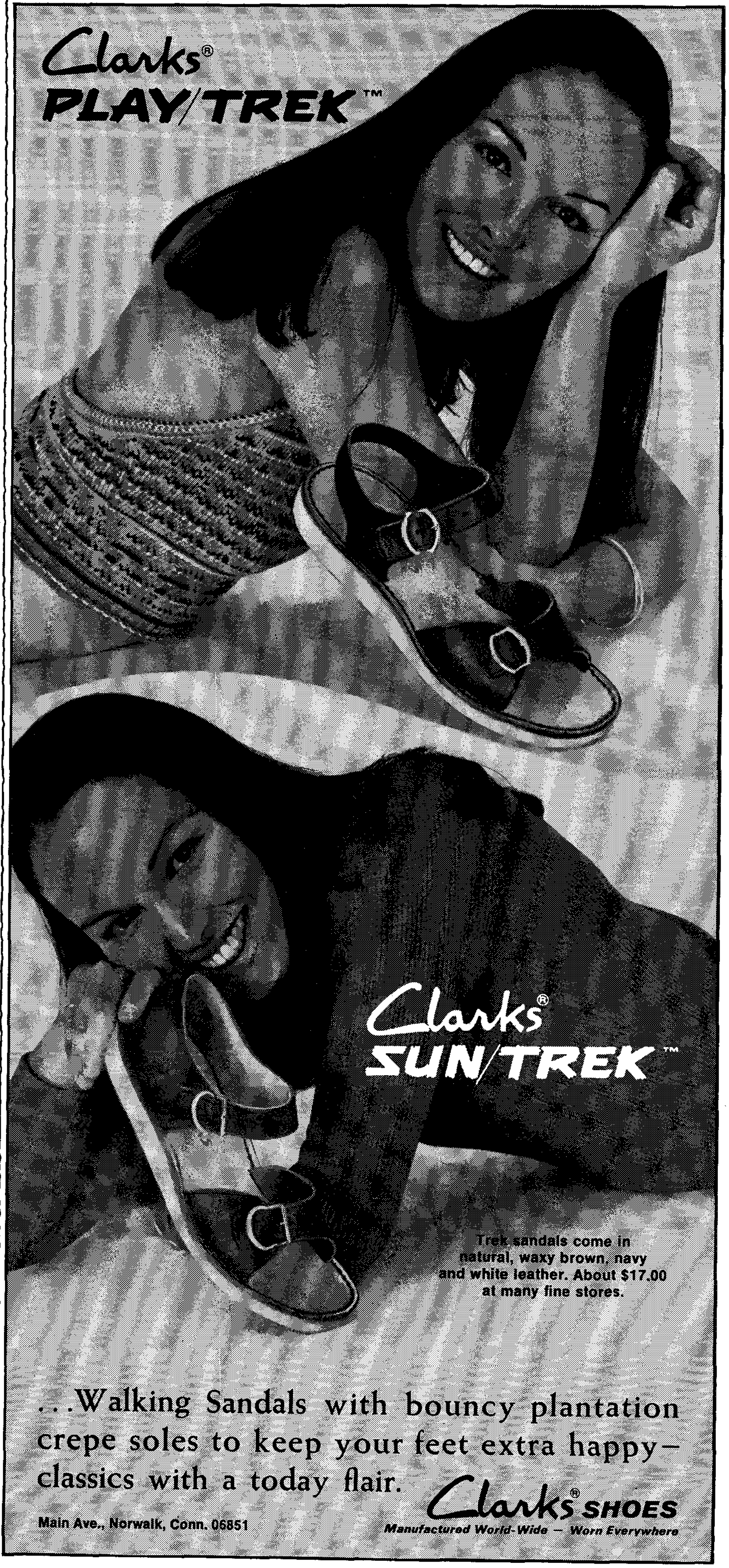
Many producers say that the one ingredient necessary for "a good action story" is visually identifiable opponents clashing violently. This ordinarily requires uniforms of some sort—for instance, military troops or policemen fighting civilians. Demonstrations or scenes of violence involving less clearly identifiable groups would make less effective stories, since, as one C.B.S. producer has put it, "it would be hard to tell the good guys from the bad guys." Thus, action stories are expected to stress the presumed claims and differences of opposed groups. Interviews and narration that define these distinctions and prepare the audience for the ensuing action are preferred to discussions that point to a more complex relationship between and within the groups. Since each of the participants in the process of constructing news stories for television—the cameraman, the sound recorder, the correspondent, the editor, and the producer—has some relatively set ideas of the kind of material that is expected for each type of story, the "reality" produced tends to be shaped, if not predetermined, by this web of expectations.

NETWORK news organizations are not, of course, independent entities; they are integral parts of broadcasting corporations, whose executives allocate the time and money for news programs and appoint the top news executives. The networks, in turn, are heavily dependent on their affiliates—television stations they do not own or control—to broadcast their programming over the airwaves. And these stations are licensed by the federal government and are responsible for the programs they broadcast. Network news staffs thus operate under conditions and rules defined by other organizations.

The business side of network television was succinctly described by an N.B.C. vice-president in testimony he gave before a congressional subcommittee in 1963:

> Television is not only a program service but an advertising medium which operates in a framework of intense competition. The principal value television has to offer an advertiser is audience, and the rating services furnish us and our advertisers with the measurement of the audience generated by our programs. This is a business requirement of broadcasting, essential in soliciting and justifying the advertising expenditures that support our program services.

The potential audience of any station is limited by the effective range of its signal, which may vary between fifty and seventy miles, depending on topography, the power of the signal, and the height of the station's antenna. To reach a larger, or "national," audience, an advertiser requires the services of a network. The networks themselves, however, own and control only five television stations apiece—the maximum allowed by law—which reach less than twenty-five per cent of the national audience. Access to the rest of the audience is controlled by independently owned stations, or affiliates. The arrangement works something like this: A network undertakes to furnish its affiliates with programs during most of the time they are on the air at no cost to them, and, in addition, to pay them a fixed percentage—usually about thirty per cent—of their hourly "Class A" rate (the price per hour that stations normally charge advertisers) for the time in which they carry network programs and commercials. Furthermore, during network programming the affiliates are permitted to sell "spot commercials" at the station break required by law each half hour, and to keep all the proceeds of these. For their part, the affiliates are expected to take most, if not all, of the network programs. Though networks lack the legal authority to compel affiliates to take specific programs, they have other remedies, including the ultimate threat of not renewing the affiliate's contract (whose duration is limited by F.C.C. rules to two years). On the other hand, the power of a network to jettison a recalcitrant affiliate is effectively limited by the fact that in all but a handful of the cities where networks have affiliates there are only three VHF (very high frequency) licensees, each of which is affiliated with one of the three networks. (The VHF broadcast band contains Channels 2 through 13—what might be called the standard channels—over which most television programming is seen today. The other television band—UHF, or ultrahigh frequency—presents a number of tech-



Trek sandals come in natural, waxy brown, navy and white leather. About $17.00 at many fine stores.

...Walking Sandals with bouncy plantation crepe soles to keep your feet extra happy—classics with a today flair.

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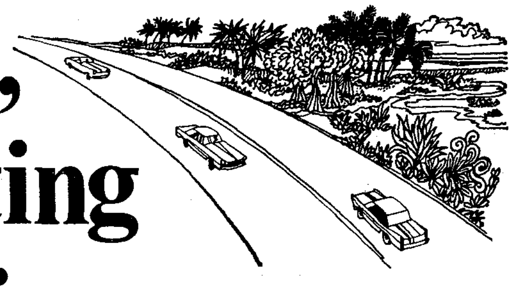
While most states still debate no-fault, Florida is celebrating its first no-fault anniversary with a $100,000,000 premium cut.



Despite all the debate the last few years on fault vs. no-fault auto insurance, only five states have actually passed a genuine no-fault insurance law, Florida among them.

In Florida, where they've now had a full year's experience with no-fault, it's working even better than expected.

For Florida motorists in 1972, no-fault meant a 15% reduction in bodily injury and property damage liability premiums. In 1973, there will be another reduction of 11%, at least. Together, these premium cuts will benefit Florida motorists to the tune of more than $100,000,000 this year.

In addition to these cash savings, 50% more people are being paid benefits under no-fault than under the old fault system.

Finally, claims are being paid faster than before, the courts are less crowded, and fewer motorists are being forced into the higher-cost assigned risk category.

In the face of Florida's overwhelming success with no-fault—which duplicates the success of no-fault in Massachusetts—why is there still delay in the remaining forty-five states?

The answer, of course, lies in the very heart of the no-fault idea, its substitution of automatic, guaranteed compensation in place of the vagaries and unpredictability of lawsuits.

The personal injury trial lawyers, who are almost alone—even among lawyers—in their opposition to no-fault, argue that no-fault limits an accident victim's right to sue.

This is true. At the same time, the trial lawyers neglect to mention that this "right to sue" is more theoretical than practical, that it has bankrupted many accident victims while it has cost fortunes in legal expenses.

These are the facts about the "right to sue" system.

Only 1 out of 100 claims is ever settled in a court of law. The other 99 take their chances in demeaning "bargaining" sessions. Furthermore, the average seriously injured accident victim recovers only a third of his economic loss, and five out of 10 seriously injured claimants don't get a penny from the automobile fault system.

So much for the "right to sue." As for legal expenses, they have skyrocketed to more than $2.2 *billion* annually. That's more than $1 out of every $3 motorists pay in premiums.

Under the no-fault system, with lawsuits reduced to a minimum, part of this $2.2 billion would go to increased benefits for accident victims, and another part would reduce premiums.

The scandalous inequities of the fault system and the obvious benefits of no-fault have been recognized by government leaders, consumer groups, labor unions and the nation's news media. The prestigious Association of the Bar of the City of New York believes that the fault principle must be abolished and replaced by a no-fault system. The National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws—composed of judges, legal scholars and outstanding practicing attorneys—has adopted a uniform no-fault act.

Yet, personal injury lawyers who depend on auto accident litigation for much of their income have stopped or stalled passage of no-fault in most states.

In doing so, their strategy has been to avoid debating no-fault head on. Instead, they often embrace no-fault in such a way as to strangle its meaning. They propose a phony no-fault which would require motorists to pay, in effect, for a *second* policy covering medical expenses and wage losses, while maintaining the inequities, abuse and cost of the fault system.

The result of this maneuver has been confusion for legislators and the public alike.

How, then, can you—or even a lawyer—spot which is real no-fault and which is phony?

The answer is to look in any proposal for the words "tort liability exemption." If these words, or words like them, don't appear in the proposal, the proposal simply isn't no-fault.

"Tort liability exemption" means the prohibition or limitation on the right to sue we spoke of above. If there is no prohibition on the right to sue—except in cases of serious bodily injuries—then the bloated wastes and inequities of the fault system will remain as your premiums continue to soar.

For more information on phony no-fault, send today for our booklet, "How to Spot a Decoy."

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "How to Spot a Decoy."

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nical problems for broadcasting, and UHF stations therefore generally reach smaller audiences than VHF stations do.) If a network refused to renew an affiliate's contract in a city where no unaffiliated VHF station existed, its only alternative would be a UHF affiliate, which would not enable it to compete effectively with the other networks in guaranteeing that market to national advertisers.

The national audience that a network amasses for its programs—and commercial messages—is measured every two weeks by the A. C. Nielsen Company, which estimates, on the basis of a sample of approximately twelve hundred households, what percentage of the television sets in the United States are tuned to specific programs at given times. A difference of a few points in any program's so-called Nielsen Rating—a point representing one per cent of the total number of television households in America—can make a significant difference in the amount of revenue that a network receives. Network costs are essentially fixed, regardless of the size of the audience, and affiliates receive a set amount of compensation per hour from the network, *no matter how much the network is* able to sell the time for. It costs the same to reach thirty million people as ten million, a network vice-president has explained. "We just get three times as much money for the same time."

The number of minutes that can be used for commercial messages on television is limited in industry practice to six per hour during "prime time"—which is the four hours of evening programming when most of the potential television audience has its sets on—and up to twelve per hour at other times. The networks and the affiliates both essentially want the same scarce resource—the few minutes of advertising time available each hour when most of the sets are operating. Affiliates turn over to the networks virtually all this time, while retaining for themselves the periods immediately adjacent to it, in which they do most of their local programming, including the local news and public-affairs programs.

The place of network news in this traditional division of time has not always been secure. In the early nineteen-fifties, when television began to become popular, the networks scheduled fifteen-minute news programs in the early portion of prime time. (N.B.C.'s "News Caravan," with John Cameron Swayze, was shown at 7:45 P.M., and C.B.S.'s "Douglas Edwards with the News" at 7:30 P.M.) The audience for television at that time of day declined sharply during the summer months and always had a high percentage of children, which frightened away advertisers who wanted to reach adults, so the 7:30-8 P.M. "slot" was exceedingly difficult to sell at prime-time prices. News was thought to be "the cheapest way of filling it." But, as the total television audience rapidly increased and prime time grew in value, network news became a problem: it consumed network time that could be used more profitably for entertainment programming, which drew larger audiences and therefore could be sold to advertisers for higher prices. An N.B.C. memorandum entitled "Research Evaluation of Network News in Prime Time" outlined the history of the problem in the following terms:

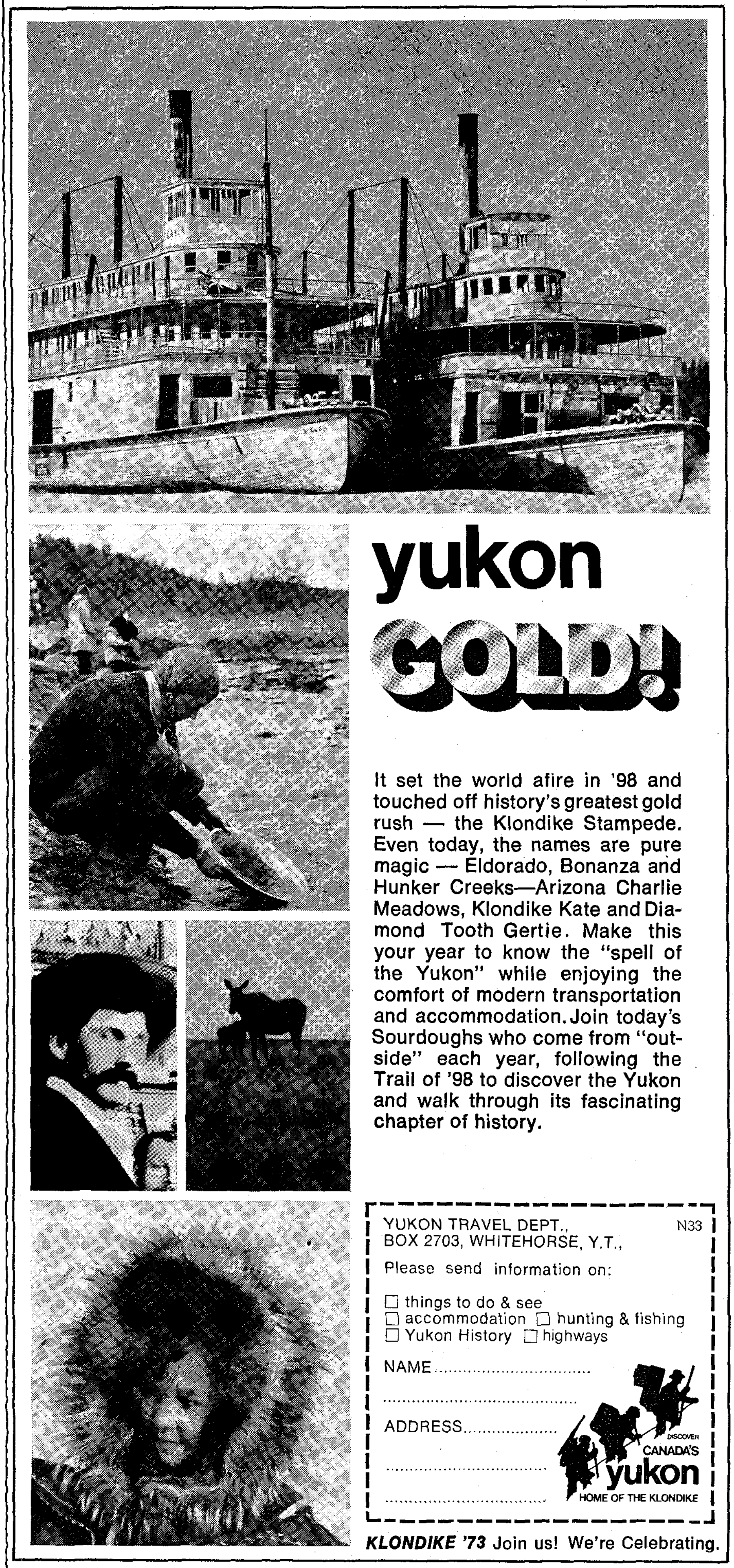
> A.B.C. [in 1955] countered both N.B.C. and C.B.S. News with children's or all-family entertainment at 7:30 P.M. cutting in sharply to the audience of both networks. N.B.C. was hurt most, losing some 30 to 40 per cent of its audience in one year.
>
> C.B.S., realizing that 7:30 P.M. (which was then network option time) must be scheduled competitively, switched their news to 7:15 P.M. in October, 1955. N.B.C. meanwhile tried to maintain its strip format at 7:30 P.M. The result was N.B.C. slipped in audience the next two years . . . while C.B.S. started building an audience for their news at 7:15 P.M. Not only did N.B.C. slide in news audience, but the competition was by this time bridging N.B.C.'s entertainment vehicles at 8 P.M. so that the net result was a loss of audience for both N.B.C. News and regular entertainment vehicles.

Since network news could not profitably be retained in prime time, the network's solution was to move it to the adjacent time period, which was up to then considered—by the affiliates, at least—to be "affiliate time." This caused some problems with the affiliates, as the same memorandum explains:

> When N.B.C. decided to move the news out of prime time [1957-58], they were faced with a problem of gathering stations. The first year in the new time period N.B.C. could muster only 63 stations while C.B.S. News was on 153. . . . It took N.B.C. four years to build back to a lineup [of affiliates] equal to C.B.S.

Taking the fifteen-minute network program meant, in actual cost, a loss of two and a half minutes of commercial time for the affiliates (and a gain of the same amount of time for the network). Although the affiliates were paid compensation by the network amounting to about thirty per cent of what they could have sold the two and a half minutes to local advertisers for, it would still have been more profitable in many cases for the affiliates to show a local news program during that fifteen-minute period. Affiliates nevertheless accepted fifteen minutes of network news in their "time market"—partly because of direct pressures from the networks (especially in the markets where they had the opportunity of changing affiliates), partly because of financial inducements, and partly because affiliate owners believed that, as one put it, "network news did a job we couldn't possibly do." But when N.B.C. and C.B.S. expanded network news from fifteen minutes to a half hour, in 1963 (A.B.C. did not follow suit until 1967), edging deeper into the affiliates' choice time market, many affiliates resisted the move. Gradually, though, they gave in to network pressures. One affiliate executive has said, "The networks used their news programs as a wedge to expand prime time." And the networks did, in fact, increase their share of evening commercial time by five minutes, by rescheduling and expanding the network news programs.

Since network television is in the business of attracting and maintaining large audiences, the news operation, which is, after all, part of the networks' programming schedule, is also expected to maintain, if not attract, as large an audience as possible. But a network news program, unlike other news media, apparently can't depend entirely on its content to attract and maintain an audience. To a great extent, the size of its audience is determined by three outside factors. The first is affiliate acceptance. If a program is not carried, or "cleared," by the affiliates, then it simply is not available to the public. (A.B.C. has significantly increased the audience for its evening news program since 1969 by increasing the number of stations that clear it from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and ninety-one.) The second is scheduling. A program that is broadcast at 7 P.M., say, stands a good chance of drawing a larger audience than it would at six-thirty, since more people are usually watching television at the later hour. (The television audience increases all day and reaches a peak at about 9 P.M.) The third factor is what is called "audience flow." Network executives and advertisers believe that a significant portion of the audience for any program is inherited, as they put it, from the preceding program. According to the theory of audience flow, an audience is like a river that continues in the same direction until it is somehow diverted. "The viewing habits of a large portion of the audience—at least, the audience that Nielsen measures—are governed more by the laws of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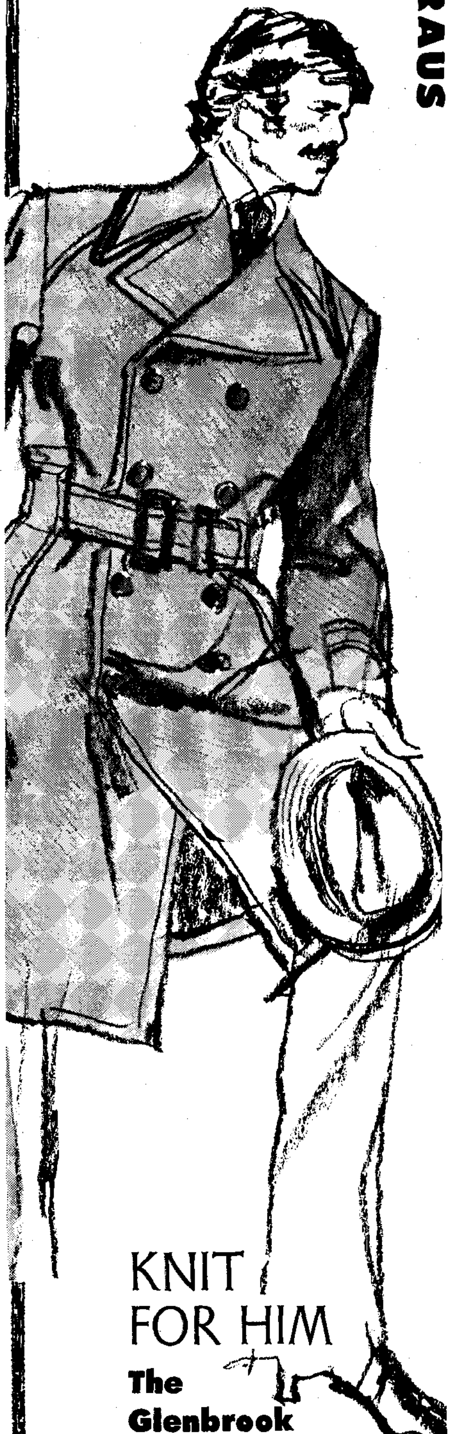

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inertia than by free choice," a network vice-president responsible for audience studies has remarked. "Unless they have a very definite reason to switch, like a ballgame, they continue to watch the programs on the channel they are tuned in to."

Many network executives believe that network news is even more dependent on audience flow than are entertainment programs, or even local newscasts featuring reports on local sports and weather conditions. Richard Salant, the president of C.B.S. News, has said that "you'll find a general correlation between the ratings of the network news broadcast and the local news broadcast—and probably the local news is the decisive thing." But what of the selective viewer, who changes channels for network news? Network executives, relying on both audience studies and personal intuition, assume, first, that there is not a significant number of such viewers, and, second, that most of them choose particular news programs on the basis of the personalities of the commentators rather than the extent of the news coverage. Acting on these assumptions about audience behavior, the networks attempt to improve the ratings of their news shows by hiring "star" commentators and by investing in the programs that precede the network news. For example, in a memo to the president of N.B.C. several years ago, a vice-president responsible for audience analysis made this suggestion for increasing the ratings in Los Angeles of the network's evening news program:

> It seems to me the only surefire way to increase our audience at 3:30 P.M. (and actually win the time period) is with Mike Douglas [a syndicated talk show, which N.B.C. would have had to buy from Group W Productions, a subsidiary of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company]. At 5-6 P.M. our news then should get at least what KABC is getting (let's say a 7 rating).
>
> Coming out of this increased lead-in—and a *news* lead-in, at that—I believe that [the evening news] at 6 P.M. will get a couple of rating points more. . . .

Similarly, a network can invest in the local news programs that precede or follow the network news on the five stations it owns. N.B.C. concluded from a detailed study that it commissioned of the Chicago audience that local news programs, unlike network news, which builds its audience through coverage of special events, can increase their ratings through improved coverage of weather, sports, and local events. The study recommended, for example, that the network-owned station in Chicago hire a more popular local weathercaster, since

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"almost as many viewers look forward to seeing the weather as the news itself." The networks also assist the affiliated stations with their local news programs, by providing a news syndication service. This supplies subscribing stations with sports and news stories through a half-hour feed, from which the stations can record stories for use on their own news programs.

Implicit in this approach to seeking higher ratings for network news programs is the idea that it doesn't make economic sense to spend large amounts on improving the editorial product. Hiring additional camera crews, reporters, and researchers presumably would not increase a news program's audience, and it definitely would be expensive. For instance, not only does each camera crew cost about a hundred thousand dollars a year to maintain, in equipment, salaries, and overtime, but it generates a prodigious amount of film—about twenty times as much as is used in the final stories—which has to be transported, processed, and edited. N.B.C. accountants use a rule-of-thumb gauge of more than twenty dollars in service cost for every foot of film in the final story, which comes to more than seven hundred and twenty dollars a minute. And it is the number of camera crews a network maintains that defines, in some ways, the scope of its newsgathering operation. "The news you present is actually the news you cover," a network news vice-president has said. "The question is: How wide do you fling your net?"

In 1968, when I had access to staff meetings and assignment sheets at the three networks, N.B.C. covered the nation each day with an average of ten camera crews, in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, and Cleveland, plus two staff crews in Texas and one staff cameraman (who could assemble camera crews) in Boston. (In comparison, C.B.S.'s local news operation in Los Angeles, according to its news director, uses nine camera crews to cover the news of that one city.) Today, N.B.C. says it has fifty domestic camera crews, but this figure includes sports, special events, and documentary crews, as well as local crews at the network's five stations. C.B.S. says it has twenty full-time network news crews, in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Washington, and A.B.C. says it has sixteen, in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, Atlanta, and Miami. Each of the networks also has camera crews in nine cities overseas. To be sure, when there is a momentous news event the networks can quickly mobilize additional crews—those regularly assigned to news documentaries, sports, and local news at network stations, or those of affiliated stations—but the net that is cast for national news on a day-to-day basis is essentially defined by the crews that are routinely available for network assignment, and their number is set by the economic logic of network television.

Another element in the economics of network news is the fact that it costs a good deal more to transmit stories from some places than it does from other places. The lines that connect the networks with their affiliates across the country can normally be used to transmit programs in only one direction—from the network's headquarters in New York to the affiliates. Therefore, to transmit news reports electronically from any "remote" location—that is, anywhere except network facilities in a few cities—to the network for rebroadcast, a news program must order special "long lines" between the two points from the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. The charges for the "long line" are now fifty-five cents a mile for up to an hour's use and seven hundred and fifty dollars for a "loop," which is the package of electronic equipment that connects the transmission point (usually an affiliated station) with the telephone company's "long lines." It is even more expensive to order stories sent electronically by means of the satellite-relay system—eighteen hundred and fifty dollars for the first ten minutes of a story from London to New York and about twenty-four hundred dollars for the first ten minutes of a story from Tokyo to New York—and these costs are charged against the program's budget. The weekly budget for the N.B.C. Nightly News is in excess of two hundred thousand dollars, and that of the C.B.S. Evening News is almost a hundred thousand dollars, but more than half of each is committed in advance for the salaries and expenses of the producers, editors, writers, and other members of the "unit," and for the studio and other overhead costs that are automatically charged against the program's budget. (Differences in the billing of these charges account for most of the difference in the budgets of the N.B.C. and C.B.S. programs.) At C.B.S., about forty-nine thousand dollars a week, or eight thousand dollars a program, is left for "remotes." Since a news program needs from six

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to eight film stories a night, and some satellite charges can be as high as three thousand dollars apiece, the budget, in effect, limits the number of "remote" stories that can be transmitted in an average week.

Because of differences in transmission costs, producers have a strong incentive to take news stories from some areas rather than others, especially when their budgets are strained. The fact that networks base most of their camera crews and correspondents in New York, Washington, Chicago, and Los Angeles reinforces the advantage of using news stories from these areas, since they involve less overtime and travel expense. It is not surprising, then, that so many of the film stories shown on the national news programs originate in these areas. Although the geographical distribution of film stories varies greatly from day to day, over any sustained period it is skewed in the direction of these few large cities. It is economically more efficient to consign news of small-town America and of remote cities to timeless features such as Charles Kuralt's "On the Road" segments on the C.B.S. Evening News. This suggests that if network news programs tend to focus on problems of a few large urban centers, it is less because, as Vice-President Agnew argued, an "enclosed fraternity" of "commentators and producers live and work in the geographical and intellectual confines of Washington, D.C., or New York City . . . [and] draw their political and social views from the same sources" than because the networks' basic economic structure compels producers, willy-nilly, to select a large share of their filmed stories from a few locations.

IN the structured universe that network news executives inhabit, a basic fact they must contend with is that broadcasting, unlike the other communications media, is a government-regulated industry, and that government regulations to some extent constrain and shape their decisions. The rationale for government licensing and control of television stations is that the public airwaves, over which television and radio signals are transmitted from antennas to home receivers, can be divided into only a limited number of broadcasting channels, that no two stations within a prescribed number of miles can operate on the same channel at the same time without interfering with each other, and that the demand for VHF channels far exceeds the supply. The use of airwaves thus requires some form of allocation—although, as

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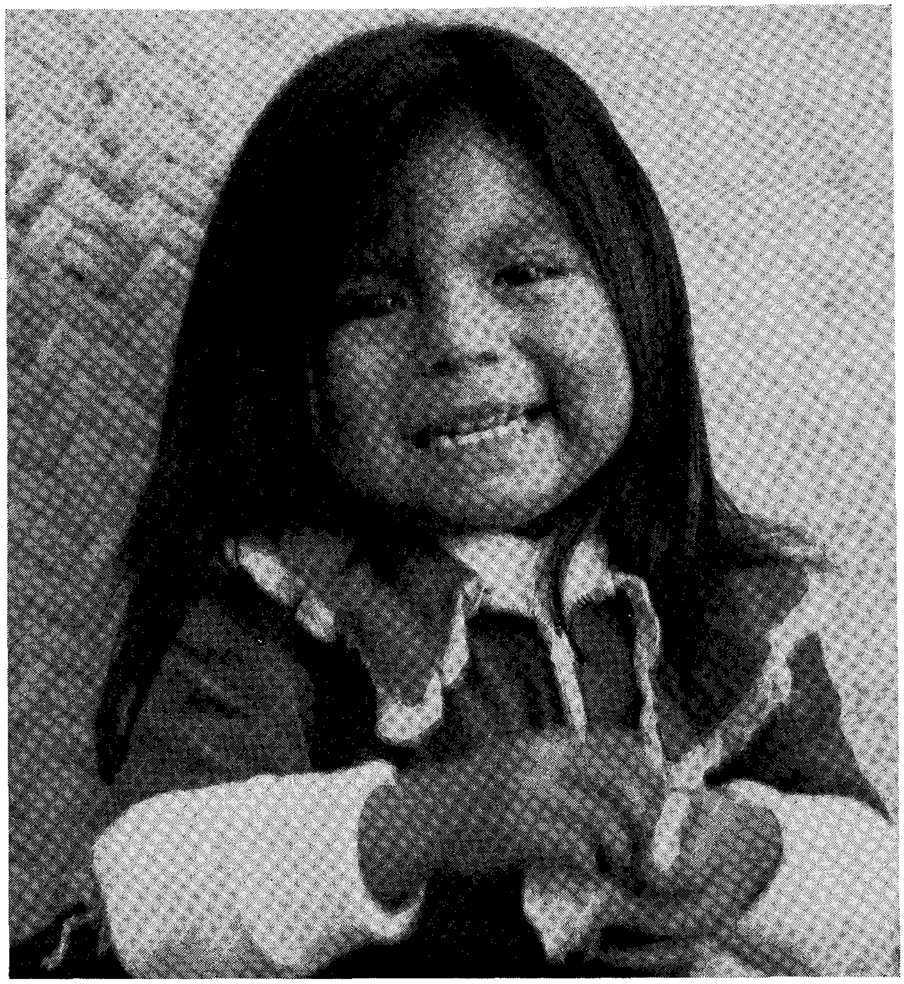
the economist Milton Friedman and others have argued, such allocation does not necessarily require government control.

As it happens, government regulation came about at the behest of the burgeoning broadcasting industry, in the nineteen-twenties. The industry had been operating since the end of the First World War under temporary restrictions, laid down by the Secretary of Commerce, on broadcast frequencies and operating hours. After an Illinois district court held, in 1926, that the Secretary had no power to impose these restrictions, station owners had no means of protecting their broadcasting frequencies from competitors. President Calvin Coolidge warned that "the whole service of this most important public function has drifted into such chaos as seems likely, if not remedied, to destroy its great value." In response to the President and to the demands of the broadcasting industry itself, Congress enacted the Radio Act of 1927, which created a Federal Radio Commission, with broad licensing and regulatory powers. Seven years later, in the more comprehensive Communications Act of 1934, it incorporated the powers of the Radio Commission in the newly created Federal Communications Commission, which in theory was an independent regulatory agency, appointed by the President and funded by Congress, with full authority over the broadcasting, telephone, and telegraph industries. The latter act empowered the F.C.C. to license all broadcasting stations, prescribe the nature of the activities in which each licensed station could engage, make necessary regulations to prevent interference between stations, and, in general, promote "the larger and more effective use" of broadcasting. "The policy of the act is clear," the Supreme Court subsequently found. "No person is to have anything in the nature of a property right as a result of the granting of a license. Licenses are limited to a maximum of three years' duration, may be revoked, and need not be renewed." With this mandate, the Commission laid out the rules and license allocations under which the broadcasting industry developed. To achieve "a fair, efficient, and equitable" broadcasting system, the available space on the public airwaves was divided into a spectrum of frequencies. To minimize the interference between stations, the Commission specified for each individual station a frequency, a power, a maximum antenna height, and a schedule of operating hours.

The act gave the Commission no specific criteria for choosing among the



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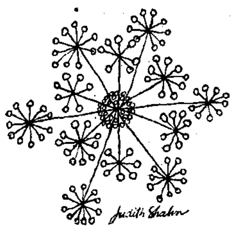
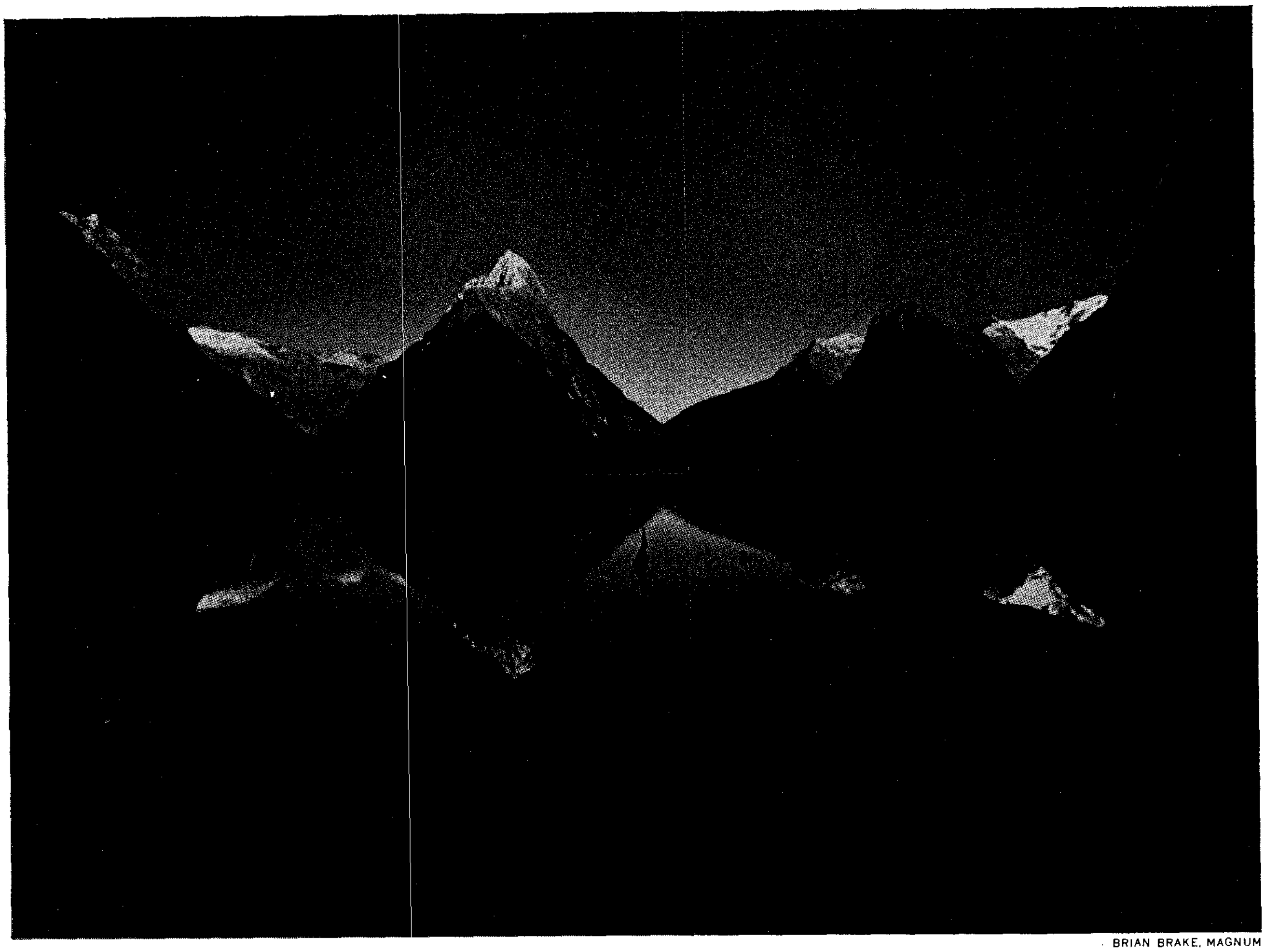
many interests competing in each area for a license, which was in effect a government-protected monopoly. Instead, it provided only a touchstone—the "public interest, convenience, or necessity." The question of exactly what constituted the public interest, convenience, or necessity in broadcasting was left to the Commission to answer. The concept of the public interest that has emerged in Commission and court decisions rests on three central assumptions about the role of a communications medium in a free society. First, it is assumed as "axiomatic" that the "basic purpose" of broadcasting is, in the words of the Commission, "the development of an informed public opinion through the public dissemination of news and ideas concerning the vital public issues of the day." It is assumed, further, that it is "essential to the welfare of the public" for these ideas and this information to come from "diverse and antagonistic sources." This assumption presupposes that "right conclusions" are more likely to be arrived at through "a multitude of tongues" competing for the public's attention than through any single authoritative source. Finally, it is assumed that broadcasting must function preëminently as a local institution. The Federal Radio Commission established this principle as early as 1928, holding that "a broadcasting station may be regarded as a sort of mouthpiece on the air for the community it serves, over which its public events of general interest, its political campaigns, its election results, its athletic contests, its orchestras and artists, and discussion of its public issues may be broadcast." This requires "the diligent, positive, and continuing effort by the licensee to discover and fulfill the tastes, needs, and desires" of the community it serves.

To induce the broadcasting industry to work to these ends, the F.C.C. has at its disposal not only the ultimate, and little-used, power to revoke and transfer licenses but some very effective lesser powers. For one thing, it can promulgate rules that are binding on licensees. For another, it can announce in advance that when a station's license is challenged by another applicant, it will give weight to certain specific practices in deciding whether or not to renew the station's license. Finally, through administrative action—particularly by delaying the renewal of licenses until certain questions are answered—the Commission gives licensees a powerful incentive to accept even its unwritten standards and guidelines. "The strength of the F.C.C. is more in the threat it can pose than in actual actions," William Small, the news director of C.B.S. News in Washington, has said.

In the hope of stimulating the "competition" and "diversity" that it believed would "best protect the public interest," the Commission expressly prohibited any licensee from owning two television (or AM or FM radio) stations in the same market, or from owning or controlling more than seven television stations, of which no more than five could be VHF stations. The Commission also prohibited licensees from associating with any organization that controlled more than one network, and thus effectively compelled N.B.C. to divest itself, in 1943, of the Blue Network, one of the two networks it owned, which then became the nucleus of a new network, later known as A.B.C. Although these rules did not create the maximum possible amount of competition—apparently the Commission is unwilling to trade off the stability that comes from limited multiple ownership of stations for additional competition—they created an extremely fragmented ownership pattern. With no licensee owning more than five VHF stations, there was a ready market for network-produced programming, since it was seldom economically feasible for a station owner to produce programs for his own station or group of stations. Networks, which have been somewhat modestly described by a network president as "nothing more than programs and telephone wires," operate essentially by providing subscribing stations, or affiliates, with free programming and money in exchange for commercial time on the programs.



By 1938, the Commission had found that the national networks almost completely controlled radio programming. That most programs and viewpoints were being selected in New York by a few network managers, rather than all over the country by hundreds of competing licensees, ran directly counter to two fundamental objectives of the Commission. It substantially reduced the competition between stations, and it seriously undermined the ability of stations to serve local needs or to act as "mouthpieces" for the community. Concern for "the survival of individual licensees as decisional agents in broadcast service" led the Commission in 1940 to institute rules governing the relations between licensees and net-



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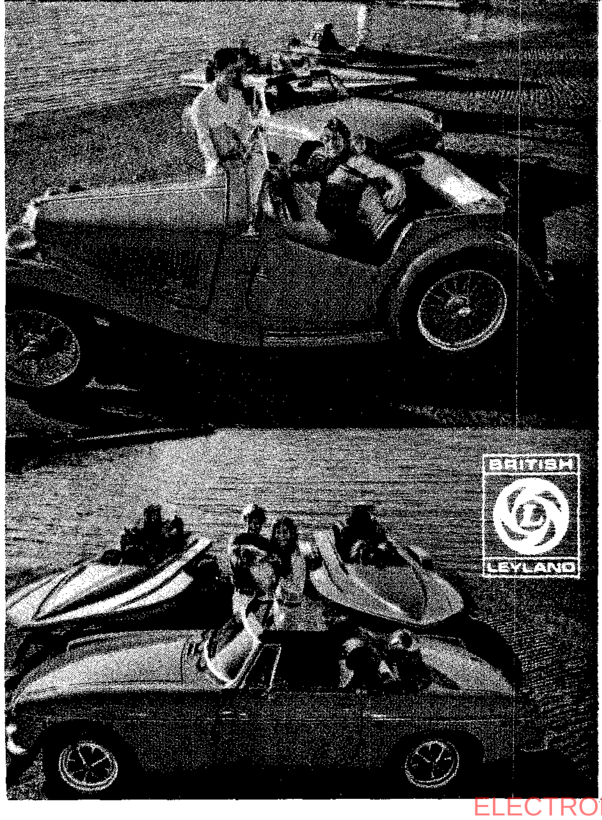

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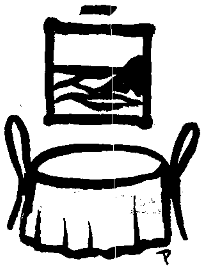
works. Although these regulations were designed primarily to strengthen the hand of radio broadcasters in their dealings with the networks, they later structured some of the crucial relations between television networks and affiliates as well.



Since the networks themselves do not, strictly speaking, broadcast over the public airwaves (but only relay programs to broadcasters over privately leased lines), the Commission has no formal authority to regulate their operations. However, the power to prohibit licensees from entering into specified arrangements with networks is tantamount to the power to regulate networks. The Commission, holding that "the licensee has the duty of determining what programs shall be broadcast over his station's facilities, and cannot lawfully delegate this duty or transfer the control of his station directly to the network," established rules that make it legally impossible for a network to force any affiliate to broadcast any program or series, even if the station has contracted in advance to do so. Affiliation contracts are thus reduced to what one network vice-president has called "one-way streets," explaining, "We are contractually bound to offer our programs first to our affiliates, and give them the right of first refusal, but they have no obligations to us."

THE affiliate structure established by the Commission's rules seriously affects the network news operations. The affiliates' right to accept—"clear," it's called—or reject a news program means that the network news executives and producers must be sensitive to the "demands and vetoes," as a C.B.S. vice-president has put it, of the affiliates' managers. Historically, the main inducement for affiliates to take news programming has been the fear of F.C.C. reprisal when their licenses come up for renewal. Newton Minow, chairman of the F.C.C. under President Kennedy, was playing on just this fear when he said, in 1961, "Unfortunately, too many television stations reject the public-affairs programs offered by the networks because they can make more money rerunning old movies. This kind of broadcasting presents serious questions about responsibility and the public interest. The F.C.C. is doing what it can to encourage what the Pilgrims called 'better walking' on the part of these stations." The F.C.C. does not set formal minimum quotas for news programming. But it does give broadcasters a strong reason to carry news and public-affairs programs by making it clear that in license hearings special weight will be given to them: the more news a station carries, the better the chances are that the Commission will find in favor of the licensee. Few stations, to be sure, lose their licenses in hearings, but that is partly because few stations are willing to risk their extremely lucrative license—or even provide grounds for a challenge, which can involve very heavy litigation costs—by openly flouting the Commission's unofficial guidelines on news programming. The high value that the F.C.C. has placed on the national news supplied by the networks has worked to alleviate the problem of clearance. The expansion of network news from fifteen to thirty minutes in 1963 was accepted by most affiliates, even though it meant sacrificing a substantial amount of advertising revenue, because, a network executive has explained, "they knew how the Commission, and powers in Washington, felt about national news, and it wouldn't help matters at license-renewal time if they had refused to clear the only national news program available to them." Any reversal, or even reappraisal, of the value of network news on the part of the Commission or the vaguely defined "powers in Washington" would strike at the foundation of network news—affiliate clearance.

For this reason, the charges of Vice-President Agnew that network news represented the views of only a "tiny enclosed fraternity" and was in many ways detrimental to the public interest could not be lightly dismissed by network executives, especially since those charges might be perceived by affiliate owners as signalling a shift in the value that the government placed on network news. A network vice-president's analysis of the implication of Agnew's speeches suggests the sensitivity of network executives to the triangular relationship of network, government, and affiliate:

> The affiliates, not the networks, may be the real targets of the Agnew speeches. A network, after all, is an abstraction. Huntley, Brinkley, and Cronkite could sing, dance or strip in their New York studios, but if the affiliates didn't choose to take the show in the first place, it wouldn't raise an eyebrow from here to Monterey. Each of the networks owns five stations. That's fifteen among the three of them. But their affiliates add another 550 stations to the net-

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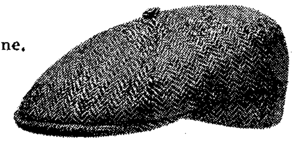

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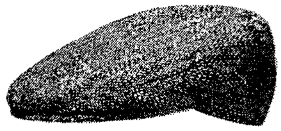

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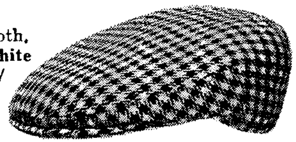

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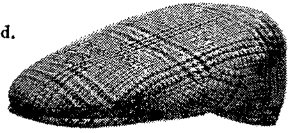

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works. Simple arithmetic will tell you that if the affiliates, out of conviction or fear, rise up in rebellion and pull the plug, then the networks are sunk . . .

After Agnew's speeches there was some variation in the way affiliates reacted. But for the most part they were silent. . . . *But let the* Vice-President stir up enough trouble; let F.C.C. Chairman Dean Burch ask a few more searching questions about the way in which licensees are discharging their obligations to serve the interest, convenience and necessity of the public that owns the airwaves; let just one license be revoked for bias, and the affiliates' revolt will start. The networks would not be able to deal with it . . .

The fears that Agnew's speeches stirred among network executives were renewed recently when Clay T. Whitehead, the director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, made a speech about relations between the networks and their affiliates. Whitehead criticized what he described as "ideological plugola" in television news, and urged the affiliates to impose their news judgment on network news programs. From a legal standpoint, there was nothing new in this; the affiliates already have a sort of censorship power over network news, in their right of clearance, and they already bear legal responsibility for everything broadcast over their stations. What upset network officials was that Whitehead appeared to be offering further evidence of a change in the government's attitude, which once was one of support, toward network news. Whereas Newton Minow seemed to be using the licensing power of the F.C.C. to encourage affiliates to carry more network public-affairs programming, Whitehead seemed to be encouraging them to carry less of it. Julian Goodman, the president of N.B.C., described the Whitehead speech as part of a campaign to reduce public trust in network news, to "manufacture divisive issues between stations and networks," and to "influence the content of broadcast news programs, both local and network, so that broadcasters will avoid reporting news the government does not like."

Although the Commission is prohibited by the Communications Act from engaging in any sort of censorship, it has shaped the presentation of news in a general way by insisting that licensees meet prescribed standards of "fairness" and "balance." The administrative policies advanced under the rubric of the Fairness Doctrine, which was instituted by the Commission in 1949, require that every licensee present, in the course of programming, contrasting viewpoints on any controversial issue of public importance that is

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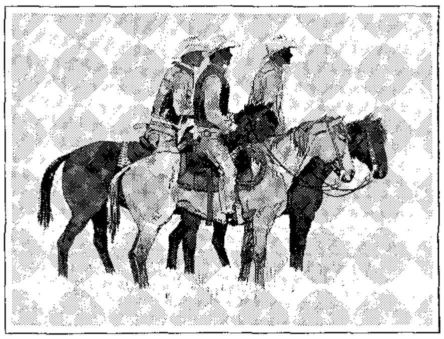

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discussed at all over the licensee's station. A station owner is thus made responsible for presenting not merely the views and opinions he considers to be correct but also the opposing views, even if he considers them to be false and injurious. This obligation of the licensees, although it is justified by the Commission as a way of promoting a "free market of ideas," actually represents a radical departure from the traditional concept of a "free market of ideas" that the Supreme Court has held to be the basis of freedom of the press. The traditional view, which proceeds from assumptions made by John Stuart Mill and other liberal theorists, is that the "free market of ideas" produces right conclusions if, and only if, each individual member of the press is free to express and advocate the views, or versions of events, he prefers. Biassed and meretricious views will, it is assumed, be balanced and corrected by the unrestricted competition of ideas. "The best test of truth," Justice Holmes wrote, "is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." The modified concept of the "free market of ideas" that was applied to broadcasters by the F.C.C. holds that since there is room on the public airwaves for only a limited number of stations to operate, each station must supply the competing viewpoints and ideas itself. Whereas individual newspapers are assumed to be the competing parts of the market, individual broadcasters are assumed to be the market itself—a public forum in which different parties, representing different views, can be heard by the public. But by making broadcasters—again, the licensed affiliates, not the networks—responsible for airing views antithetical to their own and for achieving "balanced presentation of opposing viewpoints" the Commission has restricted their freedom to report what they prefer, which is the cutting edge of the traditional concept of a free press. The Commission argues that "different rules are appropriate for different media of expression in view of their varying natures," and this argument is bitterly contested by broadcasters, who claim the same protection as newspapers under the First Amendment. But it is by the Commission's rules and standards that licensees must now abide.

The Fairness Doctrine requires broadcasters to provide a reasonable opportunity for the presentation of "contrasting viewpoints on controversial issues of public importance" in the course of their news and public-affairs programming. Unlike the "equal time"

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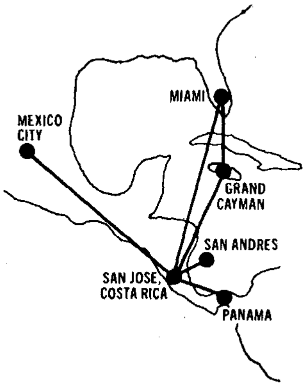

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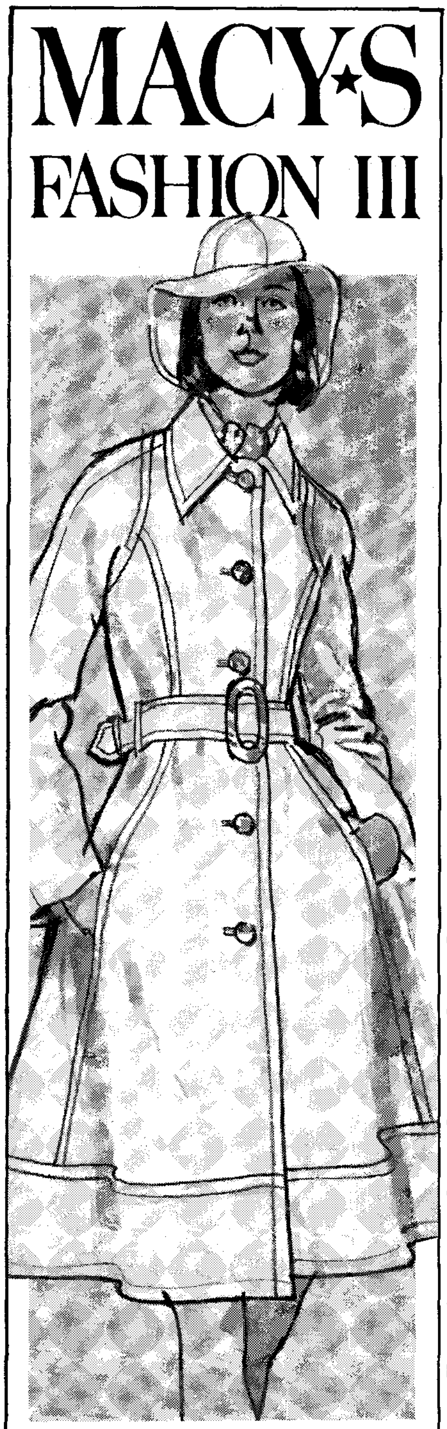

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provisions of Section 315 of the Communications Act—which applies only to candidates running for a public office and requires that if a station grants time to one candidate it must grant equal time to other candidates, except on news programs—the Fairness Doctrine does not require that opposing arguments be given an equal number of minutes, be presented on the same program, or be presented within any specific period. It is left up to the licensee to decide what constitutes a "controversial issue of public importance," a "fair" reply, and a "reasonable time" in which the reply should be made. Moreover, broadcasters are apparently not expected to be equally "fair" on all issues of public importance; for example, the Commission states in its "Fairness Primer" that it is not "the Commission's intention to make time available to Communists or to the Communist viewpoints."

Although no television station has ever lost its license because of a violation of the Fairness Doctrine, the doctrine has affected the form and content of network news in a number of ways. Most notably, the Fairness Doctrine puts an obligation on affiliates *to "balance" any network program* that advances only one side of an issue by themselves providing, in the course of their own programming, the other side, and the affiliates, rather than risk having to fulfill such an obligation, which could be both costly and bothersome, insist, virtually as a condition of taking network news, that the networks incorporate the obligatory "contrasting viewpoints" in their own news reports. The networks, in turn, make it a policy to present opposing views on any issue that could conceivably be construed as controversial.

This pro-and-con reporting is perfectly consistent with the usual notion of objectivity, if objectivity is defined, as it is by many correspondents, as "telling both sides of a story." It can, however, seriously conflict with the value that journalists place on what is now called investigative reporting, or simply any reporting the purpose of which is "getting to the bottom" of an issue, or "finding the truth," as correspondents often put it. A correspondent is required to present "contrasting points of view" even if he finds the views of one side to be valid and those of the other side to be false and misleading (in the Fairness Doctrine, truth is no defense), and therefore any attempt to resolve a controversial issue and "find the truth" is likely to be self-defeating. Robert MacNeil, a former N.B.C. correspondent, has described—in his book, "The People Machine"—the difficulty he had in presenting the conclusions he arrived at in an hour-long documentary on the subject of federal gun-control legislation. In the original version of the documentary, he concluded that it was necessary to restrict the ownership of firearms, and that Congress had failed to pass such a bill because of the pressures put on it by the "well-financed lobby led by the National Rifle Association." MacNeil writes:

> Shortly after the screening [of the original version] the word came down that the program would have to be re-edited. The instructions came from the N.B.C. lawyers and were ostensibly based on the need to observe the Fairness Doctrine. It was also mentioned that N.B.C. representatives expected to have to testify in forthcoming congressional hearings on broadcasting and did not wish to be under any cloud of disapproval when they did so. The instructions were resisted by the N.B.C. News Department, whose president, the late William R. McAndrew, thought the program was strong and should be aired as it was. However, the wishes of the network prevailed and the film was reëdited. The effect was to soften considerably the impact of the argument and to weaken the case against the N.R.A. [National Rifle Association]. In particular, the lawyers considered that we had been too tough on Franklin Orth [then executive vice-president of the N.R.A.]. Passages embarrassing to him were cut out and passages were inserted which either put him in a better light or permitted him to filibuster. . . . In addition to other changes which softened the impact of the Orth interview, an exceedingly tame ending was concocted.

The fact that the networks are vulnerable to, as well as dependent on, a political authority affects network news in ways that are not spelled out in rules and regulations. "Reprisals no less damaging to the media and no less dangerous to our fundamental freedoms than censorship are readily available to the government—economic, legal, and psychological," Dr. Frank Stanton, then president of C.B.S., said in a speech before the International Radio and Television Society soon after Vice-President Agnew levelled his criticisms against network news. "Nor is their actual employment necessary to achieve their ends; to have them dangling like swords over the media can do harm even more irreparable than overt action."

These metaphorical swords dangle not only from the policies and values of the Commission but also from those of political persons and groups who exert influence on the regulatory agency: the President, who appoints the seven members of the Commission; the subcommittees on communica-

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He asks you how you want it. (There's no luxury like the luxury of dealing directly with your chef.)

He cuts your steak into bite-size morsels. (Why should you have to perform any labor?)

His knife begins a snappy, rhythmic attack on the onions. (We believe there's as much drama in a dancing onion as in a dancing chorus girl.)

He slams the pepper shaker against the grill. (It's not good for a chef to suppress his excitement.)

As he cooks he adds all kinds of Japanese sauces and seasonings. (No, Worcester sauce is not part of our theory.)

At last he puts the sizzling steak directly on your plate. (The world's fastest waiter couldn't serve you better.)

You eat it. (Tell us. Has there ever been a more palatable philosophy?)

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tions in both houses of Congress, which oversee the Commission's operations and hold hearings on its past and future policy; the House Appropriations Committee, which monitors the expenditures of the Commission; and the leadership of both political parties in Congress, which can influence the relevant subcommittees and initiate new legislation for regulating the broadcasting industry. Network news organizations are in the position of being able either to jeopardize or to bolster the precarious political situation of their parent networks, depending on the events they choose to cover and the way they treat issues of political concern. Naturally, this political vulnerability makes the networks' executives—including those on the business side and those involved in affiliate relations—exceedingly sensitive to the operations and the general direction of the news divisions. Usually, the limits imposed by the networks' need to placate, or coöperate with, the government are not explicit. After the black riots in the summer of 1967, representatives from all levels of the newspaper, news magazine, and broadcasting industries were called together for a conference in Poughkeepsie, sponsored by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. The discussion centered on the need for guidelines in covering racial disturbances and, in general, on the ways that television could help ease the tensions in the ghettos. Reuven Frank strenuously objected to such an approach. In a letter to Roger Wilkins, then director of the Department of Justice's Community Relations Service, who spoke at the Poughkeepsie conference, he wrote, "The discussion was asking a medium of journalism to act as an instrumentality of social control. We must never accept such a request. . . . It is not for us to coöperate with government in establishing guidelines." The networks already had some guidelines of the sort suggested at the conference, and, despite Frank's caveat, they subsequently adopted others.

The networks also coöperate with the government in other ways. They add to the government's prestige by focussing the nation's attention on events such as the landings on the moon, Presidential addresses, and state occasions. A C.B.S. executive whose responsibility is special events has explained that since the networks could not count on advertisers to pay the full cost of covering such events, "they certainly wouldn't budget the time and money they do to cover such government-sponsored events if they didn't think it gave them some po-

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litical credit with the Administration."

This is not to say that the limits imposed by the vulnerability of the networks to political regulation cannot be circumvented by correspondents reporting the news. For a short period, in the treatment of any particular issue or event, the limits can easily be disregarded. But a correspondent who strays repeatedly from the norms of the organization over a protracted period may find himself blacklisted by the news producers, who are responsible to the network executives for the news reports on their programs. This means that he will no longer be assigned to politically sensitive stories. Political pressure can also be exerted upon correspondents in more subtle ways. Reuven Frank has said, in an interview broadcast on public television:

> There are already controls of a very insidious nature. An atmosphere is building up that concerns me a great deal—that news people, acting according to their best lights, keep feeling that their almost conditioned actions and decisions may be subject to review. And I am afraid of a process of self-censorship developing.

A FREQUENT criticism of television news is that it is superficial—that it affords only scant coverage of news events, lacks depth or sufficient analysis of events, and engages in only a minimum of investigative reporting. The assumption of such criticism is that television newsmen lack journalistic credentials, that producers and executives are lax or indifferent toward their responsibilities, and that changing or educating the broadcasters would improve the news product. But the level of journalism in network news is more or less fixed by the time, money, and manpower that can be allocated to it, and these are determined by the structure of network television. Any substantial improvement in the level of network journalism, such as expanding coverage of events to a truly nationwide scale, would therefore require a structural change in network television that would effectively reorder its economic and political incentives, rather than merely a change of personnel.

Another common criticism is, again, that network news is politically biassed in favor of liberal or left-wing causes and leaders, because a small clique of newsmen in New York and Washington shape the news to fit their own political beliefs. In this critique, network news is presumed to be highly politicized by the men who select and report it, and the remedy most often suggested is to employ conservative newsmen to balance the liberal viewpoints. Since, for eco-

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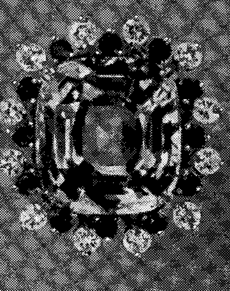

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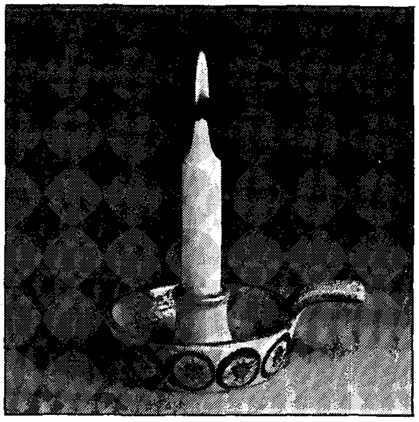

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nomic reasons, much of the domestic news on the network programs does in fact come from a few big cities, and since in recent years many of the efforts to change the distribution of political values and services have been concentrated in the big cities, the networks perhaps have reported a disproportionately large share of these activities. The requirement that network news be "nationalized" further adds to the impression that the networks are advancing radical causes, for in elevating local disputes to national proportions newscasters appear to be granting them uncalled-for importance.

Left-wing critics complain that network news neglects the inherent contradictions in the American system. Their critique runs as follows: Network news focusses not on substantive problems but on symbolic protests. By overstating the importance of protest actions, television news invites the audience to judge the conduct of the protesters rather than the content of the problem. This creates false issues. Popular support is generated against causes that, on television, appear to rely on violent protests, while underlying economic and social problems are systematically masked or ignored. Broadcasters can be expected to help perpetuate "the system," because they are an important part of it. Thus, one critic writes, "The media owners will do anything to maintain these myths. . . . They will do anything to keep the public from realizing that the Establishment dominates society through its direct and indirect control of the nation's communication system." In fact, however, the tendency to depict symbolic protests rather than substantive problems is closely related to the problem of audience maintenance. Protests can be universally comprehended, it is presumed, if they are presented in purely symbolic terms: one group, standing for one cause, challenging another group and cause. The sort of detail that would be necessary to clarify economic and social issues is not easily translated into visual terms, whereas the sort of dramatic images that can be found in violent protests have an immediate impact on an audience. Newsmen therefore avoid liberal or radical arguments not because they are politically committed to supporting "the system" but because such arguments do not satisfy the requisites of network news.

Finally, in what might best be called the social-science critique, network news is faulted for presenting a picture of society that does not accurately correspond to the empirical data.

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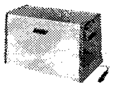

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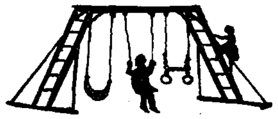

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Spokesmen selected by television to represent groups in society tend to be statistically atypical of the groups for which they are supposedly speaking; for example, militant students may have appeared to be in the majority on college campuses in America during the nineteen-sixties because of the frequency with which they were selected to represent student views, when in fact data collected by social scientists showed that they constituted a small minority. It is generally argued that such discrepancies stem from a lack of readily usable data rather than any intent on the part of journalists to misrepresent situations. The implication in this critique is that if network news organizations had the techniques of social scientists, or employed social scientists as consultants, they would produce a more realistic version of the claims and aspirations of different segments of society. However, the selection of spokesmen to appear on television is determined less by a lack of data than by the organizational needs of network news. In order to hold the attention of viewers to whom the subject of the controversy may be of no interest, television newsmen select spokesmen who are articulate, easily identifiable, and dramatic, and the "average" person in a group cannot be depended on to manifest these qualities. Moreover, the nationalization of news requires that spokesmen represent the major themes in society rather than what is statistically typical. Given the organizational need to illustrate news stories with spokesmen who are both dramatic and thematic, network news cannot be expected to present a picture that conforms to the views of social scientists, no matter how much data or how many technical skills the social scientists might supply.

As long as the requisites remain essentially the same, network news can be expected to define American society by the problems of a few urban areas rather than of the entire nation, by action rather than ideas, by dramatic protests rather than substantive contradictions, by "newsmakers" rather than economic and social structures, by atypical rather than typical views, and by synthetic national themes rather than disparate local events.

—EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

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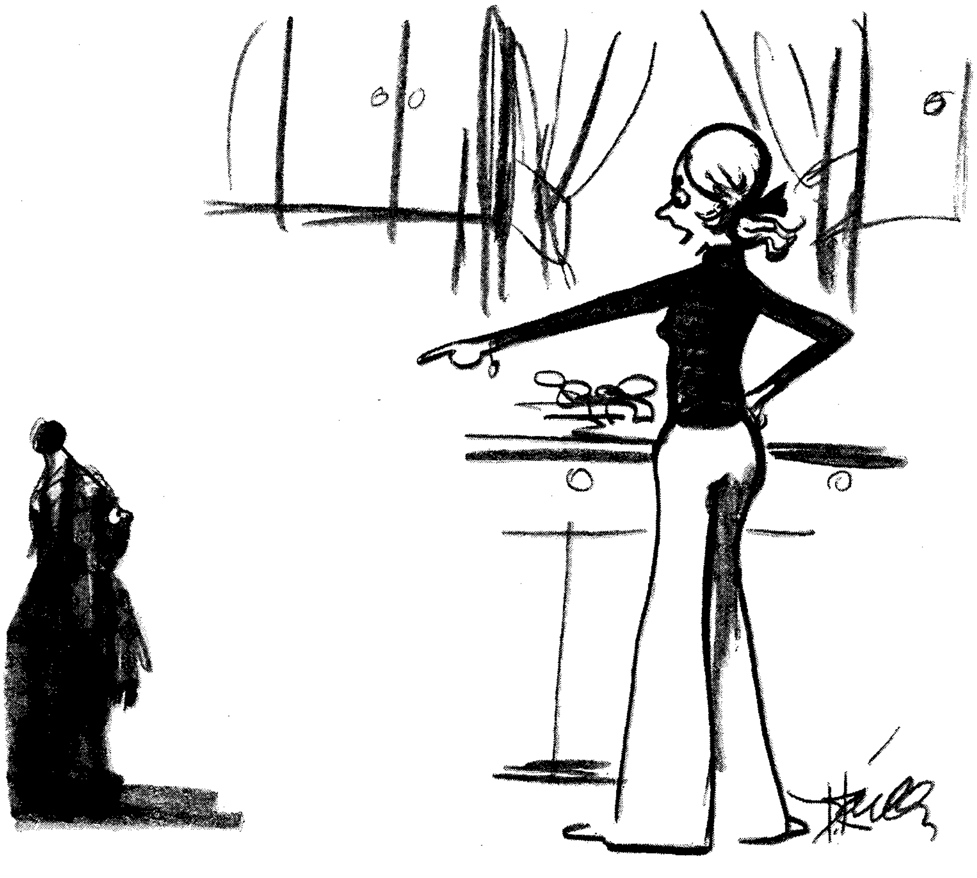
THE THEATRE

TO THE WINDS

THE heading above refers to where, sufficiently moved, one is supposed to throw caution, and I hereby do so in asserting that “A Little Night Music,” at the Shubert, comes close to being the perfect romantic musical comedy. With music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book by Hugh Wheeler, and direction by Harold Prince, it is a fairy tale for adults, bathed in a continuous mild erotic glow and rebuking, with a mockery that leaves not the slightest trace of wounds, the parallel and sometimes indistinguishable excesses of innocence and cynicism. From the opening curtain, one is drawn irresistibly into the green turn-of-the-century papier-mâché heart of the musical, as if into some latticed and garlanded *fête d'été*, where, among charming people elegantly dressed, lust fences with decorum, and the witty custom of the country is to let both win. According to the program, the musical was “suggested” by the movie “Smiles of a Summer Night,” which Ingmar Bergman wrote and directed back in 1955, but Mr. Wheeler's book is in fact more closely related to the Bergman screenplay than this would imply: the plot is largely the same, most of the characters are presented as they are in the movie (even to being similarly made up and costumed), and a number of scenes contain passages plucked word for word from Bergman, as is the central metaphor of the three smiles of the summer night—one smile for lovers, a second for clowns, and a third for the sad and frightened and lonely. And this relation is all to the good, because “Smiles,” immaculately written and performed, is among the most delightful comedies we have. A measure of the success of “A Little Night Music” (a title that surely owes more to legal niceties than to any homage to Mozart) is that it manages to borrow from Bergman without trespassing on him; Mr. Sondheim's talents as a composer and as a writer of light verse transform the book, leaving it a twin of the screenplay but by no means an identical twin. If I speak of Mr. Sondheim's lyrics as light verse, it is in part because that is what they are—only Richard Wilbur is his equal in this difficult medium—and in part because many so-called lyrics nowadays are but a Great Dismal Swamp of dully thudding monosyllables and obviously unintentional false rhymes. That is not Mr. Sondheim's way at all; indeed, my ears noted only a single conventional showbiz rhyme (“still” and “hill”) in the entire evening.



“Mud room!”

Mr. Prince embodies those indispensable attributes of the best directors—intelligence, energy, and discipline—and his touch is to be seen everywhere in “A Little Night Music.” A frequent co-worker of his, Boris Aronson, has designed a set so tenderly amorous and at the same time so ingenious that portions of it—transparent screens appliquéd with groves of birches and cushiony dells—seem themselves to be waltzing as they slide back and forth between scenes. As Désirée Armfeldt, a middle-aged actress who has begun to think of settling down, Glynis Johns is pretty, droll, and occasionally touching. At the age of thirty-three, Len Cariou uncannily assumes the posture and attitudes of a man twenty years older; recently married for a second time, to a still unravished eighteen-year-old, poor Lawyer Egerman longs for the sexual excitement and robust camaraderie of his former mistress, Désirée. Mr. Cariou is splendid in the part, and his duet with Miss Johns—“You Must Meet My Wife”—understandably brings down the house. So does a marvellous song called “Liaisons,” sung by Hermione Gingold at the very top of her form. How she can spit out a word in her gravelly baritone, or cause it to skitter sidelong, like a stone on water! Her impersonation of a self-made *grande dame* too shrewd ever to have risked becoming wise triumphantly crowns a career of sixty-five years on the stage. Let me more briefly, but with no less admiration, salute Victoria Mallory, as the fluttery child bride; Laurence Guittard, as a haughty, womanizing dragoon; Patricia Elliott, as his clever, long-suffering wife; and D. Jamin-Bartlett (a name she can certainly improve on), as a lady's maid who candidly seeks to make love as often as possible and who sings a beautiful, rueful song, “The Miller's Son.” Nor could I fail to congratulate Patricia Birch on her choreography, Tharon Musser on her lighting, and Florence

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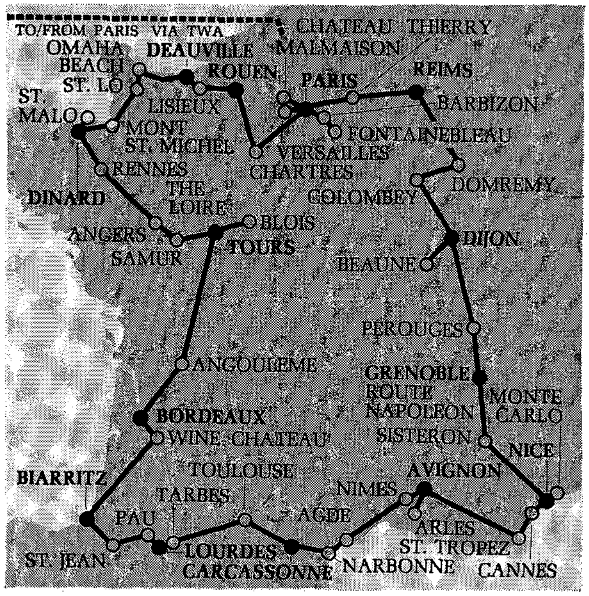
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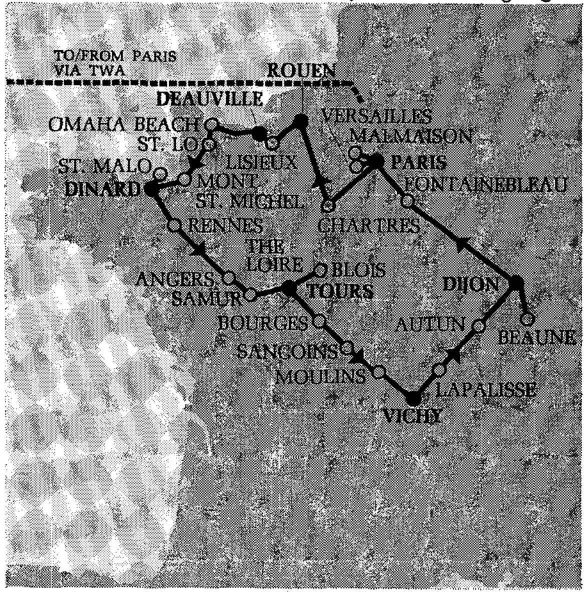
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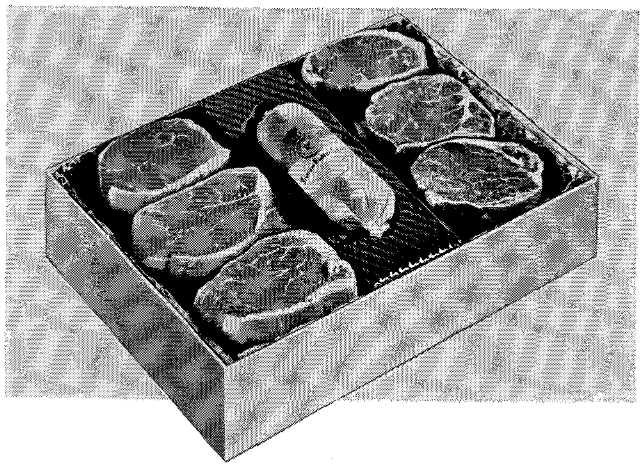

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Klotz on her exquisite, candy-colored costumes.

GOOD news first; now some bad news. A terrible play called "Status Quo Vadis," by Donald Driver, raced in and out of town while, if you were lucky, your back was turned, and a giddy and mindless British farce, "No Sex Please, We're British," which has been running overseas since Mafeking, has come to the Ritz and may well spend some time there. The setting is the apartment of a newly married young couple above a bank in a small town; the apartment has a total of seven doors, and I need tell you little more about the plot than that all seven doors are kept in constant slam-bang motion as the couple find themselves in possession of masses of pornography that they don't want and are visited in quick order by the bridegroom's mother, an assistant cashier in the bank, the bank manager, a bank examiner, a delivery man, a police superintendent, and two ardent, undressed tarts. Mix these parties up any way you please, keep the doors swinging open and shut, and a large portion of the audience is sure to have a good time. The second act is much funnier than the first, which is a smaller compliment than it sounds. The star of the show is a skimpy little clown named Tony Tanner. I laughed at him and also at Leon Shaw, as the bank examiner who wishes nothing except a good night's sleep. Maureen O'Sullivan is often onstage but has been given nothing to do. —BRENDAN GILL

•

A masthead for the Openness project's letterhead has been worked up by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Biltchik, and a sample was passed around for the AFSA Board to see. The acronym C/AFSA was first used for this joint venture, but it was not clearly understood, especially by the press. So the new name proposed is FACE-TO-FACE, and the symbol on the letterhead shows the "world" with two abstract continent faces. . . . The Board was in general agreement with this proposal, and the Chairman, at Ms. Good's request, undertook to ask Mr. Biltchik to see if the faces could be made less definitely male in appearance.—*Minutes of a meeting of the American Foreign Service Association.*

Atta person, Ms. Good!

•

THE PUBLISHING LIFE

[*Notice circulated to employees of Random House*]

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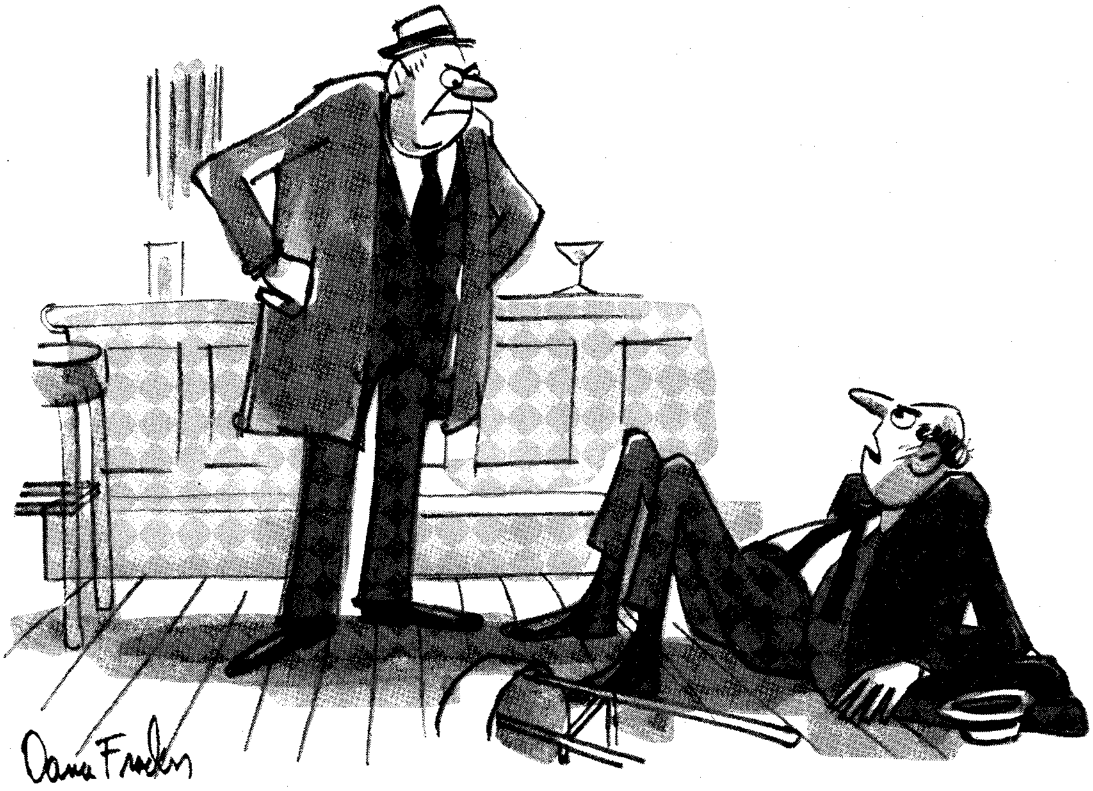
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

SHAKER furniture was "discovered" in the twenties by Edward Demming Andrews and Faith Andrews—the authors of "Shaker Furniture," which was first published in 1937 and remains the classic text on the subject—and until about ten years ago its following was limited to a relatively small group of collectors, scholars, and furniture buffs. All this has changed. The Shaker style is now more popular than any other nineteenth-century country-furniture style, and prices of Shaker pieces have gone from expensive to unthinkable. The very word "Shaker" has acquired a special aura of desirability, and has been taken up by the home-furnishings press in the way its predecessor "Early American" was. ("Simplicity," "restraint," and "craftsmanship" are the usual accessory terms.) When interest and demand overtake supply to the extent that they have with Shaker furniture, two types of enterprise are stimulated—forgery and reproduction. Examples of the former can be obtained through practically any disreputable dealer. Examples of Shaker reproductions are not yet so common (Japan has been oddly quiet), but it is probably only a matter of time before they are. Two excellent sources, representing two very different approaches and price levels, have recently come into being, and are discussed below.

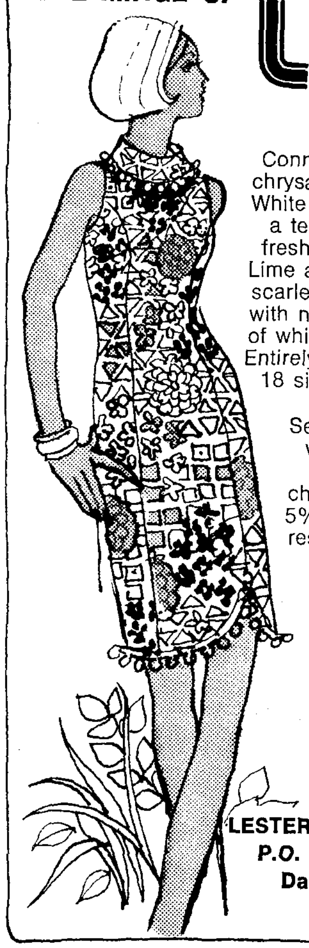
The North Family Joiners, of Hartsville, Massachusetts, founded by a pair of young cabinetmakers named Charles Caffall and Peter Markett, do custom Shaker reproductions of a most Shakerlike order of workmanship. The Joiners will undertake to copy or adapt practically any piece in the Andrews book (and in its sequel, "Religion in Wood") that is not a chair. In addition, they offer a small line of standard items, which are described in a leaflet obtainable by writing to them at Star Route 70, Box 73-A, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230. The standard items include an eight-foot-long cherry-wood trestle table ($400), a pine blanket chest forty-four and three-quarters inches long and eighteen and an eighth inches wide ($125), a cherry-wood lap desk appointed with drawers ($185), and a small hanging cupboard thirteen and a half inches high, eleven inches wide, and five and a quarter inches deep ($37.50). Two examples of the Joiners' work are currently on view in the Metropolitan Museum, at the end of the long corridor on the first floor where postcards are sold. The Museum commissioned the Joiners to make copies of two Shaker candlestands in its possession, and sells them—$160 for a plain round-top version, and $190 for a square-top stand with a drawer. These copies will give the prospective client a sense of the kind of careful, beautiful work that the Joiners do. They will also make him eager to compare the copies with the originals in the American Wing, but—unsurprisingly—these, along with the bulk of the Museum's collection of folk art and vernacular objects, are not on view. The Metropolitan Museum's coolness toward folk and vernacular art and its admiration for works of "the cultivated tradition" are well known. And it is necessary to admit that bizarre preferences such as this are precisely what make the Metropolitan a great museum instead of merely a likable one.

However the candlestands in the gift shop may actually compare with the originals (which are on loan to the Shaker Village at Hancock, Massachusetts), there are differences between their respective makers that are worth noting. Foremost of these is the fact that the North Family Joiners are custom cabinetmakers who work for well-to-do clients, whereas the Shaker joiners worked for themselves, to furnish the rooms of the communal dwelling places. (This is leaving out of account the chair-making businesses that many of the societies established, the most important of which was at the upstate Mount Lebanon community, where factory methods were used and tens of thousands of chairs were sold between 1873 and 1935.) There is a subtle but real difference between things made for sale to strangers and those made for oneself and one's family—like the difference between restaurant and home cooking. The exquisite care that the Shakers sometimes (but by no means always) lavished on their furniture has a different quality from the comparable effort expended by commercial cabinetmakers. The work of the North Family Joiners has a quality of refinement that differentiates it from the work of the Shakers and allies it, paradoxically, with the products of "the cultivated tradition." The most refined of Shaker



"Damn it! I thought we were discussing a point upon which honest and sincere men might differ."

THE IMAGE OF LM



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pieces, in contrast, have a certain homeliness.

But the most important result of the fact that Shaker furniture was made for and used by Shakers is Shaker design itself. The gaunt, strange beauty of proportion that marks Shaker furniture and makes it unlike any other furniture arose from the needs of communal life rather than—as certain writings about the Shakers would have one think—from some obscure foreknowledge of the Bauhaus curriculum. The most beautiful and most characteristic Shaker pieces are the case pieces—cupboards, cabinets, chests of drawers, kitchen counters, and desks—which take their design from specialized coöperative purposes in just the way that the forms within hives follow the specialized functions of the bees. These massive case pieces, along with interminably long trestle tables, are the basis of our conception of Shaker furniture, and they are also the pieces that least lend themselves to reproduction, since they are expensive to make and to transport and they don't fit into many of today's small rooms. The smaller and less, as it were, communistic pieces that the Shakers made—candlestands, chests, hanging cupboards, chairs, and abbreviated trestle tables—have been and will probably remain the mainstays of the Shaker-reproduction industry.

THAT very handsome effects can be achieved with reproductions of the lesser Shaker pieces is demonstrated in the showrooms of the Shaker Workshops, Inc., which are on the second floor of an eighteenth-century building in Concord, Massachusetts, called the Wright Tavern. The visitor passes through a daunting gifte shoppe on the ground floor (unconnected with the Shaker Workshops) and ascends to a maze of small whitewashed rooms that are sparsely furnished with reproductions of Shaker chairs, tables, candlestands, and cabinets, and give a lovely impression of mellowness and calm. On the walls are strips of pegboard from which dried herbs dangle, and oval Shaker boxes appear on tabletops. One is reminded of the rooms in the Shaker Village at Hancock, and the fact that one of the associates in the business is the former curator at Hancock may well have something to do with the illusion of authenticity that the Shaker Workshops showrooms achieve. The furniture itself is made in a number of small local factories and is sold in kit form for people to put together and finish themselves. (Assembled and finished versions are also available, for

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more money.) There is no comparison between these pieces and the handmade work of the North Family Joiners, but, for what it is, it is very good indeed. A trestle table sixty inches long and thirty-three inches wide, with a pine top and a maple base, is priced at $145, and the table is also available in an eighty-four-inch length for $160; a straight-backed chair with a tape seat is $35; an armchair with a tape seat is $70; a rocker with a tape back and seat is $65; a round-top candlestand with a tripod base (this design is similar to the one in the Metropolitan Museum) is $24; a square-top candlestand, or sewing table, with two drawers is $40; and a small chest of drawers with a drop-leaf top, which is available only in assembled form, is $120 unfinished and $165 finished. I bought the sewing table and the straight-backed chair, and found the former extremely easy to put together and the latter not so easy—through no fault of the manufacturer but because of the necessarily tight fit of the mortise-and-tenon joints of legs and stretchers. Each kit comes with the required screws, glue, sandpaper, and stain (in a choice of light or dark), and, in the case of chairs, with tape, which is offered in a large choice of colors. The weaving of the tape seat is not as hopeless a task as the long sheet of instructions makes it seem, but it is no joke. People who are not handy would probably do better to order things other than chairs from the Shaker Workshops, or buy the chairs already assembled and finished. (The finished straight-backed chair is $75, and the tape-backed rocker is $95.) In addition to the regular dark and light stains, the Shaker Workshops offer four stains in "authentic Shaker shades" and six "authentic oil-based paints," but the furniture in the showroom is all stained with the regular shades, so there is no way of knowing if the "authentic" ones are preferable. Of the two regular stains, I prefer the light one, especially on the tables and candlestands. It gives them something of the clean, pale look of Swedish and Finnish furniture, which is not inappropriate to Shaker design.

But neither the Shaker Workshops nor the North Family Joiners have entirely solved the problem of finish, which all copiers of antiques are plagued with, and to which, it may be, there is no satisfactory answer. The antiquity of antiques forms a part of our conception of them which cannot be denied, and, as the researches of forgers have demonstrated, it can be faked. The North Family Joiners feel that

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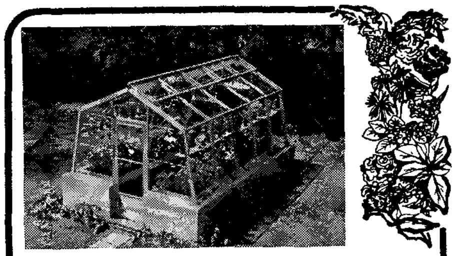

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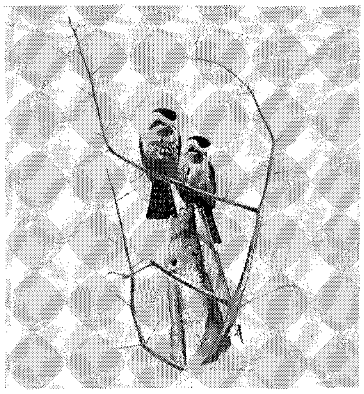
any attempt to make their pieces look older than they are is "immoral," and refuse to indulge in antiquing or distressing of any kind. "Our furniture is new and sold as new," they maintain. But *is* a copy of a piece made a hundred years ago a new piece? Is a copy of a Rembrandt a new painting? According to the "morality" of the North Family Joiners, the copier of the Rembrandt would have to try to approximate the colors actually used by Rembrandt rather than those achieved by the passage of time. The result would hardly be a Rembrandt. The difference I spoke of earlier between the work of the North Family Joiners and that of the Shakers, and ascribed to their different work situations, may well be as much a matter of different surface qualities. The purchaser of a Shaker Workshops kit who feels as amoral as I do on this subject may want to experiment with finishes, and I commend to his attention "Decorating Furniture with a Little Bit of Class" (Doubleday, $1.95), by George Grotz, who is not above beating a piece with a tire chain, and is not the most refined writer you'll ever read, but who has some sensible ideas and interesting suggestions.

People who can't get to Concord can write away to the Shaker Workshops, Box 710, Concord, Massachusetts 01742, for their catalogue, whose fine black-and-white photographs are, unfortunately, accompanied by unnecessary, fulsome descriptions. ("The robust yet graceful lines of Shaker craftsmanship, which have been appropriately described as 'religion in wood,' are immediately discernible in the design of this unique trestle table.") Besides the furniture, the catalogue offers small items, such as oval boxes, which are made of maple; pine fruit trays and berry boxes; cutting boards; sconces; clothes hangers; herbs and spices; and books and pamphlets about the Shakers. The oval boxes are especially noteworthy. They are handmade by a local craftsman and are close approximations of the exquisite originals. There are five sizes, beginning with a box six and a quarter inches long, four and a quarter inches wide, and two and a quarter inches deep, for $15, and going up to a box thirteen and a quarter inches long, nine and three-eighths inches wide, and five and three-quarters inches deep, for $25.

MY trip to the Shaker Workshops ended with a curious visit to a Shaker settlement in Canterbury, New Hampshire. The Shaker Workshops supply the gift shop of this community

MIGHTY MITES



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of six members with some of their furniture and small items, and I drove out to make a delivery with John Cole, the head of the Workshops, and Eugene Dodd, the aforementioned ex-curator at Hancock. The Canterbury community is one of two surviving Shaker societies (the other is the Sabbathday Lake group, in Maine), and the membership of both is entirely female, the last male Shaker having died in 1961. The Canterbury settlement will come as something of a shock to the person who arrives expecting to see austere architecture and chaste Shaker interiors. At Canterbury, the houses have ornate Victorian additions—columns, porticoes, porches, etc.—and the rooms are full of Victorian furniture and gewgaws and flowered rugs and patterned wallpapers. Canterbury is one of the "decadent" communities that gradually weaseled out of the Shaker strictures against ornament and luxury and both made and bought Victorian objects. In the plushy sitting room of what was once a great piece of Shaker architecture and is now a sort of amiable mess, I contemplated a vase of garish plastic flowers and a nineteen-thirties floor-model radio as Mr. Cole and Mr. Dodd delivered their Shaker reproductions to two diminutive old Shaker ladies. The ladies were dressed in starched pastel cotton dresses of Shaker design and small stiff net caps. Their step was quick and eager, and their faces were guileless and gay. When we left, they stood on the porch and waved goodbye, like a pair of children with a long Sunday ahead of them.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

A massive man of Boston and New York social pedigree, he started at Doubleday as a copywriter after having dropped out of Harvard, served in World War II and dabbled at small jobs. En route to the company's presidency, he married the granddaughter of the late Frank Nelson Doubleday, the Oyster Bay patriarch, founding father and publisher of Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Conrad.

Kiplinger nicknamed the publisher Effendi, and the Doubleday estate at Oyster Bay was known as Effendi Hill.—*The Times.*

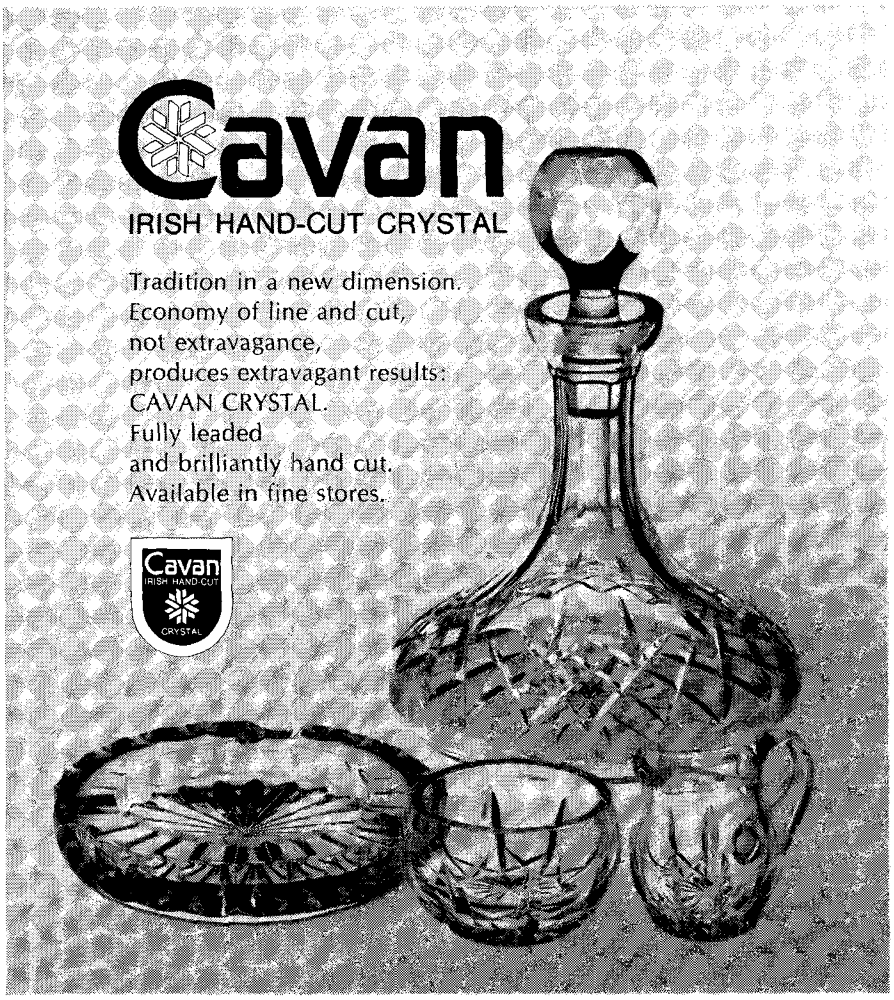
That must be the Kiplinger who predicted that East and West would never meet.

•

LIMPID DAYS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

[*From the Christian Science Monitor*]

Personnel changes at the White House leadership are considered by Mr. Nixon as absolutely essential to deal with a hostile Democratic dominated Congress and to rejuvenate a limpid bureaucracy.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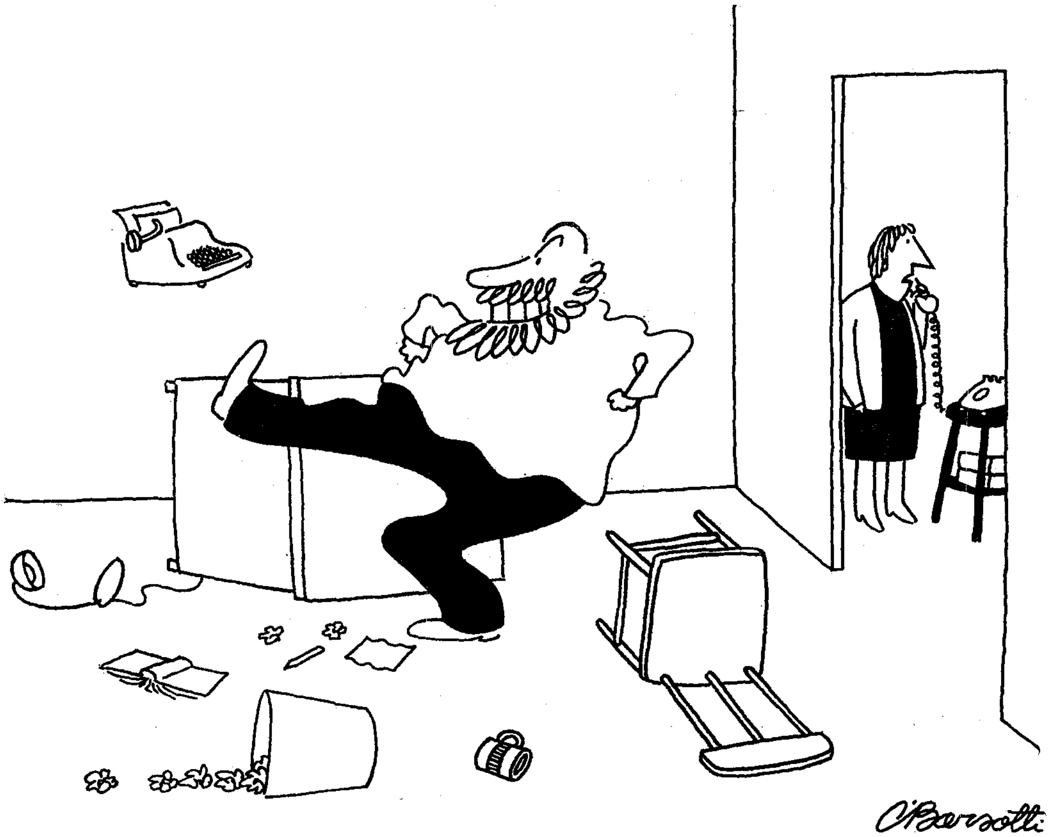
LETTER FROM BERLIN

FOR the first time since the Berlin Wall went up, in the summer of 1961, West Berliners may visit East Berlin and East Germany—for a maximum of thirty days in any one year. Several million of them have gone there since last Easter. And for the first time since 1952 they may telephone people in the Eastern Zone. Over four million calls have been made since last summer. Crossing into East Germany on the Autobahn or by train has become relatively easy: there is almost no waiting at checkpoints, and no harassment by East German police, and a minor car breakdown is no longer a major tragedy, because towing service has been provided. One may send books by rail without listing them in triplicate and translating the lists into Russian. Moving household goods from West Berlin to West Germany used to be a nightmare, because the police would take each shipment apart and if they found a single item whose export was forbidden would confiscate the whole van. Now shipments simply go straight through. These new rules, which went into effect last June as a result of the Final Quadripartite Protocol, sent normally realistic West Berliners into a state of euphoria that lasted several months. Unfortunately, only a few thoughtful people in West Berlin have taken a look at the small print in the agreements between Bonn and East Berlin, which reveals the high cost of détente. On every level, the Western architects of disengagement seem to have paid more than they received. On the Berlin level, the cost has been high for the Western Allies—the "protective powers" who officially continue to run the world's largest occupied city.

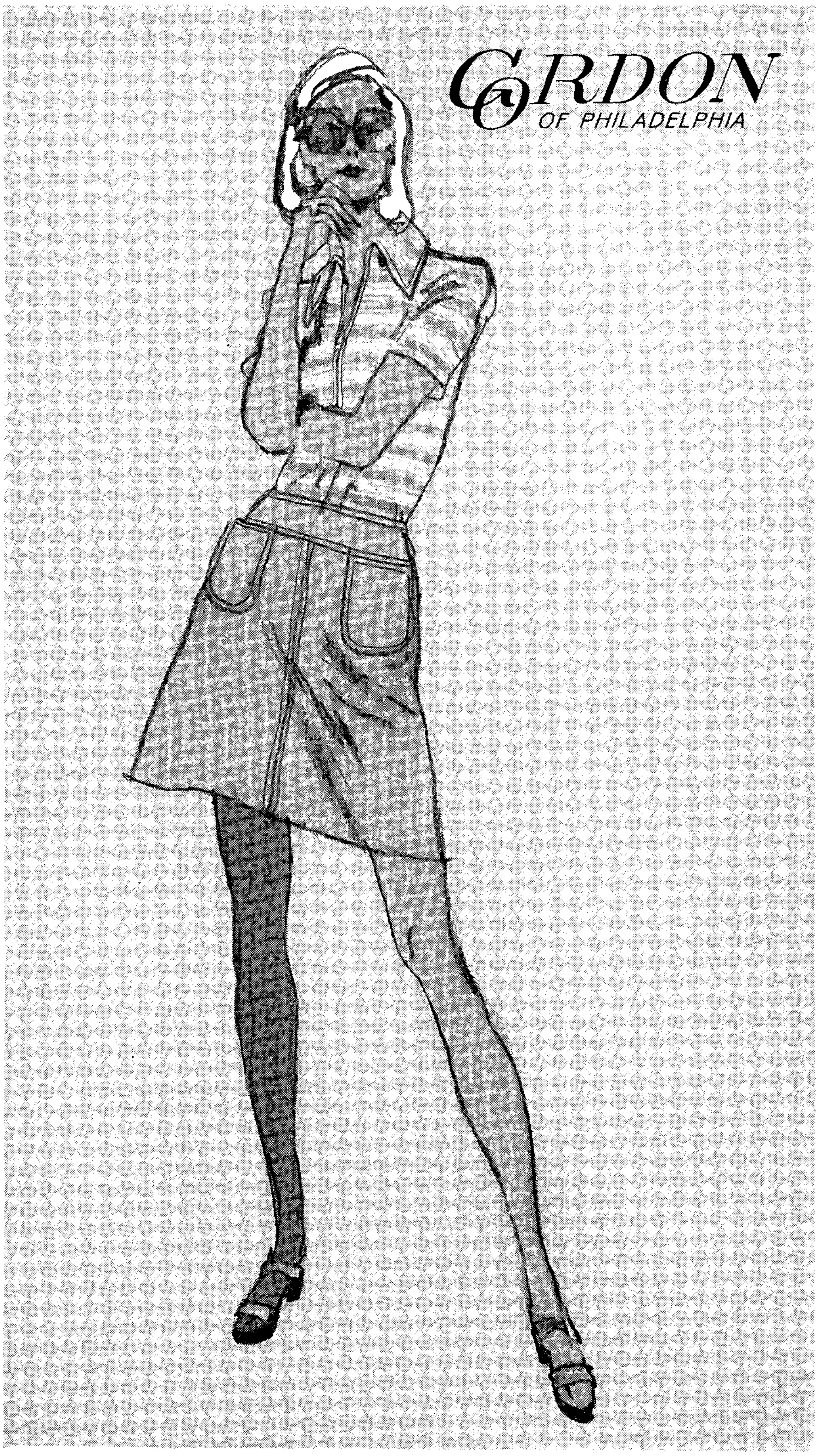
There are enough paradoxes and fictions and symbols in the legalistic jungle of the future relations between the two German states to keep students of international law busy for a long time. The West German Federal Minister, Egon Bahr, and the East German State Secretary, Michael Kohl, the negotiators, created masterpieces of political ambiguity when, over the last two years, they drew up first a Basic Treaty between the two Germanys and then complex agreements between Bonn and East Berlin concerning not only the traffic of persons and goods but innumerable other problems. The all-important concessions by the West were made not in the treaty but in an exchange of personal letters between Bahr and Kohl. The Quadripartite Agreement on Berlin, hammered out by the American, British, French, and Soviet ambassadors, and signed on September 3, 1971, is not part of the Basic Treaty between the two countries; in fact, the Basic Treaty does not even mention Berlin. Bahr had to come to West Berlin to assure his worried friends in the Social Democratic Party that Berlin would be covered by any treaty on an item-by-item basis. Like the treaty between the two Germanys, the Quadripartite Agreement is rather short, all the important concessions being made in annexes, or "communications," addressed by one side to the other and accepted without protest.



"He can't come to the phone now. He's indulging the license society affords those it deems creative."

Even so, the Agreement is a tough *quid-pro-quo* document. The Western Allies wanted any détente to include means of improving the people's life in West Berlin. The Russians were trying to detach West Berlin from West Germany and also to upgrade the status of their long-frustrated East German allies. Each side claimed gains, but the Russians gained a little more. They recognized for the first time that "the ties between the Western Sectors of Berlin and the Federal Republic of Germany will be maintained and developed, taking into account that these Sectors continue not to be a constituent part of the Federal Republic of Germany and not to be governed by it." Only the future will tell which side gained more from this point. The Western Allies conceded that certain provisions of the constitution operative in West Berlin "have been suspended and continue not to be in effect." The West German government will no longer perform "constitutional or official acts" in West Berlin. The Federal Assembly (which met in West Berlin in 1969 to elect Gustav Heinemann President of the Federal Republic) will hold no more sessions there. The President of the Federal Republic may not sign any bill into law while he is in West Berlin. Keeping up the diplomatic fiction that West Berlin remains the eleventh *Land* (or state) of the Federal Republic, the Allies dissociated themselves from the official German text of the Basic Treaty. The idea, according to one official in Berlin, is "to keep the German question open, so that nothing becomes definitive." The Russians recognized that West Berliners in the Soviet Union are entitled to protection by the West German Embassy in Moscow. The Allies conceded that the Russians may establish a consulate general in West Berlin while maintaining an embassy in Bonn—a not so subtle reminder that West Berlin is still not a constituent part of the Federal Republic. This concession may create serious problems in the future.

Diplomatic subtleties surround the position of the East German representative in Bonn, who will have the rank of ambassador but will not be officially recognized as a plenipotentiary. Somehow, West Germany managed to avoid an explicit international-law recognition of East Germany. The two countries did agree, however, that "the sovereignty of all States in Europe" is a basic condition for peace—an agreement that presumably includes the sovereignty of both German states. The East Germans, for their part, refused to admit the existence of "one German nation," which would have implied that Germany is divided only temporarily. Attempting to define the concept of nationhood is, of course, bound to create the sort of ideological confusion that the Germans have always loved. Walter Scheel, the West German Foreign Minister and Vice-Chancellor, recently said that the qualities constituting a nation are "common history, common language, common culture." Chancellor Willy Brandt is more cautious in his definition. Having realistically acknowledged Europe's postwar borders (in the Moscow treaty of August, 1970), the Oder-Neisse Line as marking Poland's western boundary (in the Warsaw treaty of December, 1970), and now the actual division of Germany, he says merely that nationhood results "when people see one another again." Most East Germans consider their homeland a state rather than a nation, and any of them who find this distinction confusing are unlikely to be enlightened by the constitution they live under, which calls East Germany "a Socialist state of the German nation." Most West Germans use "state" and "nation" interchangeably, having been told for a generation that they, and only they, represent the German nation. The haggling over such matters started minutes after Bahr and Kohl had signed the treaty. Kohl said that he could not consider a citizen of Frankfurt am Main, in West Germany, a true German, and Bahr re-



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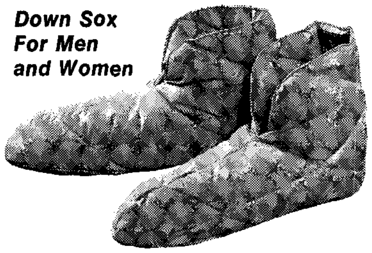
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

plied that anyone from Frankfurt an der Oder, in the East, was not a foreigner to him.

HAVING survived the Second World War and its aftermath, West Berlin is now facing the question of whether it can survive the peace. The grand clichés that have advertised the city's role in the past—"an island in a Red Sea" and "a window toward the East"—have been consigned to the history books. West Berlin is being devalued politically while it becomes more valuable economically. Real-estate prices have gone up ten per cent in the past few years, with speculators buying up land and apartment buildings. Since Premier Khrushchev's 1958 ultimatum concerning the status of West Berlin, real-estate values have increased at least ten times. Such values will not be sufficient to keep the city alive spiritually, though, and pessimists here fear that after East Berlin becomes the capital of a recognized state West Berlin may be downgraded to a "provincial" city—a terrible prospect for its traditionally world-minded citizens. When most countries eventually establish embassies in East Berlin, West Berlin could even become a sort of German Las Vegas, to which the diplomats would escape at night for relaxation and fun. Even the optimists in West Berlin admit that they are bound to lose some of the self-reliance that helped them through the postwar era of rubble and rebuilding, through the terrible blockade of 1948 and 1949, through crises and threats, and through the shock of the Berlin Wall.

New ideas will be needed to keep West Berlin alive and healthy. The Allies claim that the city is now Bonn's responsibility; officials in Bonn say that the Berliners should start thinking for themselves; people in Berlin say they can't do anything without Bonn and the Allies. Few people anywhere seem to have formulated any positive ideas about the city's future. Berlin is to remain a bridge between East and West; the home of scientific, academic, and cultural organizations; and a testing ground for consumer goods. But none of these plans is organic to West Berlin. Governing Mayor Klaus Schütz maintains that, far from being a forgotten outpost, a memorial to the past, Berlin is still one of the principal industrial centers between Paris and Moscow and may become "a showplace of peace," and he adds, "Above all, we don't want to compete with East Berlin. We'll set our standards by Rome, Vienna, Copenhagen." Schütz, lacking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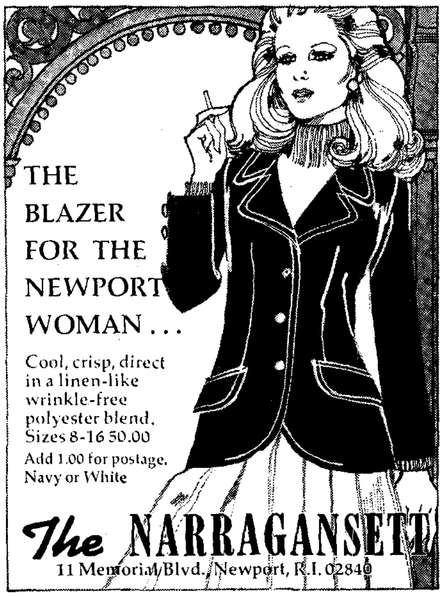
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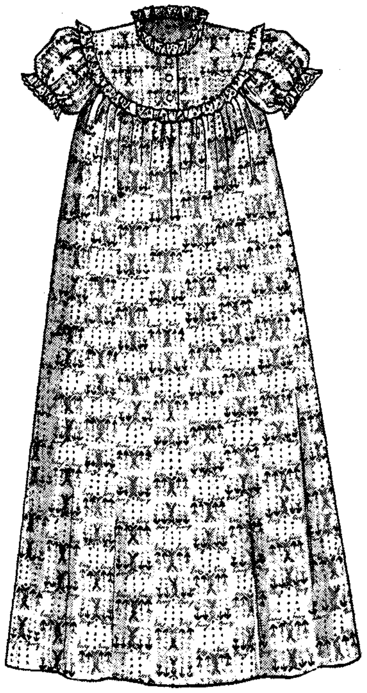
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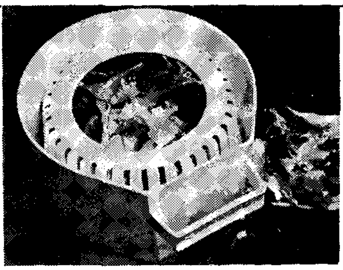
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the charm of his predecessors Ernst Reuter and Willy Brandt, has never been able to get really close to Berliners. It is said that he would like to be back in Bonn, where he was State Secretary in the Foreign Office before Brandt sent him to West Berlin, five years ago, and Berliners may find such a desire galling. They still haven't quite forgiven Brandt for giving up his job as Governing Mayor, in 1967, to become Foreign Minister in a coalition government, and now that he is Chancellor many Berliners may somewhat resent his looking at Berlin and its problems in the over-all context of world politics.

There has been talk of the Common Market's perhaps sending some of its agencies to West Berlin, but that idea may not work out, since the Market employees seem to feel fairly happy in Brussels. Other international offices, such as the International Atomic Energy Agency and various bureaus of the United Nations, are just as comfortably installed in Vienna and Geneva. Over the past twenty years, while confidence in the future of West Berlin was being undermined, the big local corporations moved some of their plants and their top management to West Germany, and no one here expects them to come back. Ambitious executives in Berlin know that their career here is necessarily limited—that if they expect to advance they must go to West Germany sooner or later. Another result of the uncertainty over West Berlin has been an exodus of young people; more than twenty per cent of the city's population is over sixty-five, whereas in the Federal Republic the figure is about twelve per cent.

West Berlin's remaining industries have had to bring in foreign workers to staff their plants, and this influx has caused serious problems in the city, which had previously enjoyed a reputation for being hospitable to its foreign population. (In 1700, every fifth Berliner was a Frenchman, and later there were large Czech and Polish immigrations.) Today, the largest wave of newcomers consists of Turks; there are between seventy thousand and a hundred thousand, many of them performing the unskilled work that no Berliner wants to do, such as sweeping streets and trucking garbage. Unlike the other principal immigrants—the Greeks, the Yugoslavs, and the Italians, who are mostly skilled labor, and who come alone, on short-term contracts—the Turks bring their families along. Turkish families occupy whole blocks in some working-class districts; the wives also work, and the children need

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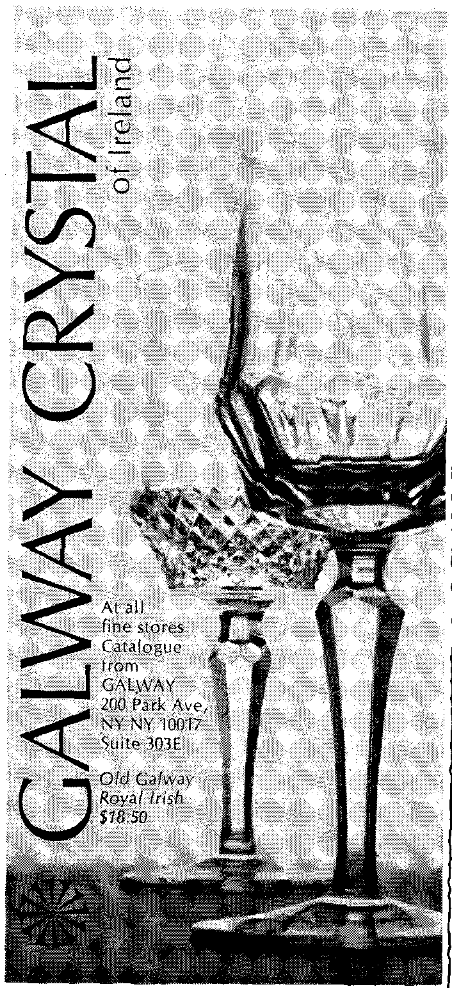

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schools. The authorities tried to bus them to German schools, whereupon the German parents protested, so now West Berlin has a busing problem on top of everything else.

WHILE the West Berliners have continued to talk about building a bridge between East and West, the Russians have gone ahead and done it in West Berlin. Even before the agreements were signed, they started a cultural offensive that stunned the Western powers. Using all the weapons in their formidable cultural arsenal, the Russians brought in not only the Oistrakhs, Kogan, Richter, Gilels, and the Moscow State Orchestra but also several Deputy Ministers of Culture, a succession of Russian films, Moscow's Ballet on Ice, the Omsk Chorus, some soccer teams, exhibitions of Soviet philately, lectures, special events for the Soviet-German Friendship Club, and a program called Days of Soviet Culture, 1972. The Second International Meeting of Youth Orchestras, a West Berlin event sponsored by the Herbert von Karajan Foundation, was won, impressively, by the Symphony Orchestra of the Tchaikovsky Conservatory from Moscow, which was cheered for a brilliant performance of Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony under Alexander Lasarev, clearly outdistancing the two American contestants—the Washington, D.C., Youth Orchestra and the Oakland Symphony Youth Orchestra (which, incidentally, were really made up of young people, aged between twelve and nineteen, whereas a number of the Russian string players were in their middle twenties). West Berlin audiences seem flattered by all the attention they have been getting from Moscow. "We've brought cultural attractions to West Berlin for the past twenty years, but somehow everybody here seems to be talking about the Russian events these days," an American said. Some West Berlin newspapers now run feature stories about cultural events in East Berlin, and even the official publications of the West Berlin Senate sometimes mention places worth seeing in the eastern part of the city, after ignoring it culturally for more than twenty years.

The détente and the cultural exchange have created problems for officials in East Berlin, who fear that the citizens may be "contaminated" by Western thought. Erich Honecker, the First Secretary of the Socialist Unity Party, has warned that Party members must beware of Western contacts and spurious ideology. There must be watch-

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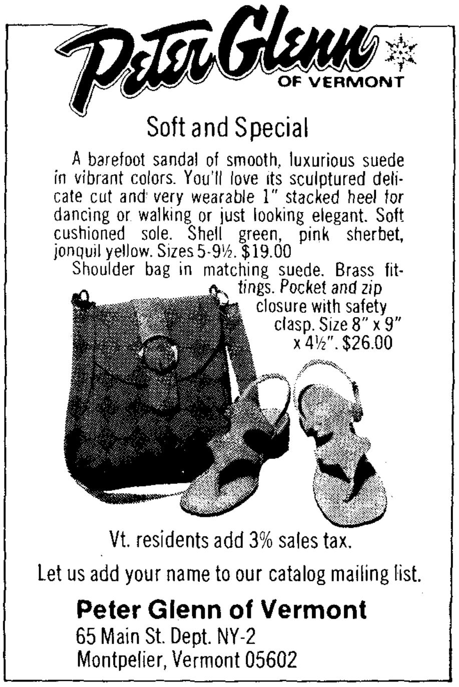
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fulness against "class enemies." All state employees have had to sign pledges not to reveal state secrets. Even mailmen are forbidden to discuss the details of their daily rounds, and many other government employees have been warned to consider "consequences concerning their jobs." A well-organized indoctrination campaign explains the difference between treaty coexistence and ideological coexistence. Yet the authorities realize that visits by millions of West Berliners and West Germans must have an effect on East German society.

Young people from West Berlin now spend their weekends "over there," trying to find out how the other half lives but avoiding political arguments. A young West Berlin historian and his wife have gone back several times to his native village in East Germany, and one of his former schoolmates, no Party member, takes them on excursions to early-eighteenth-century villages, with their lovely buildings, and to the woods around Neu-Ruppin, where Theodor Fontane, the great chronicler and novelist of life in and around Berlin, spent his youth a century and a half ago. Not all Western visitors have such pleasant experiences, however. A woman from West Berlin recently took her nine-year-old son to East Berlin to visit her sister, who has a son of the same age. The cousins went down to play in the courtyard, and there the little West Berliner was called "a capitalistic swine" and "an exploiter" by the neighborhood children, and his cousin was taunted as "a traitor" and beaten up. The next day, the East Berlin woman was notified by school officials that her son would be excluded from all sports and games for six months—"until he proves that he is politically reliable." Still, the human contacts are now bound to continue, and, inevitably, there will be a softening-up process. The question is, who is going to soften up whom? —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

Nobody in Leningrad has ever called the Nevsky Prospekt anything but the Nevsky Prospekt, despite the fact that its correct name is "Avenue of the 25th of October," nor the Maryinsky Theatre anything but the Maryinsky Theatre, despite the fact that it is supposed to be the Kirovsky, and you would be ill-advised to jump into a New York taxi and tell the driver to take you to the Avenue of the Americas, since nobody in New York ever calls it anything but Seventh Avenue.—*Bernard Levin in the London Times.*

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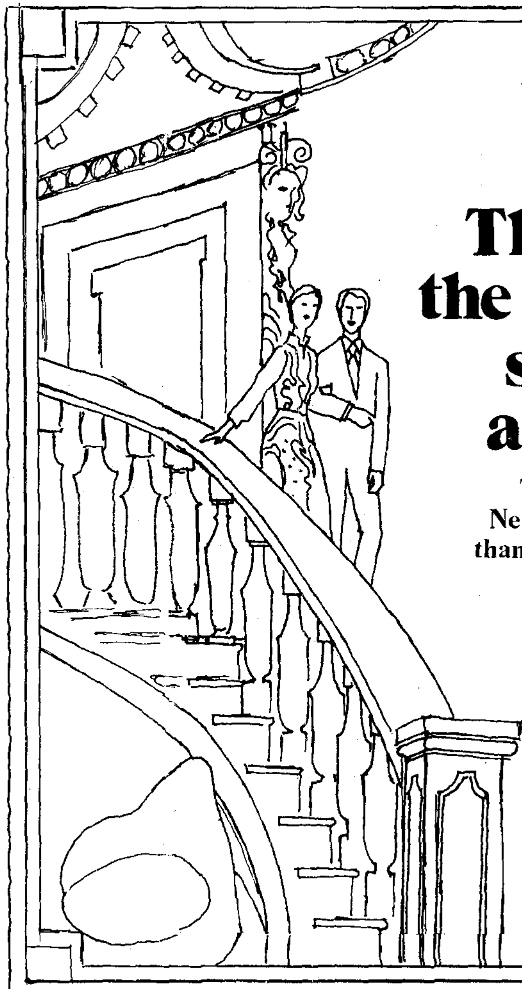

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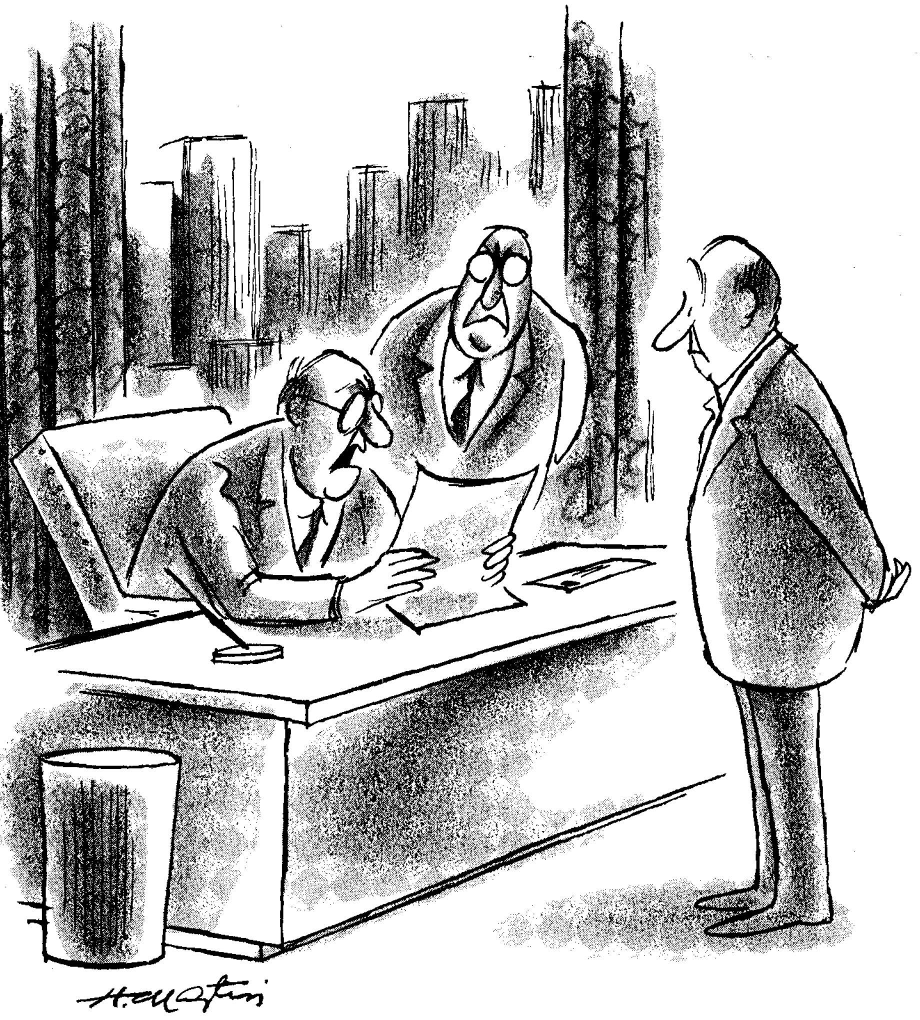
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Generation's Clown

STILL bounding onstage at talk shows, telling jokes at seventy, seventy-five, and eighty, the old comedians have become boring immortals—members of a raffish Academy that sits in Las Vegas. The exception—the one who barely seems a performer at all now—is that mere infant Sid Caesar. The Sid Caesar who appears on TV is scarcely recognizable as the funnyman who appeared on "Your Show of Shows" during the early fifties. The mighty Caesar was a popular favorite then, especially of bright kids and educated people—rather like Woody Allen in recent years. Now, at fifty, he doesn't seem to be a professional funnyman, or a funny person, either; he's like a civilian who was once in the Army—it all rubbed off him. In the new film "Ten from Your Show of Shows," Sid Caesar appears in ten sketches selected from the kinescopes of the live weekly show—live in the sense of being done in front of an audience (at the beginning in a theatre that seated eight hundred and then in a theatre that seated thirty-five hundred) and of being seen at the same time in most of the country. "Your Show of Shows" lasted from 1950 to 1954; there were a hundred and sixty ninety-minute shows, all produced and directed by Max Liebman. (When the ratings declined and the show ended, Caesar's co-star, Imogene Coca, got her own series; Liebman went on to produce spectaculars—the ancestor of specials—and Caesar, for three years, appeared on "Caesar's Hour," which he produced himself.) Liebman and Caesar made this selection of clips, from their own copies of "Your Show of Shows," N.B.C. having admittedly junked its collection as a matter of routine, since it owned rights for one airing only and would have had to pay for any additional use. There had been no reruns: no station or network ever put the show back on as a series, despite their legendary status and the clips that turn up on those salutes to TV (which are generally put together by morticians, like the Ed Sullivan graveyard special last week).

Still in his twenties when "Your Show of Shows" started, handsome and over six feet tall, Caesar put on weight rapidly. By the end of the series, people had forgotten what he looked like at the beginning. Although the audience didn't associate him with one comic character—in the way that Fields became the lovable misanthrope or Groucho the cynic—and he played many types, everything he did in these sketches has extra dimensions because of his size. This round-faced Big Sid is an overgrown boy who can't quite handle what he has turned into; he has the pomposity and the chagrin of heavyweights. You're often aware of the delicate movements of other large comics; with Sid Caesar, you're aware of the mugging and the deep boom-rumble of his voice and the sheer bullying weight of him. His weight isn't jolly, like Jonathan Winters' flab; he's adept at comic voices and silly noises, but he isn't lighthearted or light anything else. Even his reasonable, put-upon average men are likely to be beefy, compulsive characters who have over-scale emotions. In the first sketch here, "Breaking the News," in which Imogene Coca, as his guilt-stricken wife, confesses that she has wrecked their car, he's a morbidly defeatist husband whose distress builds to manic pain. In the sketch "Sunday Salon," he unintentionally destroys a singer's performance by the uncontrollable noises his big bones make. Caesar is a domineering misfit, who, often in spite of himself, can't be soft and gentle. Chaplin had the towering Mack Swain to intimidate him, Keaton had Ernest Torrence and other huge, overbearing foils; with Caesar, the roles are reversed, and gaunt-faced, cheekless little Howard Morris—selected because Caesar could pick him up by his lapels—is intimidated by Caesar.

In this compilation movie, the teamwork revolves around the big boy in the center. The only skit that doesn't, the pantomime "The Clock" (which also appears under the credits), is stolen by Carl Reiner, whose movements are trickier and more inventive. Most of the time, Reiner, officially the second banana, plays straight man to Caesar, feeding him lines. Tall and eager-looking, in a conventional sappy-stage-juvenile way, Reiner didn't have a defined comic presence in this period. Howard Morris gets some of the best physical bits: clinging to Caesar's leg in the



"It's from a reader in Peoria. 'Dear Subscription Department: Thanks a bunch for the 4,500,000 copies of this week's "Time" . . .' "

parody of "This Is Your Life;" and in the classic skit "Slicking Up," in which Caesar does a supremely imperious garbled German dialect, Morris is a valet who runs around his master in terrified circles while dressing him in his uniform and medals. Imogene Coca appears in most of these sketches, and in some she's much funnier than Caesar. She has that fool's spark—the skittish light-headedness—that he lacks, and she has more variety. Playing pixie terrier to his elephant, Imogene Coca is perky, with a traditional clown's small, lean face and big, bright mouth—as classic a rubber face as Joe E. Brown's. Her little head makes Caesar's seem stupendously round; the chemistry is right—Laurel and Hardy, and with the extra fillip of the difference in sex as well as temperament. She's best, here, in the sketch "The Sewing Machine Girl," one of their silent-movie parodies, which comes midway in the film. They sit side by side in a sweatshop; when the boss, Carl Reiner, forces them to work faster, she does a spastic jig before she collapses, and the first time I laughed out loud at Caesar was when he did a reprise of her movements. He's more imaginative in the skits with her. He pushes one joke to its limits in the sketch "Big Business," in which she doesn't appear (and which lags); and his faker-professor dialect role in "Airport Interview," with just Reiner and him, depends too much on the crazy accent. With Coca, in the life-situation comedies, his characters exist on more than one plane—he's a man who is trying to be moderate but is driven to immoderate emotions; still, it's just as well that this film doesn't include more of these skits, because they have since been attenuated into a staple of sitcoms. (That comic-strip angel Edith Bunker regularly bears the brunt of Archie's male exasperation.)

A series show depends on our growing familiarity with the performers and their range of comic characters; "Ten from Your Show of Shows" is no more than a sampling—teasers, really. Those who ask what of television will last are still going on the assumption that the future sorts things out, as "the future" has done in the high arts, and even in crafts. But popular culture operates on different principles: now whatever is considered to have the possibility of future revenue survives. It does not have to have ever been good to have such a possibility; movies that were a total washout artistically and financially turn up on TV, and TV doesn't select even its summer reruns on the basis of quality. Worth as assessed by critical judg-

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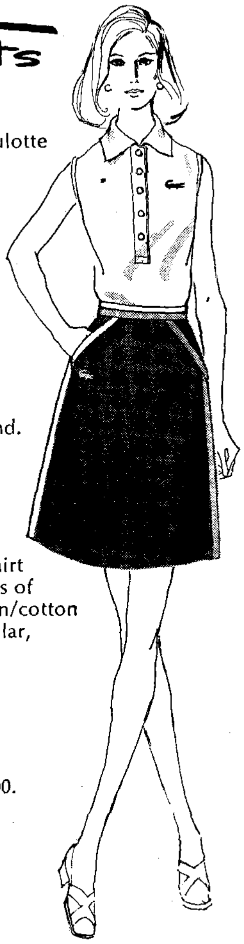

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ment and popular taste may determine what lasts in the high arts; when it comes to movies or TV shows having a new life on television, the survival of something good is as accidental as the survival of rubbish. "Your Show of Shows" was in black and white, so the most we can hope for is reruns in the daytime (which would be stupid) or late at night (which wouldn't be). Whether they'd be watchable, I truly can't say. The film *is*, but it's far from exciting. On the big screen, the kinescopes blown up to 35-mm. don't look like much—the performers play directly to us and it's rather like watching a Punch-and-Judy show on a furry, polluted day—but I don't think anybody expects high visual quality. It's Caesar that is the attraction.

In his great days, Sid Caesar was a special kind of comic actor, with a gift for expansion. He could swell himself and become living slapstick, but his style was blunt. Milton Berle's comedy wasn't sophisticated or satiric, as the comedy on "Your Show of Shows" often was, but Berle could do the same mugging bits as Caesar and ring many more changes on them. What Berle couldn't do was convey power like Caesar's. Caesar looked stronger physically than any other American comic. ("He could kill a Buick with his bare hands—punch it in the grille and kill it," Mel Brooks once said.) Red Skelton is large (which limits him, too, I think) but not powerful, not remotely a yeller or boomer. Milt Kamen is large but gentle-spirited; he defuses his satire with a shrug and a dreamy smile. Harvey Korman, though huge, is amiably silly and uses his size mostly as a joke—as in his cringing matadors or outsize Jewish mothers. The power that comes from size isn't of the essence of their comedy, as it was of Caesar's. In his German-dialect bits, he sometimes suggested the actor Herman Bing, who also did the ballooning face, the eye-popping, and the sputtering puffed-out baby mouth, though Bing was fat rather than powerful.

Sid Caesar has never been a special hero of mine, though he is of most of my friends; I laugh at him, and I guess I could be considered a fan, but there is a deeper level at which I don't respond. In terms of "Your Show of Shows" he probably was, as he was generally considered, the finest comedian in TV history, but I never felt that he personally was funny—that his *core* was funny. I didn't feel myself smiling whenever I thought of him—the way I've always done when I thought of Harry Ritz or Ben Blue or

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Phil Silvers, or the way I do now when I think of Anne Meara, who's a female Phil Silvers. Or the way I've done even about people who, technically, haven't been clowns—Louis Armstrong, for example, or Laurence Olivier, who has a core of wit that draws one to him in anything, or Fred Astaire, Ray Bolger, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and the young Buddy Ebsen, who at their best had a gift for silliness that could turn dancing into high foolishness. Probably much more than the other celebrated comedians, Caesar was dependent on a team and a format. He didn't have the years of seasoning that most comics have had. He was a saxophonist, playing in the Borscht Belt, who had worked up some material of his own—impressions and comic characters—as a side thing; he was only twenty-one, and in the Coast Guard during the Second World War, when Max Liebman, who had previously developed Danny Kaye, went to direct the Coast Guard show "Tars and Spars," met him, and began to work with him. Caesar never mastered the skills of the veterans who grew up in the business, dancing, singing, and clowning, working in vaudeville, the Borscht Belt, night clubs—anywhere. (I first saw Bob Hope perform in the men's gym at Berkeley.) When he went into television after only a few years' experience, he was backed by a small strategic force, and he was inspired to become a general. His writing troops on "Your Show of Shows" were Mel Tolkin, Lucille Kallen, Mel Brooks, Tony Webster, Caesar and Liebman themselves, and, for a brief period, Neil and Danny Simon; and later, on "Caesar's Hour," Carl Reiner began to do some of the writing, and Woody Allen and Larry Gelbart joined up. My guess is that the room where the team gathered and built up the numbers was where Caesar was tuned in, and that's what kept him keyed up. He probably drew upon Liebman and Imogene Coca and that team of writers not just for ideas but for excitement, the way other comics draw upon the audience.

Caesar rose to stardom faster than any other comedian who comes to mind, and he was flung into the pressure-cooker existence of live TV. Without underestimating the burning-out effect of eight seasons of live TV (ten if one includes the "Admiral Broadway Revue" series, done in 1949, and the final series, "Sid Caesar Invites You," in 1958, in which he and Reiner reunited with Imogene Coca, but which ran only a half season), I

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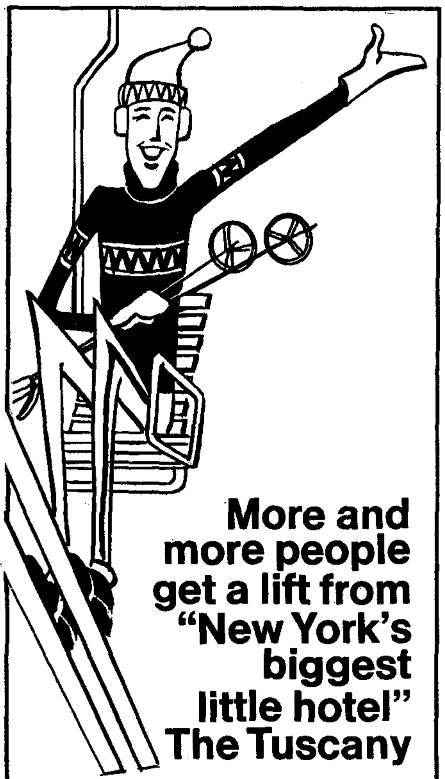
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think that he might have come back—been restored, after a period of rest, the way Jonathan Winters bounces back, punchy but game—if he were a madman at heart, maybe with or without the early experience, though possibly only with. The training of a lifetime shows. Even if you couldn't take Milton Berle years ago, when you see him on TV now you're staggered by his knowledge of the mechanics of his craft, and the spark in him seems to have taken over the whole man. He seems purified. George Burns can do his dotty but charming patter songs with the ease of a master. Groucho, barely audible, still sings and engages in repartee. They are all simply older versions of themselves. The shock of seeing Sid Caesar when he first appeared on TV looking thinner, in the sixties, was that his funnyman's fat moon face was burned away. The comic drive seemed to be gone, too; the thinner Sid Caesar was no longer the mighty Caesar. His energy had made his size seem unlimited; now the energy was apparently gone, along with the exaggerated grief of the heavyset man, which was often his dominant expression—as it was with Herman Bing, too. Can one imagine a thin Herman Bing or, say, a frail Sig Rumann? Their entire personality and style grew out of their size, just as, at the opposite end, Keaton's and Chaplin's did. Sid Caesar is an ordinary man now, and it's strangely upsetting. It's as if what his ten years on TV did to him were symbolized by his loss of flesh. When he does funny faces, they're not funny; the abnormality has gone out of them. Sid Caesar isn't Sid Caesar.

"Your Show of Shows" allowed us to be ridiculous and smart at the same time—which is the blessing Woody Allen confers. It's something Milton Berle couldn't do; he allowed us only to be ridiculous. Berle was a true popular comedian. He drew upon the traditional sources of comedy; he used everything he'd learned since his appearances as a tiny kid in early Chaplin comedies, and he used it to create mass-medium comedy. Sid Caesar was for a smaller audience—those who responded to satire and caught allusions. The reason people cling to the memory of Caesar rather than of Coca is that although she may have been the more skilled, she was a traditional comic and that wasn't what they watched the show for. Sid Caesar drew upon a large body of tradition—particularly, I think, from the style of the Ritz Brothers (Woody Allen says, "When I was one of the writers on 'Caesar's Hour,' sometimes when Sid was nervous about facing the audience, he would straighten up and say, 'Tonight I'm Harry Ritz'—and go on"), but he and his team adapted the vaudeville traditions to the topical needs of the fifties. His comedy appealed to highbrows, but it was never genteel; it had the frenzy of great sophomoric humor, of the *Mad* comics. That's what we wanted of him. If you saw him when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. Yet the spirit of comedy wasn't in him, and, without a fuller range of show-business experience, he had nowhere to go when that topical vein was used up.

Possibly Caesar was never a funnyman unless the situations were prepared. For a period they were, and if performers are used up after a brief time on TV (talk-show hosts and politicians are the most glaring examples), there is the fact that it is a great medium for comics in their prime—Sid Caesar and Ernie Kovacs in the fifties, Bill Cosby right now. Like our best pop singers, they can reach a vast audience when they're young and at their fullest vitality, in a way that performers before TV could not. They no longer have to barnstorm until they're half-dead, and then, when they're recognized, become imitators of themselves. The mistake we make is looking for the young Sid Caesar in the tall, quietly unobtrusive, distinguished-looking man he is now. He's a clown who has grown up; maybe when he stops fighting that, he'll emerge as an actor.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Oxford, n. University town in England; O. bags, very wide trousers; O. blue (dark with purple tinge); O. clay, deposit of stiff blue clay underlying coral rag in midland countries; O. frame, picture-frame of which sides cross each other at corners & project; O. man, educated at O. Univ.; O. mixture, dark-grey cloth; O. movement, for revival of Catholic doctrine & observance in Church of England begun c. 1833; O. shirting, kind of shirt or dress material; O. shoes, low shoes lacing over instep; O. Tracts, the 'Tracts for the times'.
Cambridge, n. C. blue, light blue.
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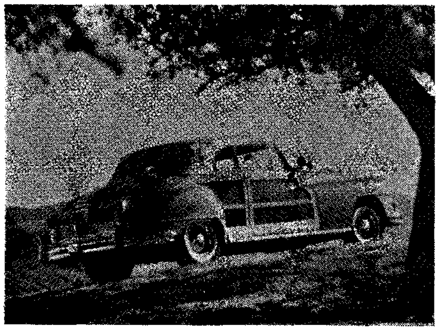

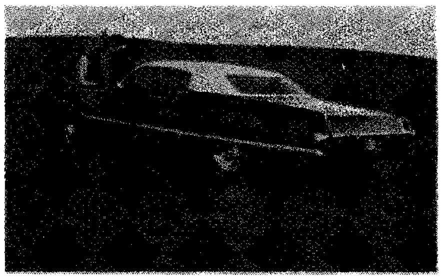

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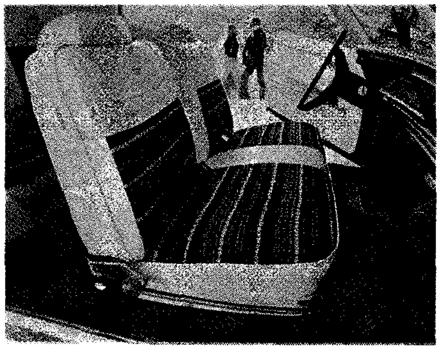

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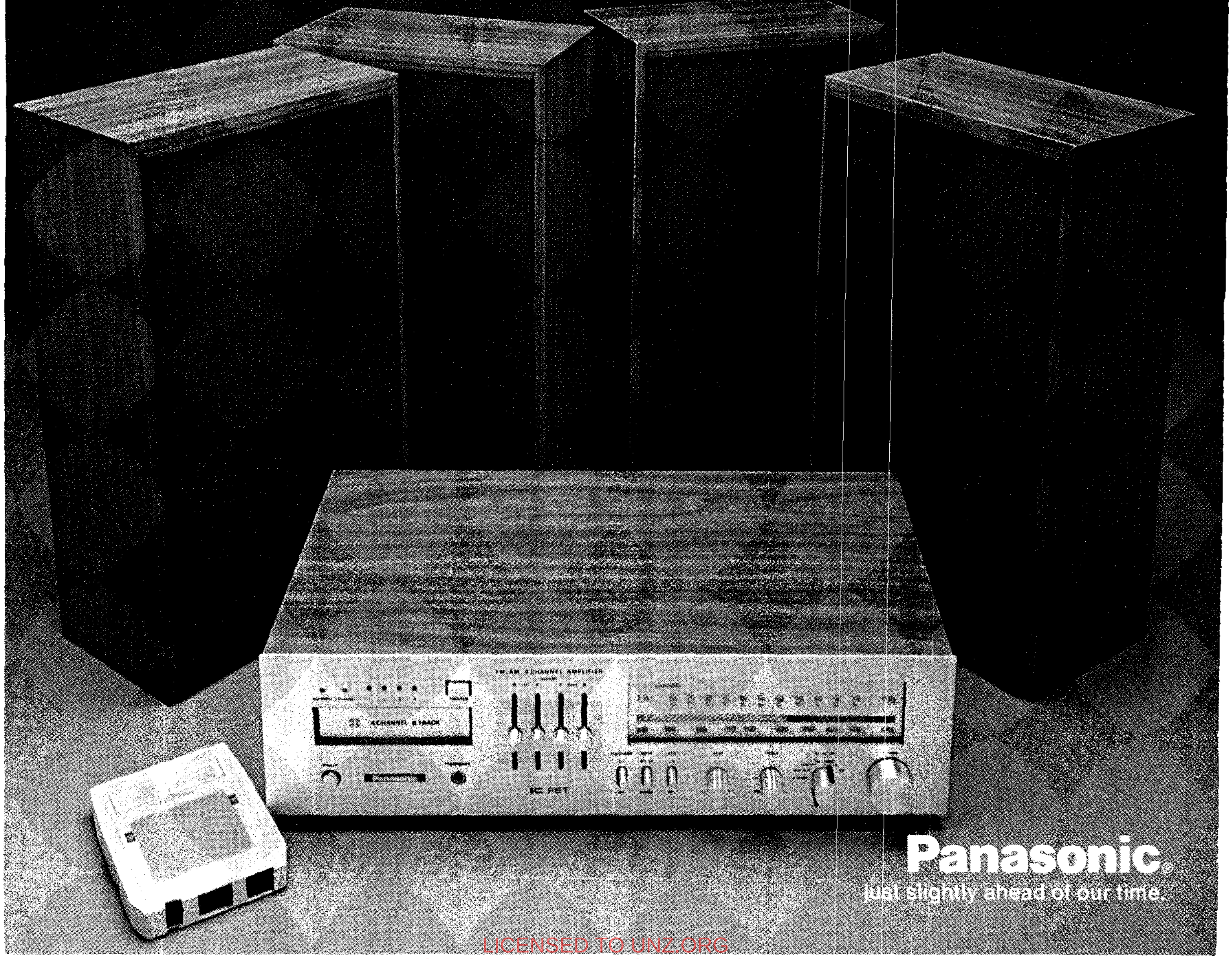

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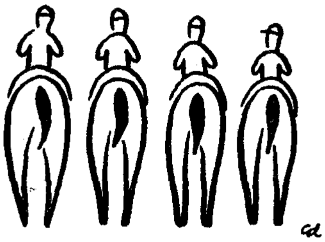
THE RACE TRACK

That Old Calumet Magic

CALUMET FARM doesn't have the horses it had in the heyday of the Jones Boys—Plain Ben and his son Jimmy. However, Reggie Cornell, who trains the Calumet runners these days, and delights in dolling them up with devil's-red bandages, now and then makes a nice score with one or another of them. He did it with Gleaming in the Hialeah Turf Cup Handicap last Saturday, and it was a reward for patience and hard work. After Gleaming won the race a year ago, he bowled along until a mishap in July kept him idle the rest of the year. Then, when Hialeah opened, he was second in an allowance race, third in the Palm Beach Handicap, and first in the Bougainvillea, all of which put a proper edge on him to win the Turf Cup by half a length from Life Cycle, to whom he gave twelve pounds. Red Orange was third, nearly four lengths away. Gleaming began more slowly than usual and was far behind the leaders for the first mile of the mile and a half, but when he got going he swept through the pack. A claim of foul was lodged against him for crowding on the turn for home, but it was dismissed. If Red Orange had held on—and he was well in front with only two furlongs to go—Jack Dreyfus, Jr.'s, Hobeau Farm would have brought off a double that would have set everyone in the stable dancing in the streets, for Vertee, part of the stable's entry in the Widener Handicap the previous Saturday, led all the way in that one. Lightly weighted, Vertee was five lengths or so in front at one stage, and beat West Coast Scout by nearly two at the end. Triumphant was third, five lengths behind. Tunex, with Baeza up—the favored one of the Hobeau pair—was never close, finishing seventh. True Knight, the favorite, was sixth.



IN the San Antonio Stakes at Santa Anita last weekend, Kennedy Road, winner of the Queen's Plate two years ago, again finished a nose in front of Crusading, but this time his number wasn't taken down, as it was in the San Carlos last month, and so the winning streak of Crusading, the Dollar Horse, was broken. Big Spruce was a distant third. Kennedy Road led for most of the nine furlongs, but Crusading passed him as they turned into the stretch, whereupon Kennedy Road came on again to get the nod in a furious finish. The San Luis Obispo Handicap on the Washington's Birthday holiday was a tragedy. Autobiography, the winner of the Eclipse Award for best handicap horse in 1972, and Tuqui II, a racer from Argentina, each broke a leg during the running (in both cases it was the left foreleg) and had to be destroyed. Nobody—not even the boys who rode them—could say precisely how it happened. According to Belmonte, Autobiography was moving up smoothly on the outside when he stumbled as he swung into the homestretch, tossing Belmonte out of the saddle and onto the track. Autobiography didn't fall, though the bones in the leg were shattered—so badly that he couldn't be saved. Almost in the same instant, Tuqui II, who was ahead of him and on the inside, bobbled and went down. Pineda, his jockey, got no more than a shaking up. Belmonte is still hospitalized with cuts and bruises and a hairline fracture of the jaw. The San Luis Obispo, at a mile and a half, is supposed to be run on the grass, but because the footing was still soggy from all the rain, it was shifted to the main track, which was fast. Queen's Hustler, who won the race, did the distance in 2:27⅕—a new course record. To Sigmund Sommer, who bought Autobiography from the Wheatley Stable two years ago, and to Pancho Martin, who trained him, his loss is a big one. It's also a loss to racing.

JUDGING from the number of horses warming up at Bowie for the John B. Campbell Handicap this weekend, I'd say that the field would have to be split and run in two sections, as it was last year. There were some surprises in the racing down there. Neither Favorecidian nor Pro Bidder, who ran one-two in the first division of the Campbell last year, were among the first three in their outings under colors last Saturday. The featured event of the day, the Native Dancer Handicap, was won by Joys Fella, who likes the track. Sorry I'm missing the Campbell, which is always a good show, and the fun of being at Bowie. I'll be at Aqueduct that afternoon.

—AUDAX MINOR

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MUSICAL EVENTS

So Much Virtue

AN auditorium holding about fifteen hundred people probably provides the best general home for opera. Such a house, well designed, can be large enough for Wagner (the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth is only a little bigger, seating eighteen hundred) and not too large for Mozart. Everybody can see and hear well. Strong, seasoned voices are not constricted, and young voices are not strained. Massive effects can be achieved without mammoth forces, while small details can strike home. Words can be heard. Moreover, financing should be easier, since Menotti's Law—the larger the house the larger the subsidy that must be poured into it—has yet to be disproved. But even companies that play in theatres of this moderate size generally feel the need for a studio-type auditorium as well, where the products of modern music theatre and also small-scale treasures of the past can be staged at slight cost and in greater intimacy. (Most of the German opera houses built since the war include a "workshop," or studio.) Big companies with any sense of artistic adventure need such an outlet even more. So La Scala built its Piccola Scala. The State Opera in Munich reconstructed the little Cuvilliés-Theater. Covent Garden has plans for a small modern theatre beside the nineteenth-century house, and meanwhile supports the itinerant English Opera Group to perform works by Purcell, Britten, and young men like Harrison Birtwistle. Now the Metropolitan Opera has taken a step in this direction by presenting three weeks of chamber opera in the Forum, that tiny theatre (fewer than three hundred seats) beneath the Vivian Beaumont, and close to the parent house. Richard Dufallo is principal conductor and artistic adviser. Marit Gentele is program adviser. The repertory, drawn from the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, is choice: Maurice Ohana's "Syllabaire pour Phèdre" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" on a double bill, and Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts." The program book vouchsafes no information about the troupe, but it apparently consists chiefly of young professionals (several of them members of the Metropolitan Opera Studio), together with some Juilliard students and a few seasoned hands, such as Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart, in the title roles of the Purcell, and Betty Allen, as Commère of the Thomson. A small band of deft instrumentalists has been brought together for the occasion.

"Dido and Aeneas" is not just the best school opera ever written (it was composed, probably in 1689, for performance by the young gentlewomen of Josias Priest's boarding school, in Chelsea) but one of those works that can be mentioned in a breath with Monteverdi's "Ulisse" and "Poppea" and Gluck's "Orfeo" as holding in a new, marvellous balance those tensions—between words and music, declamatory recitative and lyric aria, straight dramatic progress and subtle, dexterous musical forms—that have ever given to opera its special affecting power. The work is utterly direct in its communication—a listener needs no historical training to appreciate its dramatic force—and utterly natural-seeming in its advance from amorous passion to noble tragedy, yet examination of the score shows it to be filled with carefully wrought technical devices. The plainest instance is the way Dido's first air and her final lament are freely declaimed in phrases of three, four, five, six, or seven measures, in each case over a regular and recurrent bass figure—four and five measures long, respectively. The melody flows and surges with the heroine's thoughts, breaks off, rings out again, repeats words with a new, fierce intensity; meanwhile, the ground bass moves forward inexorably. The outer acts belong to Dido. In the central act, she has but one phrase to sing, and by its isolation it is thrown into prominence and becomes important: her words, "The skies are clouded," are ominous; the harmony (a decorated fanfare in D major) points to the G minor of her final entrance and her lament; the figuration adumbrates the phrases in which she finally dismisses Aeneas. Modern editors do wrong, I think, to supply extra music to close the act with witchy song and dance in D, even though (like some other episodes for which there is no music in the surviving scores) they are mentioned in the libretto. The act, and its action, come to a climax in the great closing soliloquy for Aeneas, where the harmonies are wrested as violently as his heart, and his E-major cry of "Yours be the blame, ye gods!" provides an ironic echo to the passage in Act I in which he has boasted of defying the feeble stroke of destiny. Aeneas, in *Acts I and III* a suppliant, a foil to Dido's more active passion, here becomes a heroic character in his own right. Witches at this point are an anticlimax; we should move directly to the quayside of Act III, where the sailors' carefree farewell to their Carthaginian nymphs prepares for the tragic parting of the principals. Purcell's control of dramatic movement—his sense of when to bate and when to press on—is as notable in the long span as in a single phrase. The development of the courtiers from a light-spirited crew to a compassionate chorus whose final elegy flows gently from the last chord of the lament is masterly. "Whence could so much virtue spring?" Dido, like Sophie von Faninal, is good on pedigrees; she knows her classical mythology, and answers this question about Aeneas with "Anchises' valour mixt with Venus' charms," doing so in strains that recall now Lully's grace, now Carissimi's vividness of word painting. Purcell's virtue springs from his command of both the French and the Italian approaches to text setting. By tempering formality with freedom, he rediscovers the methods of Monteverdi, and then transforms them by his perfect ear for the stresses, lengths, and inflections of the English tongue. Unerringly, he places each phrase in a vocal register where it simply cannot take the wrong expression. One tiny point more. (I could go on for pages about the big points.) What a pretty, piquant device it is that the spirit world should throw back its echoes of the witches' dance with slight, subtle distortions of the harmony.

"Dido" came into town—from the Thames-side village of Chelsea—early in the eighteenth century, and then disappeared from the boards again until it was revived by London's Royal College of Music in 1895. (The Juilliard School gave the first staged performance outside Britain, in 1932.) Purcell's autograph is lost; his music survives in two eighteenth-century manuscript copies, in which a mixed choir is employed (though the choruses can easily be reconstructed for girls' voices). Aeneas is the only solo role for male voice; at the Forum the roles of both Sailor and Spirit were usurped, not unsuccessfully, by tenors. The edition used was that "realized" by Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst. Under Britten's own direction, it comes off superbly, but I do not think it a completely safe edition for performers who may not have Purcell's music in their blood. It is liberally—perhaps too liberally—larded with expression marks, with changes of tempo and dynamics, and with instructions like "forceful," "more intense," "animated." These are indications provided by two master Purcellians toward an eloquent performance, but they seem to have led Miss Lear and Mr. Stewart (as, in a French production, I once heard them lead Teresa Berganza and Gérard Souzay) to adopt an overromantic, overrhetorical manner. There were affecting moments, but dialogues that should have flowed swiftly became sticky. Moreover, choruses and dances, under Mr. Dufallo, sometimes chugged when they should have skipped. (The very look of the notes on the pages of the edition by Thurston Dart and Margaret Laurie is crisper; is it fanciful to suggest that their score prompts a livelier performance?) That producer who lurks in every critical breast wanted to call a rehearsal in which the text was spoken, not sung, so that the natural tempi might be established. The Belinda—Susan Belling, whose tones were clear and sweet—might also have thus been encouraged to make more of her words.

Rhythmic lethargy was one thing wrong. Another, and no fault of the performers, was that the Forum, attractive little place though it is, is inimical to opera. Acoustically dead, it mercilessly exposes any impurity of tone, and abets such impurity by tempting the singers to try to force a response from their echoless surroundings. The band has been placed in a narrow gallery; there is nowhere else for it to go. This arrangement can work in even smaller theatres (such as the little Mermaid in the bottom of a St. John's Wood garden, where Kirsten Flagstad once sang Dido), where the singers and the players remain close together, but when, on the bare thrust stage of the Forum, Dido is singing a Purcell melody under one's nose, while at the other end of the theatre the harpsichordist picks his way through a counter-melody by Britten, extraneous

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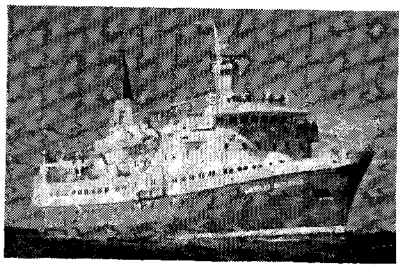

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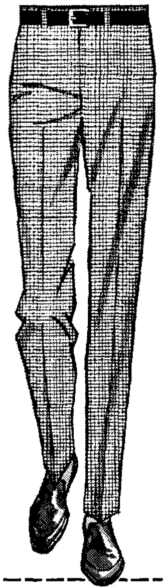

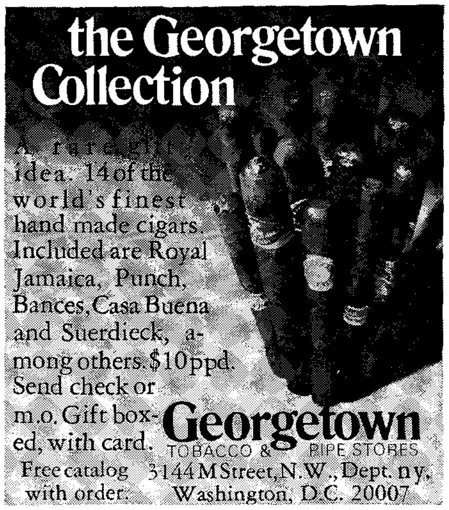

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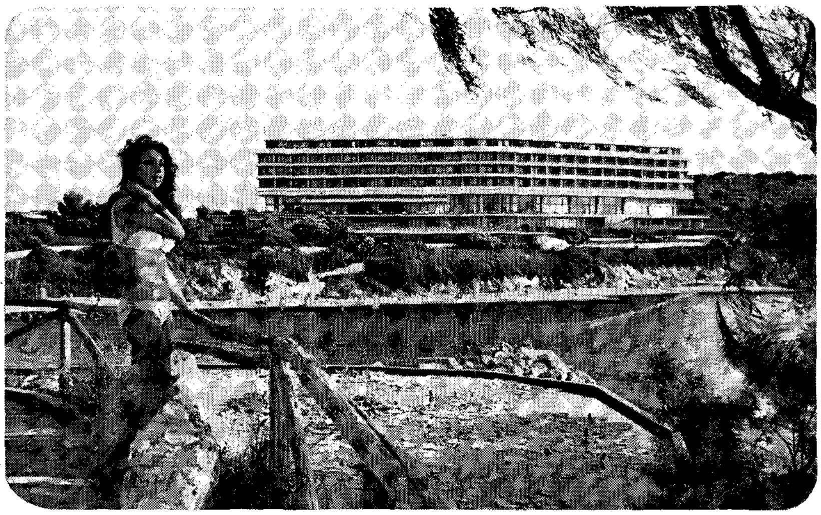
spatial effects are introduced that mar the music.

OHANA'S "Syllabaire pour Phèdre," composed six years ago, is, in effect, a brief cantata for a virtuoso ensemble of singers, piano, harp, harpsichord, two citharas (one of them tuned in third tones), a fashionable array of percussion (four players), and some passages on tape. Performed on a record by the virtuosos of the French Radio, under Marius Constant, to whom it is dedicated, it makes delicate and beautiful sounds. The chorus patters the syllables "Hip-po-lyte" like drumbeats. A coloratura soprano, invited to soar higher than the Queen of Night, sings sweet vocalises. Third-tone melodies from cithara and voices add exotic touches. The percussions serve Bouleztin sauce. Phaedra both speaks and sings; Hippolytus and Theseus speak. Most of the language is broken into the sounds of vowel and consonant, but intelligible whole phrases do emerge which narrate in elliptical fashion the progress of the tragedy. It is a skillfully made and attractive piece. According to a note in the libretto, "the inner structure of the work . . . provides an open field for a visual imagination to fill with a ritual of gestures, lighting, colors, profiles, and volumes, all of which may vary with each performance according to the state of the trance attained by the participants." The Forum staging, directed by Paul-Émile Deiber around a truncated spiral staircase by Ming Cho Lee, and lit by Shirley Prendergast, added nothing to the score except a certain embarrassment while the principals walked round and round in front of us, or reeled, writhed, and fainted in coils on the steps. No more than "Dido" is "Syllabaire" a piece that takes easily to a thrust stage. The musical realization had evidently been rehearsed with care, but the hall dried the enchantment out of the sounds. Cynthia Barnett has the right sort of sweet, high, true soprano for the coloratura role.

IN common with Purcell, Virgil Thomson sets the English language to melodies whose speeds, stresses, note values, and rise and fall are so sensitively precise that, once heard, they sing again in the mind at a mere reading of the text. It is not just a question of "fit." Thomson found an implicit music *in* the lines of Gertrude Stein's libretto "Four Saints in Three Acts," but that was just a starting point; next, he had to create from it a music *for* those lines that would propel them, set them winging into the theatre. The theme of "Four Saints" is, in the composer's words, "the religious life—peace between the sexes, community of faith, the production of miracles—its locale being the Spain Gertrude remembered from having travelled there." Perhaps—Thomson suggests as much in his autobiography—there is also a hint of the artistic community in the Paris of the late twenties where "Four Saints" was conceived and composed, where Stein and Joyce, like Sts. Teresa and Ignatius of the opera, had their bands of disciples and produced their miracles. Thomson put the text on the music rack of his piano and improvised music for it. "When the first act would improvise itself every day in the same way, I knew it was set. . . . Then I wrote it out." The melodies and harmonies that occurred to him recall hymn tunes and childhood ditties ("running from Gilbert and Sullivan to Morning Prayer and back") filtered through a fine and discerning ear. Memories of Ávila met memories of Kansas City, Missouri; the Harvard Glee Club; and the organ loft of King's Chapel, Boston—and, in a Paris where Erik Satie's influence still played, "Four Saints" was created: a work that is tender, ecstatic, at once uninhibited and exquisitely controlled. As Miss Stein remarked in "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," "And it is a completely interesting opera both as to words and music."

It is tempting to speculate on what might have happened if the Darmstadt Opera had taken up the piece, as at one time seemed possible. (Apparently, Karl Böhm quashed the project.) The opera would doubtless have been scored more amply. It might have made the rounds of Germany, and prompted more successors from Thomson than "The Mother of Us All" and "Lord Byron" (works in which the fruitful crossplay of verbal and melodic rhythms, and of textual and musical forms, is further developed). In the event, "Four Saints" was first staged, in 1934, to inaugurate the Avery Memorial gallery of the Wadsworth Atheneum, in Hartford. That première—produced by John Houseman, staged and choreographed by Frederick Ashton, designed by Florine Stettheimer (some of whose designs for it are currently on view in the Low Library of Columbia University), and conducted by Alexander Smallens—is part of history. The 1952 revival of the opera was based upon it. It is understandable that the directors of the new production should have wanted to essay something different. Maurice Grosser, who first fashioned a working scenario (it is printed as a preface to the vocal score) from Stein's distinctly "open" text, counsels freedom for later stage directors and choreographers, and suggests that the decorator should use any device, style, or invention that produces an effect of brilliance. There is plenty of evidence to show that the original presentation was brilliant, light, bright, and shapely. Those epithets do not apply to the current Forum production, staged and choreographed by Alvin Ailey and dressed by Jane Greenwood. As a spectacle, it lacked any marked character; the elegant punctuation of both the text and the score was not reflected in the action. It looked as if Mr. Ailey had not made up his mind just what the opera is, or might be, about. Roland Gagnon's musical direction, however, was expert and to the point: the tempi were well set, the rhythms were nicely maintained, and, insofar as the Forum acoustics allowed, the balances were just. No complaints on that head. A few about the singers. Originally, Thomson used a black cast, because he found that blacks pronounced words clearly and acted and sang unself-consciously. The present cast is part black, part white. The new St. Teresa I (Clamma Dale) and St. Ignatius (Arthur Thompson) sang the music in a self-conscious way, as if their main thoughts were on voice production. David Britton, who took the role of St. Stephen, had the easiest command of the style. There were other promising voices to be heard; Barbara Hendricks (St. Settlement) deserves mention. In the chorus of the 1952 revival were Leontyne Price and Gloria Davey, in the ballet was Arthur Mitchell; perhaps some of the singers in the current show will be famous one day.

A VERDICT on Opera at the Forum must begin by regretting that the Forum is no place for opera but must add that the idea of such a troupe is a good one and deserves support. No doubt the Metropolitan is already laying its plans for Opera at—well, where? If it decides to keep its child in the Lincoln Center area, the Juilliard Theatre, the Vivian Beaumont, and Alice Tully Hall—thousand-seaters each, roughly—would be possible places (though they might not be available). If, like the Philharmonic, it decides to move south for its more experimental presentations, perhaps the Mercer O'Casey, where Stanley Silverman's opera "Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre" goes so well, might be considered; it seats only three hundred but has better sound than the Forum. In



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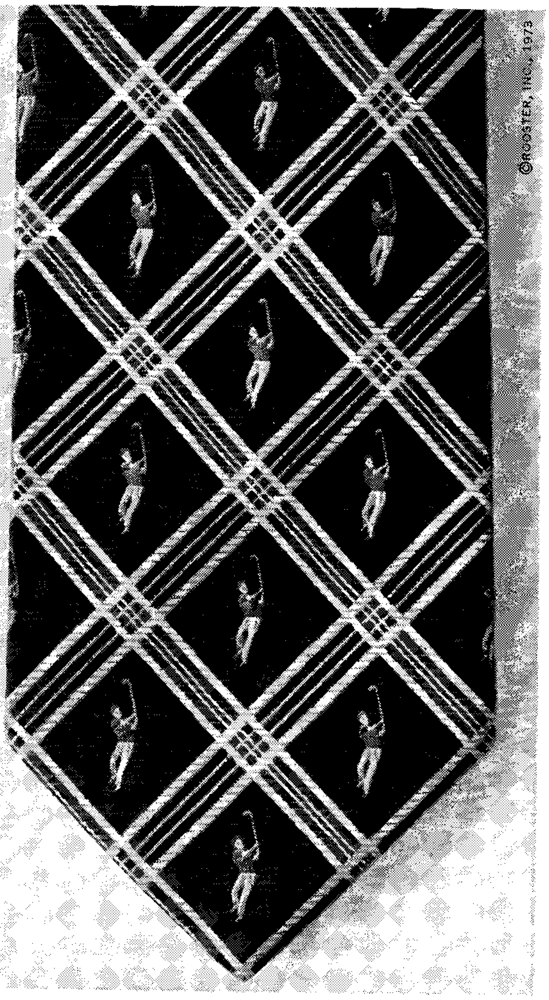

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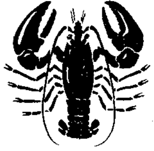

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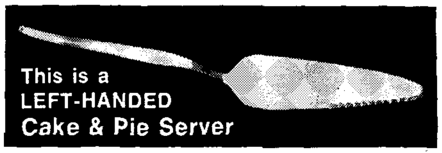

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any event, good luck to the venture. The repertory waiting to be done is large. The performers are gifted, and they could have disarmed any disappointment at their present achievement by reciting Tom Durfey's Epilogue to "Dido and Aeneas," which on the first night was spoken by Lady Dorothy Burk:

> . . . if some Critick here
> Fond of his Wit, designs to be severe,
> Let not his Patience be worn out too soon,
> And in a few Years we shall be all in Tune!

—ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

Joni Mitchell: Still Travelling

JONI MITCHELL'S fourth album, "Blue," converted me from a well-wisher to a fan. I had always liked her, but we had never really connected. Her image tended to stand between me and her music. I saw the gentle, soft-spoken, fair-haired folk singer, the classic old lady, the Muse to numerous folk-rock *machers* who had to encourage her to overcome her shyness and record—the compleat hippie chick, in short—and I was looking for other models. Besides, I thought of her voice as a curiosity, a freak of nature that ought to be of some use but was really more of a distraction than anything else. Several of her songs—"Both Sides Now" and "Big Yellow Taxi," in particular—were among my favorites, but I preferred other people's versions.

Then came "Blue." What hit me first was that the freaky voice had found its purpose. Before, it had just been *there;* now Joni was controlling it, using it to express an exploratory urgency that her lyrics confirmed. "Blue" was less a collection of songs than a piece of music divided into sections. Its central theme was travel, literal and spiritual—a familiar folk metaphor, except that instead of a man on the road the traveller was a woman pursuing her female identity through the byways of the pop world. The sensibility that emerged (it had been lurking inconspicuously in Mitchell's previous albums, particularly "Ladies of the Canyon") was a blend of romanticism and stoicism which illuminated the pop milieu in a new way—a feat I wouldn't have thought possible. Although Joni never forced the analogy, the men she loved-hated with such forgiving irony obviously embodied that milieu; from

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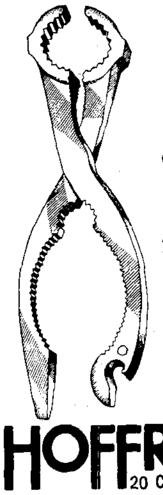

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one angle, "Blue" was a neat reversal of the world-as-bitch-goddess fantasy. But neat did not mean simple. There were more resonances in lines like "You're my holy wine, You taste so bitter and so sweet, Oh, I could drink a case of you, darling, And I would still be on my feet" than most performers put on an entire album.

"Blue" established Joni Mitchell as a better singer-songwriter than Crosby, Stills, Nash & Taylor combined. Her fifth album, "For the Roses" (Asylum SD 5057), is an elaboration of "Blue"—both technically and thematically—and is in some ways even finer. Unfortunately, it is also less accessible. Joni's melodies and lyrics and rhythms are so rich and complicated and un-pop-song-like, her voice such a subtle instrument, her artistic pretensions so overt that if the record were any less brilliant it would be a disaster. As it is, I'm not sure how I would have reacted if I hadn't heard "You Turn Me On, I'm a Radio" first—on the radio. "You Turn Me On" is an irresistible tour de force, a metaphysical poem (I mean the kind dispensed by Donne, not Rod McKuen) based on the crucial technological metaphor for rock and roll. Witty, playful, gently self-mocking, it explores the lighthearted surface that half covers, half exposes Mitchell's passionate fatalism (or fatalistic passion). But the album also has its dark side. In "Banquet" and "Cold Blue Steel and Sweet Fire," the surface is stripped away. Other songs just display the cracks: "I heard it in the wind last night, It sounded like applause. Chilly now, End of summer." Like "Blue," "For the Roses" is full of acerbic comment about men and the difficulties and ambiguities of love. But where "Blue" emphasized the adventures of new emotional terrain, "For the Roses" is more preoccupied with dead ends, limitations, final failures. At the same time, recurrent images of electricity and fire speak of a new kind of gathering energy, abstract and awesome—can it be anger? "You've got to roar like forest fire. . . . They're going to aim the hoses on you. Show them you won't expire," Joni cries in "Judgment of the Moon and Stars." But that's material for another album.

EVEN before Carly Simon married James Taylor, she wasn't exactly one of my favorite people. Her wide-eyed lyrics inevitably aroused my class antagonism. Maybe that's the way *she* always heard it should be, I was wont to grumble, but us funky types from the streets of Queens knew better before we were ten. Which is to say that I would never have predicted that one of my favorite singles of the past year would be a Carly Simon song. But I love "You're So Vain." It's great rock and roll; the inspired sloppiness of its language is positively Dylanesque; and it has a lot more feminist verve than Helen Reddy's manifesto. It's not so much the words that carry the message—although "You're so vain, you prob'ly think this song is about you" is one of the all-time great lines—as the good-humored nastiness in Carly's voice.

"You're So Vain" inspired me to pay more attention than I normally would have to Simon's latest L.P., "No Secrets" (Elektra EKS-75049). I'm not sure whether I'm sorry or relieved that I can't report any great breakthrough. I'm moderately fond of a few of the songs—notably "We Have No Secrets," which is about how openness and honesty can be a pain. (Yeah, I know, words like "In the name of honesty, in the name of what is fair, You always answer my questions, but they don't always answer my prayers" sound silly when you repeat them. So do a lot of Dylan's.) But Carly's father fixation is still much in evidence, and her melodies are too often muddy, her phrasing amorphous, her voice self-important. Oh, well. I guess "You're So Vain" is one of those happy tributes to the democratic promise of rock and roll—that each of us, even a rich little rich girl, has something worthwhile to communicate over AM radio.

—ELLEN WILLIS

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IN the seventeenth century, England went through a political crisis: the monarchy fell, then was restored, though it was never again to be quite so powerful, because a rising middle class had secured a measure of freedom for itself. Two great political philosophers, Thomas Hobbes and John Locke, were at hand to comment upon the changes in a nation's assumptions about itself. Though the two did not agree about man's "nature," or what the social and political order should be, they shared certain values, and they could presume an audience of rational men, willing to be educated. When Hobbes' "Leviathan" appeared (1651), it was read by the young Locke, and he had to contend with it as he set down his own ideas in essays like "Two Treatises of Government" (1690). In both these books we are asked to imagine a "state of nature," wherein man has not yet become a member of society and lives on his own. Hobbes saw this "natural man" as someone constantly trying to solidify his situation, often at the expense of everyone else, and spoke of the fear that induced men to resort to trickery, deceit, and cunning lest they be conned or killed. Hobbes was a thoughtful, learned, and gentle person, upset by the disorder and threat of chaos around him; he simply presented his "state of nature" as a means of analysis, a step in an argument, to show that men need to be free of their vulnerability, to be protected from their capacity to become almost infinitely exploited. Locke was more convinced of our inherent decency and rationality; in his version of the "state of nature" he emphasized the spirit of equality that obtained. Men basically respected one another, he said, though, like Hobbes, he felt that they were driven by the instinct of "self-preservation." For Hobbes, the fulfillment of that instinct would unleash havoc unless it could be restrained by a strong and universally sanctioned political authority. For Locke, the same instinct caused men to be considerate. Nevertheless, he made note of possible "inconveniences" in the "state of nature": lawbreakers might appear and might be punished without due process—hence the risk that a certain kind of aggressive self-righteousness would be mistaken for justice. To remedy those "inconveniences," which historically have become real and common, Locke advocated a social and political order respectful of each man's integrity, his right to express his ideas, to petition for redress of felt grievances, and to be granted at least a measure of privacy. Freedom means not only the right to do all this but a degree of protection from the officious, the overly expansive and self-important, who want to curb or deny completely the "unalienable rights" that were to become a part of the Declaration of Independence, which was written by men much influenced by Locke.

In the eighteenth century, the scene of political struggle shifted to the Continent, in particular to France, and there was an accompanying increase in speculation about the rights and responsibilities both of citizens and of those who govern them. The Bourbon dynasty would not yield. When the French Revolution came, over a century after England's "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, there were plenty of philosophical "voices" to call upon in support, justifiably or not, even as Hobbes was cited in defense of Stuart absolutism (better that than the lawlessness he feared) and Locke in defense of a strict limitation of royal power. These were voices of the "Enlightenment"—Voltaire's and Montesquieu's, Rousseau's and Diderot's. Critical and unorthodox though such men were, they were respected by the very kings whose mentality and manner of rule are satirized or scorned in "Candide" and "The Spirit of the Laws" and the "Encyclopedia" and "The Social Contract." Salons celebrated these men, and a few reforms came about, but not enough for the needs of the burghers, to say nothing of the working people. The excesses, the awful dangers of the Revolution itself were given thoughtful scrutiny by political philosophers like Edmund Burke and Joseph de Maistre, who, from the comfortable distance of England and Switzerland, looked on in dismay.

This century has had its upheavals, but our philosophers often seem less interested in political theory or what used to be called social ethics than in the nature of "communication" or in analyzing the structure of matter or in de-

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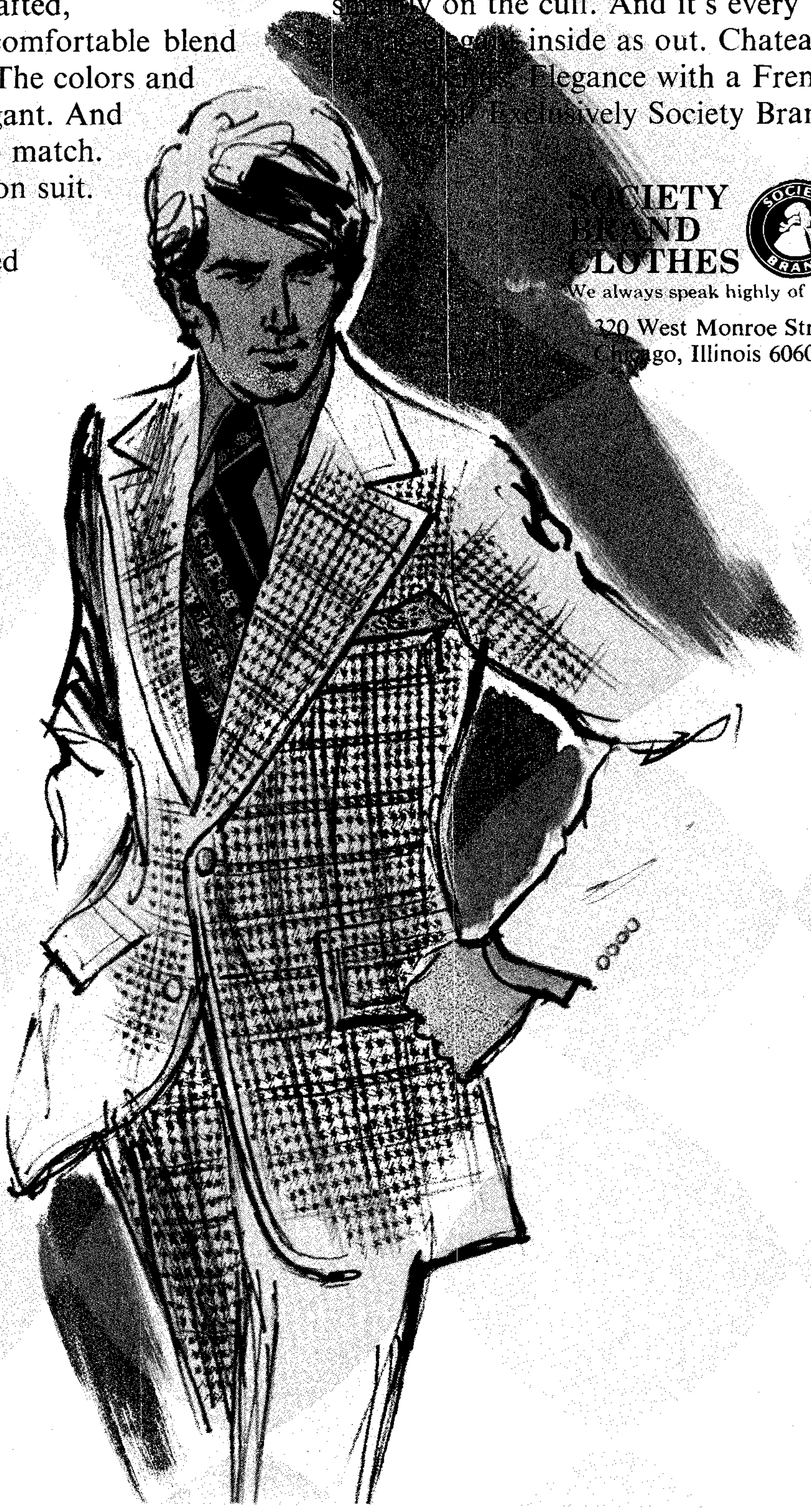

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veloping an "existentialist" viewpoint. They do indeed take political positions, even quite polemical ones, but do not argue them convincingly. A notable exception is Barrington Moore, whose "Reflections on the Causes of Human Misery and Upon Certain Proposals to Eliminate Them" (Beacon), along with ideas and studies he has already presented, should—but, given the temper of our times, probably will not—earn him the highest respect and renown. One has to doubt the likelihood of such recognition because his stubbornly honest and analytic mind refuses to consider any conventional wisdom sacred, even that which appeals to his own political thinking. He doubts and he questions, though his stand may offend those whose cause he very much favors as a citizen, a voter, a thinker and dreamer. And he does dream—of a world without the misery we seem helpless to eliminate, even here at home, for all our wealth and power. The misery he has in mind is not the subjective kind; he is concerned not with mental distress but with the malnutrition and outright starvation that afflict millions of the world's people. He is concerned with nations whose people are overwhelmingly illiterate—where children die because doctors are almost unheard of, where there is rarely sanitation of any kind, where families huddle in crowded shacks or tenements under intolerable conditions. And he wonders whether all this will ever end, given the governments that prevail—given, that is, the social and political order these governments, be they in South and Central America or in Asia and Africa, impose.

Mr. Moore says he has "for some time held that the radical indictment of American society constituted a reasonably accurate description" of it. His classes at Harvard have attracted students who have become active in the social struggles we have recently witnessed—as antagonists of the status quo, intent upon changing it. In this book, he is once more skeptical of doctrine, insistent upon questions that embarrass friends as well as enemies. He wants his students to feel just as free, and so he opposes any abridgment of civil liberties, whatever the excuse for the abridgment. He does not try to rationalize all the misery that revolutions have produced in the name of doing away with injustice. He is not another Edmund Burke, aghast at the thought of a spreading anarchy, though he writes as intelligently and lucidly, and argues as persuasively and eloquently. (The title of his book is one that

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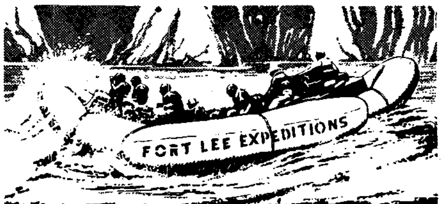
Burke—or, indeed, any other seventeenth- or eighteenth-century philosopher—might have used.) Nor is he among the timid gradualists who offer sops to the needy when pressures build up but in the clutch join ranks with those on top.

What Professor Moore wants, really, is a "democratic and humane socialism," but he considers the obstacles great indeed. On the political right are those who do not want to let go of the money they have or of the laws that protect their money in ways denied other people's money. On the political left are those who refuse to recognize the important social achievements that Western democracies, such as England and the United States, have managed, despite the persistent assaults and, in this country, the more subtle erosion these achievements appear to be suffering at the present time. Eager for the maintenance of "conditions for free intellectual inquiry," he rejects "any im*plication to the effect that radical* movements ought to try to prohibit or prevent the advocacy of the views they are attacking." He is a friend of Marcuse, but he cannot accept his notion of "repressive tolerance"—part of an elaborate argument for radicals' taking and keeping power. The dilemma, as Professor Moore points out, is "*Quis custodiet?*" Exactly who is to make decisions, watch over the course of a nation, hold the keys? A self-appointed politburo? A military junta? A collection of warlords, who have stashed away millions in Swiss banks? Or the "vested interests" whom Harry Truman railed against and Dwight Eisenhower called "the military-industrial complex"? Eisenhower's epithet is now a commonplace, yet the military-industrial complex persists, and so does the disparity between the wealthy and the poor. Professor Moore is convinced that a society which hopes to eliminate misery and to guarantee the freedoms of our Bill of Rights must be one in which men like him constantly annoy political activists of all kinds with bothersome essays. So he asks questions:

> The radical can and does reply that pleas for discussion and dialogue are often a smokescreen for delays and evasions, during which time people are dying and suffering. How many napalmed children do American liberals have the right to demand as the price for continuing peaceful dissent through orderly channels? How many twisted lives in the black ghettos? To such questions all possible answers are agonizing. The replies come down to highly uncertain estimates about the future and to counterquestions. How likely is it that the radicals in the present situation may produce even



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greater suffering and disaster, both in their efforts to gain power and in their efforts to put through their policies? The ultimate test of violence is, after all, results too. And which radicals? And what policies? What is the appropriate time-span in passing judgments of this kind?

Such questions will not earn applause from the political left. Nor will his charge that the word "Fascism" is used too freely by critics of this country, carried away by hysteria and perhaps by spite. Nor will his corollary criticism of those who in the name of activism and radical politics assail us with outbursts that "constitute no more than a form of moral self-indulgence." But defenders of our economic system fare no better. Professor Moore calls us a "predatory democracy," and to some extent he sides with those who decry the manipulative and sometimes coercive role our military might has played all over the world—not without attendant advantage to our economic system. So it is, he points out, that we are allied with dictators and despots while we preach "freedom." So it is that our politicians rarely make a frank appraisal of the relationship between America's commercial interests and its military involvements. So it is that the press, certainly less controlled here than in most other countries, largely refrains from analysis of our entanglements with other nations. Yes, we are occasionally told about a government in Greece that spies on and tortures people, a government that denies its citizens even a semblance of democracy; or we hear that Brazil's prisons are full of men and women, among them priests and nuns, who dared criticize the military leadership. We denounce dictators in some countries and embrace them as our allies in others, but the over-all pattern is often ignored, or else presented in euphemisms. What, precisely, has our "good-neighbor policy" toward Latin America amounted to? What interests prompted Wilson to send troops to Mexico, Johnson to send them to the Dominican Republic? Why did the Central Intelligence Agency conspire to overthrow a government in Guatemala? Professor Moore believes such questions to be part of larger ones, candid answers to which may so threaten important people that the risks of asking them are great indeed.

It can be argued that the critical problem Professor Moore poses for himself and fails to resolve (he is not, after all, writing a platform) has to do with the "little man" he speaks of, by which he really means all of us who vote, and thereby *might* alter the struc-

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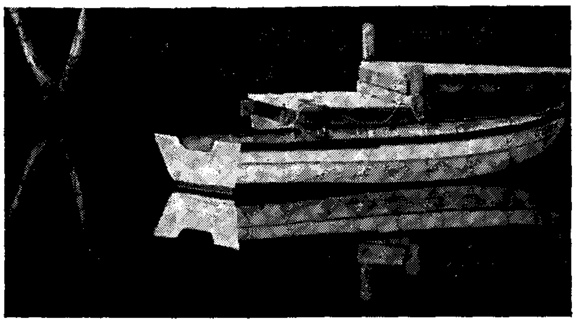

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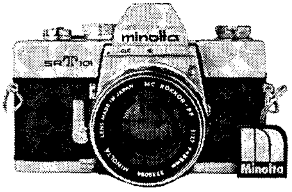

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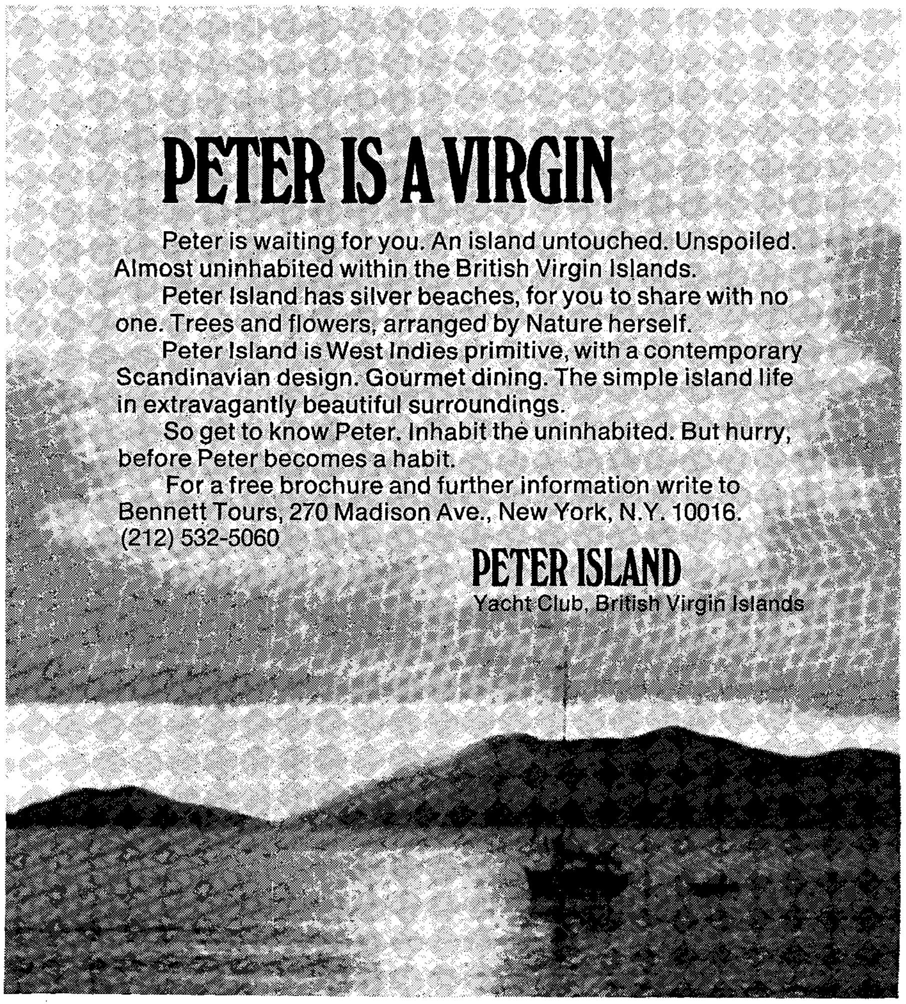

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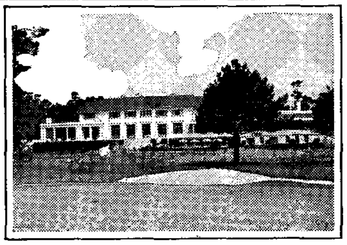

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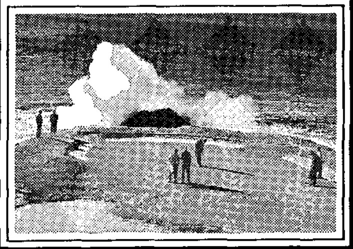

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ture of our society. To this author, "the weakness of the demand for change, or its lack of political effect, begins to look like a key aspect of the whole problem of predatory democracy. Certainly it is a puzzling one, about which severe critics of American society disagree sharply among themselves. . . . The lack of effective demand for change may be the key to our whole problem." For some of us, he concludes, it is a matter of indifference, or a simple desire to go about our daily lives untroubled by the "inconveniences," or worse, that we think might be generated by social change: we are not evil or mean-spirited; we have but one life to live, and we do not want it threatened—perhaps to no good purpose. After all, we may have to "pay the freight for well-meant efforts at improvement" that do not achieve their aims. Among other citizens, less well off and so still more wary, because more vulnerable, there is, Professor Moore says, a feeling of confusion and outrage. Both psychologically and sociologically, these people are influenced, or even bound, by "the connection between frustrated effort and rage," he notes. "In the present American context, for many little men it is the radical, and especially the romantic and cultural radical, who is the apparent source of frustration." No one will find it easy to take issue with that observation. Professor Moore's unsurprising explanation of the situation is that blue-collar and white-collar workers try to hold on to what they have, and that they are envious of people who are better off. Envy is mixed with rage when these workers are told directly, or by implication (through their critics' choice of language, appearance, manner of living), that they are uninformed, stupid, even dangerous. He notes the "hatred" of the French peasants for urban radicals, the German "white-collar support for the Nazis," the "conservative trends" in our own labor movement. The difficulty may be "that human beings value what they must work for, *not* that they work for what they value," so a factory or office worker goes along with his social and economic situation, however precarious.

But does Professor Moore do justice to America's share of the "little men"? If one is to believe historians like C. Vann Woodward, the populist tradition in this country has been enduring and substantial, if not triumphant. If one is to believe sociologists like Herbert Gans and Andrew Greeley and Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb, the motivations and feelings of

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working-class Americans are as complicated and contradictory as those of our well-educated liberals and radicals. Professor Moore writes about the two latter groups, it seems to me, more sensitively and compassionately—or perhaps it is knowingly—than he does about the others. He has an eye for the foibles of political activists, and for their dangerous blind spots, but also a certain respect for their possibilities as human beings; that eye and that respect are not brought to bear on our labor movement.

This brief and honest book cannot be casually recommended; it is a sombre book, intended not to appease our anxieties but to document their sources and what these anxieties may lead to. Man's continuing capacity for cruelty to his fellow-man—exacting from him labor at low wages and under unfair, unhealthy conditions; submitting him to peonage; dropping bombs on him—is a sad and familiar litany, one that makes Thomas Hobbes naïvely optimistic when he speaks about the "brutish" quality of those who lived in a "state of nature" but speaks with so much hope for those who come later in history. Still, Barrington Moore, patient, intelligent, of kind disposition, is not without hope; as he says, the true pessimist has lost faith in the responsiveness of others and their capacity for growth, and so doesn't even bother writing a book.

If any book can make us think hard about where we are going, this is the one. It is preoccupied with what Hobbes and Locke might have called "woe and weal"—the relationship between our afflictions and the political order that sets so much of the tone and rhythm of our daily behavior. One suspects, though, that Professor Moore wants more from us than hard thinking; he wants us to act in such a way that at least a significant dent is made in the problems whose size and complexity he has made plain to us.

—Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Apostles of Light, by Ellen Douglas (Houghton Mifflin). A strong story about the problem of being old in the sleepy little town of Homochitto, Mississippi. Miss Douglas writes with deep anger about the power that evil men and women can obtain while well-meaning people stand by, made helpless by a fundamental determination that they may or may not be aware of—to remain unin-

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Gina James

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All of the material in the book appeared originally in The New Yorker.

volved. The central figures in the story are Miss Martha Clarke, seventy-eight, and her lifelong friend Dr. Lucas Alexander, seventy-five, and the manner in which these two gentle people are trapped and then totally deprived of their freedom makes a grisly tale indeed. Some of Miss Douglas's characters are not as fully realized as they might be, but the emotional impact of her novel is undeniable.

THE TOOTH MERCHANT, by C. L. Sulzberger (Quadrangle). Mr. Sulzberger, the solemn foreign-affairs columnist of the *Times*, has here broken into an unexpected smile and produced a comic, picaresque fairy tale. The characters include Stalin, Ben-Gurion, Nasser, President Eisenhower, Kermit Roosevelt, John Foster Dulles, and C. L. Sulzberger. The hero, however, is an Armenian pimp, learned in seventeen languages, named Kevork Sasounian, who (in the course of a sexual dalliance on the shores of the Black Sea) comes into possession of half a million ancient but still fertile and productive Theban dragons' teeth, and it is with his attempts to sell this potential army to the warlike nations of the world that Mr. Sulzberger entertains us. He seems to have found it entertaining work, and his narrative is enlivened by pithy Armenian sayings and a vocabulary that calls up such high jinks as "dizzard," "septentrional," "oneirology," "atrabilious," and "strigilated."

GENERAL

UNSECULAR MAN: THE PERSISTENCE OF RELIGION, by Andrew M. Greeley (Schocken). Father Greeley, a prolific polemicist who often appears to write to irritate rather than to convince, nevertheless occasionally has something valuable to say. This book is such an occasion. Father Greeley argues, from measurable sociological data—for example, a comparison of the number of Americans who vote in national elections with the number of Americans who attend church once a month—that religion is far from dead in this country. (Active religious involvement of the whole population is somewhat greater than its political activity.) Father Greeley is always wandering away from his intellectual line of march to take random shots at authors with whom he disagrees, but surely he has hold of a truth when he insists that human beings have "a built-in strain toward evolving an

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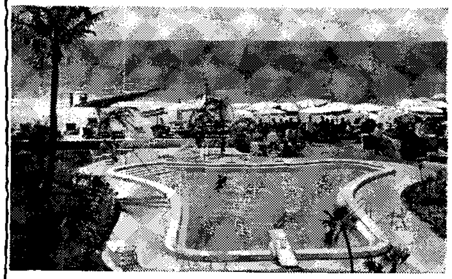

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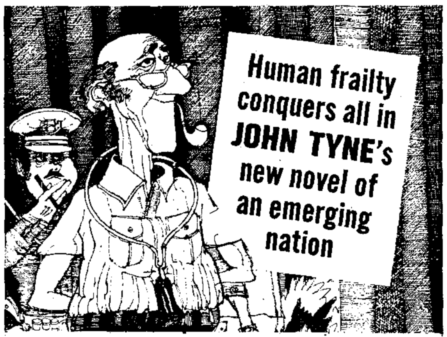

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ultimate meaning system and making it sacred," and when he questions whether new ideologies have met this need as adequately as historic faiths. While Father Greeley does not believe that every single human being is primarily concerned with finding a holy answer to the question "What is the meaning of human life?," he thinks that most people seek such an answer. And he plausibly suggests that some, at least, of the passions spent on politics and much of the contemporary recrudescence of superstition are symptoms of a persistent human hunger for religion which is not adequately nourished by nationalism, Marxism, Fascism, physics, or astrology.

The Voices of the Silent, by Cornelia Gerstenmaier, translated from the German by Susan Hecker (Hart). A documented study of the cultural resistance in the Soviet Union today, by a West German journalist and specialist in Slavonic culture. The extent and the effectiveness of the underground intellectual opposition in the U.S.S.R. will be a surprise to many foreign observers familiar only with the brave but sporadic outbursts of defiance on the part of a few individuals or small groups—Solzhenitsyn, Amalrick, Pavel Litvinov, and such. Miss Gerstenmaier focusses on the political opposition of the Soviet literary avant-garde because the writers have been, since the Siniavski-Daniel trial of 1965, the most articulate and daring (and embarrassingly conspicuous, from the Kremlin viewpoint) of all homegrown dissidents. There are many things that can be learned from this book, not the least of which is that even a fifty-five-year official blackout of all discussion of freedom and the rights of man will not work.

Meany: The Unchallenged Strong Man of American Labor, by Joseph C. Goulden (Atheneum). This is not so much a sympathetic biography of America's labor leader as an elucidating one, explaining, in considerable detail, which is never boring, who this strong, deep, and narrow man is. Single-mindedness is the core of George Meany; his life has been undeviatingly devoted to American trade unionism—nothing more, nothing less. Some of Meany's crustiness, we learn, has derived from ill health, but, curiously, what comes over in public as combativeness or aggressiveness (Meany has quarrelled with

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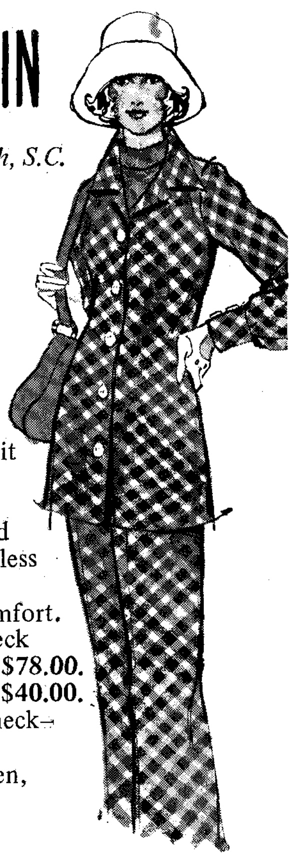

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practically every President since he came to prominence) may well be the result of a lifetime of defensiveness, for throughout Meany's career every grand event—the Depression, the Second World War, the postwar reconversion period, and so on, down to the Nixon wage-price freeze of 1971—has looked to some powerful element in society as a splendid opportunity to weaken unions or to pay labor less. Mr. Goulden's temperate criticisms are both fair-minded and persuasive, and so are his respect and appreciation for his doughty subject.

MARINETTI: SELECTED WRITINGS, edited, with an introduction, by R. W. Flint (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The declaration of Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (1876-1944), founder and animating spirit of Futurism, to the effect that "Futurism wants to transform the variety theatre into a theatre of amazement, record-setting, and body madness" is a sample of his anticipation, in 1913, of present-day avant-gardism in the arts. Among Marinetti's dozens of other radical proposals in regard to art and society were the total suppression of the past, the destruction of museums, the replacement of the ideal of beauty with an aesthetic of speed and violence, the transformation of music into noise, the stimulation of adventure and risk, and the reconstitution of the nation through militarism and war. "Selected Writings" presents these uncomfortable themes, since repeated in varieties of vanguardism. Marinetti's writing is extremely mixed. Hard formulas mingle with absurdly florid, D'Annunzio-influenced "poetic" prose: "Let's give ourselves utterly to the Unknown, not in desperation but only to replenish the deep wells of the Absurd." Mr. Flint's excellent introduction provides a sketch of Marinetti's personality and social background, describes his talents as a provocative orator and as a manifesto writer, traces the relation between Futurism and Fascism, and indicates the influence of Futurism in Europe, Russia, and the United States. An important book, enlivened by twelve pages of rare photographs.

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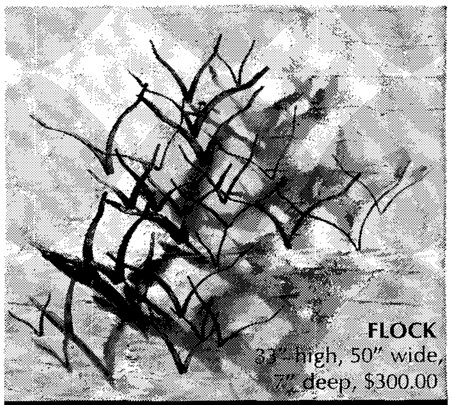

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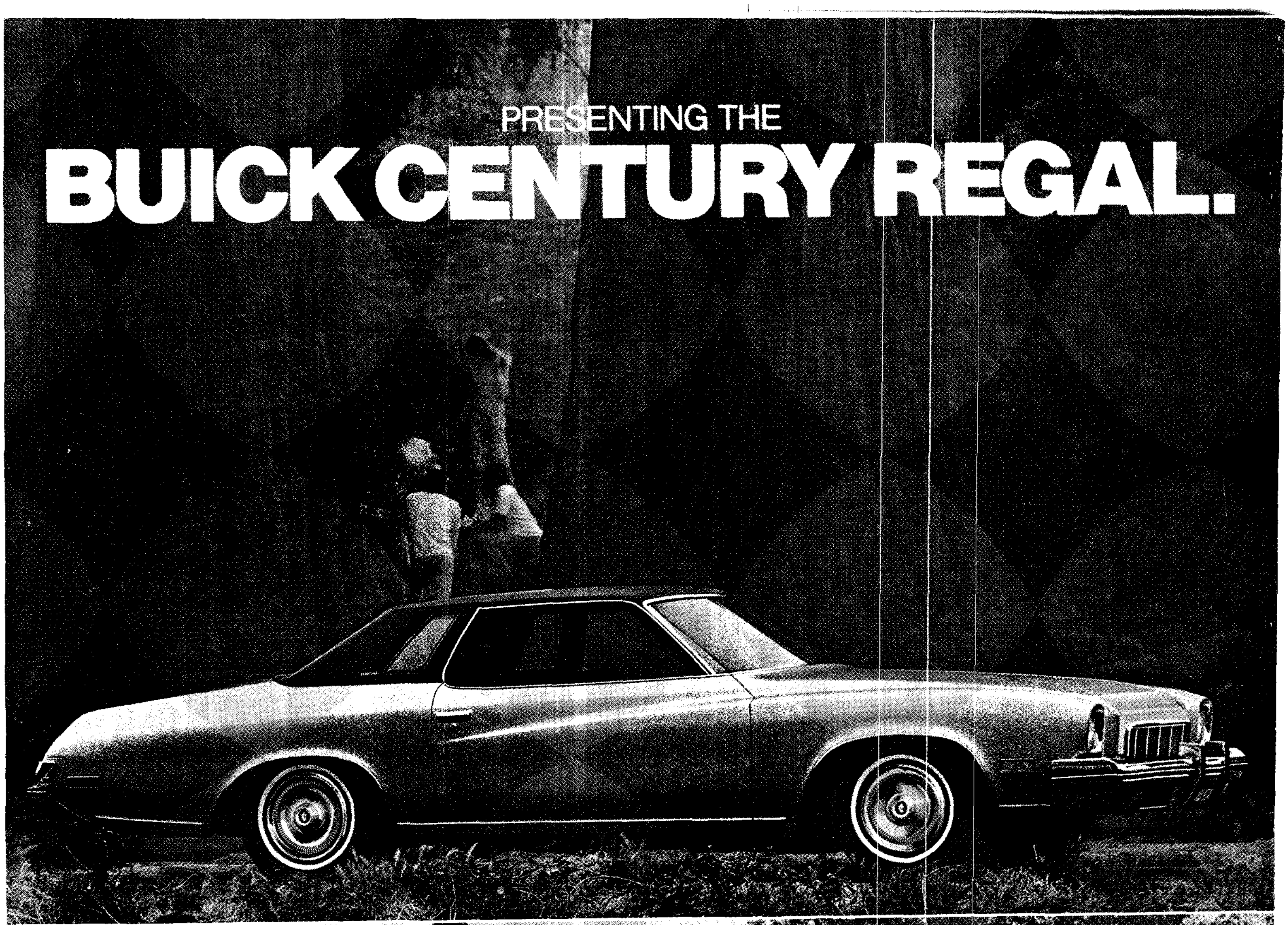

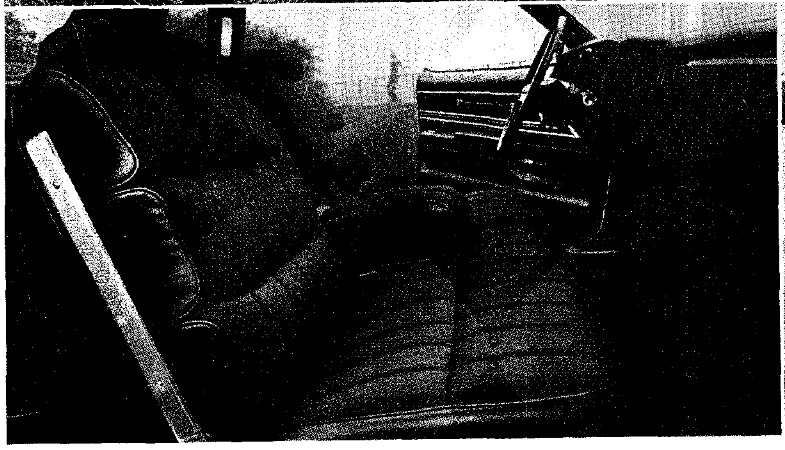

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